

THE  
COMPLAINT:

O R,

Right-Thoughts

O N

Life, Death, *and* Immortality.

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VOL. II.

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To which is added,

A Paraphrase on Part of the Book of *Job*.

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*Sunt lacrymæ rerum, & mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.*

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L O N D O N:

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M. DCC. XLIX.

THE  
COMPLAINANT

NIGHT AND SEVEN

Eighty-Three

SECOND PART

THE DEEDS AND RECORDS

INFIDEL RECLAMATION

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY  
AND THE PRESENT

IMMORTALITY

AND THE  
FUTURE  
OF THE  
HUMAN  
RACE



NIGHT *the* SEVENTH.

BEING THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

INFIDEL Reclaim'd.

CONTAINING

*The* NATURE, PROOF, *and* IMPORTANCE,

OF

IMMORTALITY.



THE  
SECOND PART  
PREFACE.

As we are at War with the Power, it were well if we were at War with the Manners of France. A Land of Levity, is a Land of Guilt. A serious Mind is the native Soil of every Virtue; and the single Character that does true Honour to Mankind. The Soul's Immortality has been the favourite Theme with the serious of all Ages. Nor is it strange; it is a Subject for the most interesting, and important, that can enter the Mind of Man. Of highest Moment this Subject always was, and always will be. Yet this its highest Moment seems to admit of Increase, at this Day, a sort of occasional Importance is superadded to the natural Weight of it; if that Opinion which is advanced in the Preface to the preceding Night, be just. It is supposed that all our Intemperance



# THE P R E F A C E.

*AS we are at War with the Power, it were well if we were at War with the Manners, of France. A Land of Levity, is a Land of Guilt. A Serious Mind is the native Soil of every Virtue; and the single Character that does true Honour to Mankind. The Soul's Immortality has been the favourite Theme with the Serious of all Ages. Nor is it strange; it is a Subject by far the most Interesting, and Important, that can enter the Mind of Man. Of highest Moment this Subject always was, and always will be. Yet this its highest Moment seems to admit of Increase, at this Day; a Sort of occasional Importance is superadded to the natural Weight of it; if that Opinion which is advanced in the Preface to the preceding Night, be Just. It is there supposed, that all our Infidels,*

whatever Scheme, for Argument's Sake, and to keep themselves in Countenance, they patronize, are betray'd into their deplorable Error, by some Doubt of their Immortality, at the Bottom. And the more I consider this Point, the more am I persuaded of the Truth of that Opinion. Tho' the Distrust of a Futurity is a strange Error; yet is it an Error into which Bad Men may naturally be distressed. For it is impossible to bid Defiance to final Ruin, without some Refuge in Imagination, some Presumption of Escape. And what Presumption is there? There are but Two in Nature; but Two, within the Compass of Human Thought. And these are,—That either GOD will not, or can not punish. Considering the Divine Attributes, the First is too gross to be digested by our strongest Wishes. And since Omnipotence is as much a Divine Attribute as Holiness, that GOD cannot punish, is as absurd a Supposition, as the Former. GOD certainly can punish, as long as the wicked Man exists. In Non-existence, therefore, is their only Refuge; and, consequently, Non-existence is their strongest Wish. And strong Wishes have a strange Influence on our Opinions; they bias the Judgment in a manner, almost, incredible. And since on this Member of their Alternative, there are some very small Appearances in their Favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this Reed, they lay hold on this Chimera,



*to save themselves from the Shock, and Horror, of an immediate, and absolute, Despair.*

*On reviewing my Subject, by the Light which this Argument, and others of like Tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclin'd, than ever, to pursue it, as it appear'd to me to strike directly at the main Root of all our Infidelity. In the following Pages, it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some Arguments for Immortality new (at least to me) are ventured on in them. There also the Writer has made an Attempt to set the gross Absurdities and Horrors of Annihilation in a fuller and more affecting View, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.*

*The Gentlemen, for whose Sake this Attempt was chiefly made, profess great Admiration for the Wisdom of Heathen Antiquity: What Pity 'tis, they are not sincere? If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what Contempt, and Abhorrence, their Notions would have been received, by Those whom they so much admire? What Degree of Contempt, and Abhorrence, would fall to their Share, may be conjectured by the following Matter of Fact, (in my Opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their Heathen Worthies, Socrates ('tis well known) was the most Guarded, Dispassionate, and Composed: Yet this great Master of Tem-*



per was angry; and angry at his Last Hour; and angry with his Friend; and angry for what deserv'd Acknowledgement; angry, for a right and tender Instance of true Friendship towards Him. Is not this surprising? What could be the Cause? The Cause was for his Honour; It was a truly noble, tho', perhaps, a too punctilious, Regard for Immortality: For his Friend asking Him, with such an affectionate Concern as became a Friend, "Where He should deposit his Remains?" it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable Supposition, that He could be so mean, as to have Regard for any thing, even in Himself, that was not IMMORTAL.

This Fact well consider'd, would make our Infidels withdraw their Admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their Imitation of this illustrious Example, to share his Glory: And, consequently, It would incline them to peruse the following Pages with Candor and Impartiality: Which is all I desire; and that, for their Sakes: For I am persuaded, than an Unprejudiced Infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous Impressions from them.

July 7. 1744.

CON-



## C O N T E N T S.

**I**N the Sixth Night, Arguments were drawn from NATURE, in Proof of Immortality: Here, others are drawn from MAN: From his Discontent, p. 13; from his Passions and Powers, 14; from the gradual Growth of Reason, *ibid.*; from his Fear of Death, 15; from the Nature of Hope, 15, 16; and of Virtue, 17, &c. from Knowledge, and Love, as being the most essential Properties of the Soul, 21, &c. from the Order of Creation, 23, &c. from the Nature of Ambition, 25, &c. Avarice, 29, &c. Pleasure, 31. A Digression on the Grandeur of the Passions, 32. Immortality alone renders our Present State Intelligible, 33, 34. An Objection from the Stoics Disbelief of Immortality, answer'd, 34, &c. Endless Questions unresolvable, but on Supposition of our Immortality, 36, &c. The natural, most melancholy, and pathetic Complaint of a Worthy Man under the Persuasion of no Futurity, 38, &c. The gross Absurdities and Horrors of Annihilation urg'd home on LORENZO, 46, &c. The Soul's  
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NIGHT



## NIGHT *the* SEVENTH.

THE

## INFIDEL Reclaim'd.



HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected,  
Call.

What Day, what Hour, but knocks at hu-  
man Hearts,

To wake the Soul to Sense of future Scenes?

*Deaths* stand, like *Mercurys*, in ev'ry Way;

And kindly point us to our Journey's End.

POPE, who couldst make Immortals! art thou dead?

I give thee Joy: Nor will I take my Leave;

So soon to follow. Man but dives to Death;

Dives from the Sun, in fairer Day to rise;

The Grave, his subterranean Road to Bliss.

Yes, infinite Indulgence plann'd it so;

Thro' various Parts our glorious Story runs;

*Time* gives the Preface, *endless Age* unrolls

The Volume, (ne'er unroll'd!) of human Fate.

THIS,



THIS, *Earth* and *Skies* \* already have proclaim'd.  
 The World's a Prophecy of Worlds to come;  
 And who, what God foretels, (who speaks in *Things*,  
 Still louder than in *Words*) shall dare deny?  
 If *Nature's* Arguments appear too weak,  
 Turn a new Leaf, and stronger read in *Man*.  
 If Man sleeps on, untaught by what he *sees*,  
 Can he prove Infidel to what he *feels*?  
 He, whose blind Thought Futurity denies,  
 Unconscious bears, *Bellerophon!* like thee,  
 His own Indictment; he condemns himself;  
 Who reads his Bosom, reads immortal Life;  
 Or, *Nature*, there, imposing on her Sons,  
 Has written Fables; Man was made a *Lye*.

WHY *Discontent* for ever harbour'd there?

Incurable Consumption of our Peace!  
 Resolve me, why, the *Cottager*, and *King*,  
 He whom Sea-sever'd Realms obey, and he  
 Who steals his whole Dominion from the Waste,  
 Repelling Winter Blasts with Mud and Straw,  
 Disquieted alike, draw Sigh for Sigh,  
 In Fate so distant, in Complaint so near?

Is it, that *Things Terrestrial* can't content?

\* Night the Sixth.

Deep



Deep in rich Pasture, will thy Flocks complain?  
 Not so; but to their Master is deny'd  
 To share their sweet *Serene*. Man, ill at Ease,  
 In this, not *his own* Place, this foreign Field,  
 Where Nature foddered him with other Food,  
 Than was ordain'd his Cravings to suffice,  
 Poor in Abundance, famish'd at a Feast,  
 Sighs on for something *more*, when *most* enjoy'd.  
 Is Heav'n then kinder to thy Flocks, than Thee?  
 Not so; thy Pasture richer, but remote;  
 In part, remote; for that remoter Part  
 Man bleats from *Instinct*, tho', perhaps, debauch'd  
 By *Sense*, his *Reason* sleeps, nor dreams the Cause.  
 The Cause how obvious, when his Reason wakes?  
 His Grief is but his Grandeur in Disguise;  
 And Discontent is *Immortality*.

SHALL Sons of Æther, shall the Blood of Heav'n,  
 Set up their Hopes on Earth, and stable *here*,  
 With brutal Acquiescence in the Mire?  
 LORENZO! no; they shall be nobly pain'd;  
 The glorious *Foreigners*, distress'd, shall sigh  
 On Thrones; and Thou *congratulate* the Sigh.  
 Man's Misery declares him born for Bliss;  
 His anxious Heart asserts the Truth I sing,  
 And gives the Sceptic in his Head the Lye.

OUR

OUR Heads, our Hearts, our *Passions*, and our *Pow'rs*,  
 Speak the same Language; call us to the Skies;  
 Unripen'd *These* in this inclement Clime,  
 Scarce rise above Conjecture, and Mistake;  
 And for this Land of Trifles, *Those* too strong,  
 Tumultuous rise, and tempest human Life;  
 What Prize on Earth can pay us for the Storm?  
 Meet Objects for our *Passions* Heav'n ordain'd,  
 Objects that challenge all their Fire, and leave  
 No Fault, but in Defect: Blest Heav'n! Avert  
 A bounded Ardor for unbounded Bliss;  
 O for a Bliss unbounded! Far beneath  
 A Soul immortal, is a mortal Joy.  
 Nor are our *Pow'rs* to perish immature;  
 But, after feeble Effort, *here*, beneath  
 A brighter Sun, and in a nobler Soil,  
 Transplanted from this sublunary Bed,  
 Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their Bloom.

REASON progressive, *Instinct* is complete;  
 Swift *Instinct* leaps; slow *Reason* feebly climbs.  
*Brutes* soon their Zenith reach; their little All  
 Flows in at once; in Ages they no more  
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.  
 Were *Man* to live co-eval with the Sun,

The Patriarch-Pupil would be learning still;  
Yet, dying, leave his Lesson half unlearn't.  
Men perish in Advance, as if the Sun  
Should set ere Noon, in *Eastern* Oceans drown'd;  
If fit, with *Dim, Illustrious* to compare,  
The Sun's *Meridian*, with the *Soul* of Man.  
To Man, why, Stepdame *Nature*! so severe?  
Why thrown aside thy Master-piece half-wrought,  
While meaner Efforts thy last Hand enjoy?  
Or, if abortively poor Man must die,  
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in *Dread*?  
Why curst with Foresight? Wise to Misery?  
Why of his proud Prerogative the Prey?  
Why less pre-eminent in Rank, than Pain?  
His *Immortality* alone can tell;  
Full ample Fund to balance all amiss,  
And turn the Scale in Favour of the Just!

His *Immortality* alone can solve  
That darkest of *Ænigmas*, human *Hope*;  
Of all the darkest, if at Death we die.  
*Hope*, eager *Hope*, th' Assassin of our Joy,  
All *present* Blessings treading under-foot,  
Is scarce a milder Tyrant than *Despair*.  
With no past Toils content, still planning new,  
*Hope* turns us o'er to Death alone for Ease.

*Possession,*

*Possession*, why, more tasteless than *Pursuit*?  
 Why is a Wish far dearer than a Crown?  
 That Wish accomplish'd, why, the Grave of Bliss?  
 Because in the *great Future* bury'd deep,  
 Beyond our Plans of Empire, and Renown,  
 Lies *all* that Man with Ardor should pursue;  
 And *He* who made him, bent him to the Right.

MAN'S Heart th'ALMIGHTY to the *Future* sets,  
 By secret, and inviolable Springs;  
 And makes his Hope his sublunary Joy.  
 Man's Heart eats all Things, and is hungry still;  
 "More, more!" the Glutton cries: For something  
*New*

So rages Appetite, if Man can't Mount,  
 He *will* Descend. He starves on the *Possess*.  
 Hence, the World's Master, from Ambition's Spire,  
 In *Caprea* plung'd; and div'd beneath the Brute.  
 In that rank Sty why wallow'd Empire's Son  
 Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;  
 His *Riot* was *Ambition* in Despair.

OLD *Rome* consulted Birds; LORENZO! thou  
 With more Success, the Flight of *Hope* survey;  
 Of restless Hope, for ever on the Wing.

High-



High-perch'd o'er ev'ry Thought that Falcon sits,  
To fly at all that rises in her Sight;  
And never stooping, but to mount again  
Next Moment, she betrays her Aim's Mistake,  
And owns her Quarry lodg'd beyond the Grave.

THERE should it fail us, (It must fail us there,  
If *Being* fails) more mournful Riddles rise,  
And *Virtue* vies with *Hope* in Mystery.  
Why *Virtue*? Where its Praise, its Being, fled?  
Virtue is true Self-interest pursu'd:  
What true Self-interest of *quite-mortal* Man?  
To close with all that makes him Happy *here*.  
If Vice (as sometimes) is our Friend on Earth,  
Then Vice is Virtue; 'tis our *sov'reign* Good.  
In *Self-applause* is Virtue's golden Prize;  
No Self-applause attends it on *thy* Scheme;  
Whence Self-applause? From Conscience of the Right?  
And what is Right, but Means of Happiness?  
No Means of Happiness when *Virtue* yields;  
That Basis failing, falls the Building too,  
And lays in Ruins every virtuous Joy.

THE rigid Guardian of a blameless Heart,  
So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,  
Is weak; with rank Knight-errantries o'er-run.

B

Why



Why beats thy Bosom with illustrious Dreams  
 Of Self-exposure, laudable, and great ?  
 Of gallant Enterprize, and glorious Death ?  
 Die for thy Country ? — Thou Romantic Fool !  
 Seize, seize the Plank thyself, and let her sink :  
 Thy *Country* ! what to Thee ? (I speak with Awe)  
 The *God-head*, what ? tho' he should bid thee bleed ?  
 If, with thy Blood, thy *final* Hope is spilt,  
 Nor can Omnipotence reward the Blow,  
 Be deaf ; preserve thy Being ; disobey.

NOR is it Disobedience : Know, LORENZO !  
 Whate'er th'ALMIGHTY's subsequent Command,  
 His first Command is *this*, — “ Man, love thyself.”  
 In this alone, Free-agents are *not* free,  
 Existence is the Basis, Bliss the Prize ;  
 If *Virtue* costs Existence, 'tis a Crime ;  
 Bold Violation of our Law *supreme*,  
 Black Suicide ! tho' Nations, which consult  
 Their Gain, at thy Expence, resound Applause.

SINCE *Virtue's* Recompence is doubtful, *Here*,  
 If Man dies wholly, well may we demand,  
 Why is Man *suffer'd* to be Good in vain ?  
 Why to be Good in vain, is Man *injoin'd* ?  
 Why to be Good in vain, is Man *betray'd* ?

Betray'd

Betray'd by Traitors lodg'd in his own Breast,  
 By sweet Complacencies from Virtue felt?  
 Why whispers *Nature* Lyes on Virtue's Part?  
 Or if blind *Instinct* (which assumes the Name  
 Of sacred Conscience) plays the Fool in Man,  
 Why *Reason* made Accomplice in the Cheat?  
 Why are the *Wiseſt* loudeſt in her Praise?  
 Can Man by *Reason's* Beam be led aſtray?  
 Or, at his Peril, *imitate his God*?  
 Since Virtue ſometimes ruins us on Earth,  
 Or *Both* are true; or, Man ſurvives the Grave.

OR Man ſurvives the Grave, or own, LORENZO,  
 Thy Boaſt ſupreme, a wild Abſurdity.  
 Dauntleſs thy Spirit; Cowards are thy Scorn.  
 Grant Man *immortal*, and thy Scorn is juſt.  
 The Man immortal, *rationaly* brave,  
 Dares ruſh on Death—becauſe he cannot die.  
 But if Man loſes All, when Life is loſt,  
 He lives a Coward, or a Fool expires.  
 A *daring* Infidel, (and ſuch there are,  
 From Pride, Example, Lucre, Rage, Revenge,  
 Or pure heroical Defect of Thought)  
 Of all Earth's Madmen, moſt deſerves a Chain.

WHEN, to the Grave, we follow the Renown'd

For Valour, Virtue, Science, all we love,  
 And all we praise; for Worth, whose Noon-tide Beam  
 Enabling us to think in higher Stile,  
 Mends our Ideas of Ethereal Pow'rs;  
 Dream we, that Lustre of the *moral* World  
 Goes out in Stench, and Rottenness the Close?  
 Why was he wise to *know*, and warm to *praise*,  
 And strenuous to *transcribe*, in human Life,  
 The Mind ALMIGHTY? Could it be, that Fate,  
 Just when the Lineaments began to shine,  
 And dawn the DEITY, should snatch the Draught,  
 With Night eternal blot it out, and give  
 The Skies Alarm, lest *Angels* too might die?

If Human Souls, why not Angelic too  
 Extinguish'd? and a *solitary* God,  
 O'er ghastly Ruin, frowning from his Throne?  
 Shall we, this Moment, gaze on God in Man?  
 The next, lose Man for ever in the Dust?  
 From Dust we disengage, or Man *mistakes*;  
 And There, where least his Judgment fears a Flaw.  
*Wisdom* and *Worth*, how boldly he commends!  
*Wisdom*, and *Worth*, are sacred Names; Rever'd,  
 Where not Embrac'd; Applauded! Deify'd!  
 Why not *Compassion'd* too? If Spirits die,  
 Both are Calamities, inflicted both,

To make us but more wretched : *Wisdom's* Eye  
Acute, for what ? To spy more Miseries ;  
And *Worth*, so recompens'd, new-points their Stings.  
Or Man surmounts the Grave, or Gain is Loss,  
And *Worth* exalted *bumbles* us the more.  
Thou wilt not patronize a Scheme that makes  
*Weakness*, and *Vice*, the Refuge of Mankind.

“HAS *Virtue*, then, no Joys?” — Yes, Joys dear-bought.  
Talk ne’er so long, in this imperfect State,  
*Virtue*, and *Vice*, are at eternal War ;  
*Virtue's* a Combat ; and who fights for Nought ?  
Or for precarious, or for small Reward ?  
Who *Virtue's* Self-Reward so loud resound,  
Would take Degrees *Angelic* here below,  
And *Virtue*, while they compliment, betray,  
By feeble Motives, and unfaithful Guards ;  
The Crown, th’*unfading* Crown, her Soul inspires :  
'Tis That, and That alone, can countervail  
The *Body's* Treacheries, and the *World's* Assaults :  
On Earth's poor Pay, our famish'd *Virtue* dies.  
Truth incontestable ! In Spite of all  
A *BAYLE* has Preach'd, or a *V*——*E* Believ'd.

In Man the more we dive, the more we see  
Heav'n's Signet stamping an *immortal* Make.



Dive to the Bottom of his Soul, the Base  
 Sustaining all; what find we? *Knowledge, Love.*  
 As Light, and Heat, essential to the Sun,  
*These* to the Soul. And *why*, if Souls expire?  
 How little Lovely *here*? How little Known?  
 Small *Knowledge* we dig up with endless Toil;  
 And *Love* unfeign'd may purchase perfect Hate.  
 Why starv'd, on Earth, our *Angel*-Appetites;  
 While *Brutal* are indulg'd their fulsome Fill?  
 Were then Capacities *divine* conferr'd,  
 As a Mock-Diadem, in salvage Sport,  
 Rank Insult of our pompous *Poverty*,  
 Which reaps but Pain, from seeming Claims so fair?  
 In future Age lies no Redress? And shuts  
*Eternity* the Door on our Complaint?  
 If so, for what strange Ends were Mortals made!  
 The Worst to *wallow*, and the Best to *weep*;  
 The Man who Merits most, must most Complain:  
 Can we conceive a Disregard in Heaven,  
 What the Worst perpetrate, or Best endure?

*This* cannot be. To *Love*, and *Know*, in Man  
 Is boundless Appetite, and boundless Pow'r;  
 And these demonstrate boundless Objects too.  
 Objects, Pow'rs, Appetites, Heav'n suits in All;  
 Nor, *Nature* thro', e'er violates this sweet,



External Concord, on her tuneful String.  
 Is *Man* the Sole Exception from her Laws?  
 Eternity struck off from human Hope,  
 (I speak with Truth, but Veneration too)  
 Man is a Monster, the Reproach of Heaven,  
 A Stain, a dark impenetrable Cloud  
 On Nature's beauteous Aspect; and deforms,  
 (Amazing Blot!) deforms her with her *Lord*.  
 If such is Man's Allotment, what is Heaven?  
 Or, own the Soul *Immortal*, or Blaspheme.

OR own the Soul *Immortal*, or invert  
 All *Order*. Go, mock-Majesty! go, Man!  
 And bow to thy Superiors of the Stall;  
 Thro' ev'ry Scene of *Sense* superior far!  
 They graze the Turf untill'd; they drink the Stream  
 Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd  
 With Doubts, Fears, fruitless Hopes, Regrets, Despairs,  
 Mankind's Peculiar! *Reason's* precious Dower!  
 No foreign Clime *They* ransack for their Robes;  
 Nor Brothers cite to the litigious Bar:  
*Their* Good is Good intire, unmixt, unmarr'd;  
 They find a Paradise in ev'ry Field,  
 On Boughs *forbidden*, where no Curses hang:  
 Their *Ill*, no more than strikes the Sense; unstretcht  
 By previous Dread, or Murmur in the Rear:

When the *worst* comes, it comes unfear'd ; one Stroke  
 Begins, and ends, their Woe : They die but *once* ;  
 Blest, incommunicable Privilege ! for which  
 Proud Man, who rules the Globe, and reads the Stars,  
 Philosopher, or Hero, sighs in vain.

ACCOUNT for this Prerogative in Brutes.  
 No Day, no Glimpse of Day, to solve the Knot,  
 But what beams on it from *Eternity*.  
 O sole, and sweet Solution ! That unties  
 The Difficult, and softens the Severe ;  
 The Cloud on *Nature's* beauteous Face dispels ;  
 Restores bright *Order* ; casts the Brute beneath ;  
 And re-inthrones us in Supremacy  
 Of Joy, ev'n *Here* : Admit immortal Life,  
 And Virtue is *Knight-errantry* no more ;  
 Each *Virtue* brings in Hand a golden Dow'r,  
 Far richer in Reversion : *Hope* exults ;  
 And tho' much Bitter in our Cup is thrown,  
 Predominates, and gives the Taste of Heav'n.  
 O wherefore is the DEITY so kind ?  
 Astonishing beyond Astonishment !  
 Heav'n our Reward——for Heav'n enjoy'd below.

STILL unsubdu'd thy stubborn Heart ? For *there*  
 The Traitor lurks, who doubts the Truth I sing.

*Reason*

*Reason* is guiltless ; *Will* alone rebels.

What, in that stubborn Heart, if I should find  
New, unexpected Witnesses against thee ?

*Ambition, Pleasure, and the Love of Gain !*

Canst thou suspect, that *These*, which make the Soul  
The *Slave* of Earth, should own her *Heir* of Heav'n ?

Canst thou suspect what makes us *disbelieve*

Our Immortality, should prove it *sure* ?

FIRST, then, *Ambition* summon to the Bar.

*Ambition's Shame, Extravagance, Disgust,*

And *inextinguishable Nature*, speak.

Each much *deposes* ; hear them in their Turn.

THY Soul, how passionately fond of *Fame* !

How anxious, that fond Passion to conceal !

We blush, detected in Designs on Praise,

Tho' for best Deeds, and from the best of Men ;

And why ? Because *Immortal*. Art divine

Has made the Body Tutor to the Soul ;

Heav'n kindly gives our Blood a *moral* Flow ;

Bids it ascend the glowing Cheek, and there

Upbraid that little Heart's inglorious Aim,

Which stoops to court a Character from Man ;

While o'er us, in tremendous Judgment, sit

Far more than Man, with *endless* Praise, and Blame.

AMBI-

AMBITION'S *boundless Appetite* out-speaks  
 The Verdict of its *Shame*. When Souls take Fire  
 At high Presumptions of their own Desert,  
*One Age* is poor Applause; the mighty Shout,  
 The Thunder by the living *Few* begun,  
 Late Time must echo; Worlds unborn, resound.  
 We wish our Names *eternally* to live;  
 Wild Dream! Which ne'er had haunted human Thought,  
 Had not our Natures been *eternal* too.  
*Instinct* points out an Int'rest in Hereafter;  
 But our blind *Reason* sees not where it lies;  
 Or, seeing, gives the Substance for the Shade,

FAME is the Shade of Immortality,  
 And in itself a Shadow. Soon as caught,  
 Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the Grasp.  
 Consult th'Ambitious, 'tis Ambition's Cure.  
 "And is This all?" cry'd *Cæsar* at his Height,  
*Disgusted*. This *Third* Proof Ambition brings  
 Of Immortality. The first in Fame,  
 Observe him near, your Envy will abate:  
 Sham'd at the Disproportion vast, between  
 The Passion, and the Purchase, he will sigh  
 At *such* Success, and blush at his Renown.  
 And why? Because far richer Prize invites  
 His Heart; far more illustrious Glory calls;



It calls in Whispers, yet the Deafest hear.

AND can Ambition a *Fourth* Proof supply ?

It can, and stronger than the former Three ;

Yet quite o'er-look'd by some *reputed* Wife.

Tho' Disappointments in Ambition *pain*,

And tho' Success *disgusts*, yet still, LORENZO!

In vain we strive to pluck it from our Hearts ;

By Nature planted for the noblest Ends.

Absurd the fam'd Advice to *Pyrrhus* giv'n,

More prais'd than ponder'd, specious, but unsound :

Sooner that Hero's *Sword* the World had quell'd,

Than *Reason*, his Ambition, Man *must* soar.

An obstinate Activity within,

An insuppressive Spring, will toss him up

In Spite of *Fortune's* Load. Not Kings alone,

Each Villager has his Ambition too ;

No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd Slave :

Slaves build their little *Babylons* of Straw,

Echo the proud *Affyrian*, in their Hearts,

And cry,—“ Behold the Wonders of my *Might!*”

And why ? Because *immortal* as their Lord ;

And Souls immortal must for ever heave

At something Great ; the Glitter, or the Gold ;

The Praise of Mortals, or the Praise of Heav'n.

NOR absolutely vain is *Human Praise*,  
When Human is supported by *Divine*.  
I'll introduce LORENZO to Himself;  
*Pleasure*, and *Pride* (bad Masters!) share our Hearts.  
As Love of *Pleasure* is ordain'd to guard  
And feed our Bodies, and extend our Race;  
The Love of *Praise* is planted to protect  
And propagate the Glories of the Mind.  
What is it, but the Love of Praise, inspires,  
Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,  
Earth's Happiness? From *that*, the Delicate  
The Grand, the Marvellous, of Civil Life.  
*Want* and *Convenience*, Under-workers, lay  
The Basis, on which *Love of Glory* builds.  
Nor is thy Life, O *Virtue*! less in Debt  
To *Praise*, thy secret-stimulating Friend.  
Were Man not *proud*, what Merit should we miss!  
*Pride* made the Virtues of the Pagan World.  
*Praise* is the Salt that seasons *Right* to Man,  
And whets his Appetite for *moral* Good.  
Thirst of Applause is *Virtue's Second Guard*;  
*Reason*, her First; but Reason wants an Aid;  
Our *private Reason* is a Flatterer;  
Thirst of Applause calls *public Judgment* in,  
To poise our own, to keep an even Scale,  
And give endanger'd *Virtue* fairer Play.

Here

Here a *Fifth* Proof arises, stronger still :  
 Why this so nice Construction of our Hearts ?  
 These delicate Moralities of *Sense* ;  
 This *constitutional* Reserve of Aid  
 To succour Virtue, when our *Reason* fails ;  
 If Virtue, kept alive by Care and Toil,  
 And, oft, the Mark of Injuries on Earth,  
 When labour'd to Maturity, (its Bill  
 Of Disciplines, and Pains, unpaid ) must die ?  
 Why freighted-rich, to dash against a Rock ?  
 Were Man to perish when most fit to live,  
 O how mis-spent were all these Stratagems,  
 By Skill Divine inwoven in our Frame ?  
 Where is Heav'n's Holiness, and Mercy fled ?  
 Laughs Heav'n, at once, at *Virtue*, and at *Man* ?  
 If not, why *That* discourag'd, *This* destroy'd ?

THUS far *Ambition*. What says *Avarice* ?  
 This *her* chief Maxim, which has long been *Thine*.  
 " The Wise and Wealthy are the same. " — I grant it.  
 To store up Treasure, with incessant Toil,  
*This* is Man's Province, *This* his highest Praise.  
 To this great End keen *Instinct* stings him on.  
 To guide that Instinct, *Reason* ! is thy Charge ;  
 'Tis Thine to tell us where *true* Treasure lies :  
 But Reason failing to discharge her Trust,

Or to the Deaf discharging it in vain,  
 A Blunder follows, and blind *Industry*,  
 Gall'd by the Spur, but Stranger to the Course,  
 (The Course where Stakes of more than Gold are won)  
 O'er-loading, with the Cares of distant Age,  
 The jaded Spirits of the *present* Hour,  
 Provides for an *Eternity* below.

“THOU shalt not covet,” is a wise Command;  
 But bounded to the Wealth the Sun surveys:  
 Look farther, the Command stands quite revers'd,  
 And *Av'rice* is a Virtue most divine.  
 Is *Faith* a Refuge for our *Happiness*?  
 Most sure: And is it not for *Reason* too?  
 Nothing *this* World unriddles, but the *next*.  
 Whence inextinguishable Thirst of Gain?  
 From inextinguishable Life in Man:  
 Man, if not meant, by Worth, to reach the *Skies*,  
 Had wanted Wing to fly so far in *Guilt*.  
 Sour Grapes, I grant, *Ambition*, *Avarice*:  
 Yet still their Root is *Immortality*.  
 These its wild Growths so bitter, and so base,  
 (Pain, and Reproach!) *Religion* can reclaim,  
 Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous Lee,  
 And make them sparkle in the Bowl of *Bliss*.



SEE, the *Third Witness* laughs at Bliss remote,  
And falsely promises an *Eden* here ;  
Truth she shall speak for once, tho' prone to lye,  
A common Cheat, and *Pleasure* is her Name.  
To Pleasure never was LORENZO deaf ;  
Then hear her now, now *first* thy *real* Friend.

SINCE Nature made us not more fond than *proud*  
Of Happiness, (whence Hypocrites in Joy,  
Makers of Mirth ! Artificers of Smiles !)  
Why should the Joy most poignant *Sense* affords,  
Burn us with Blushes, and rebuke our Pride ?—  
Those Heav'n-born Blushes tell us Man *descends*,  
Ev'n in the Zenith of his *earthly* Bliss :  
Should *Reason* take her Infidel Repose,  
This honest *Instinct* speaks our Lineage high ;  
This Instinct calls on Darkness to conceal  
Our rapturous Relation to the Stalls.  
Our *Glory* covers us with noble *Shame*,  
And he that's unconfounded, is *unman'd*.  
The Man that Blushes is not *quite* a Brute.  
Thus far with Thee, LORENZO ! will I close,  
*Pleasure is good*, and Man for Pleasure made ;  
But Pleasure full of Glory as of Joy ;  
Pleasure, which neither *blushes*, nor *expires*.

THE Witnesses are heard, the Cause is o'er;  
 Let *Conscience* file the Sentence in her Court,  
 Dearer than *Deeds* that half a Realm convey;  
*Thus* seal'd by *Truth*, th' authentic Record runs.

“ Know all ; Know, Infidels,—unapt to Know !  
 “ 'Tis *Immortality* your Nature solves ;  
 “ 'Tis *Immortality* decyphers Man,  
 “ And opens all the Mysteries of his Make.  
 “ Without it, half his *Instincts* are a Riddle ;  
 “ Without it, all his *Virtues* are a Dream,  
 “ His very *Crimes* attest his Dignity ;  
 “ His fateless Thirst of *Pleasure*, *Gold*, and *Fame*,  
 “ Declares him born for Blessings *infinite* ;  
 “ What less than Infinite, makes un-absurd  
 “ *Passions*, which all on Earth but more inflames ?  
 “ Fierce *Passions*, so mis-measur'd to *this* Scene,  
 “ Stretch'd out, like Eagles Wings, beyond our Nest,  
 “ Far, far beyond the Worth of all below,  
 “ For *Earth* too large, preface a nobler Flight,  
 “ And evidence our Title to the *Skies*.”

YE gentle Theologues, of calmer Kind !  
 Whose Constitution dictates to your Pen,  
 Who, cold yourselves, think Ardor comes from Hell !  
 Think not our *Passions* from *Corruption* sprung,

Tho' to Corruption, now they lend their Wings;  
*That* is their *Mistress*, not their *Mother*. All  
(And justly) *Reason* deem Divine: I see,  
I feel a Grandeur in the *Passions* too,  
Which speaks their high Descent, and glorious End;  
Which speaks them Rays of an Eternal Fire,  
In Paradise itself they burnt as strong,  
Ere *Adam* fell; tho' wiser in their Aim.  
Like the proud *Eastern*, struck by Providence,  
What tho' our *Passions* are run mad, and stoop  
With low, terrestrial Appetite, to graze  
On Trash, on Toys, dethron'd from high Desire?  
Yet still, thro' their Disgrace, no feeble Ray  
Of Greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:  
But *These*, (like that fall'n Monarch when reclaim'd)  
When *Reason* moderates the Rein aright,  
Shall re-ascend, remount their former Sphere,  
Where once they soar'd Illustrious; ere seduc'd  
By wanton *Eve's* Debauch, to strole on Earth,  
And set the sublunary World on Fire.

BUT grant their Frenzy lasts; their Frenzy fails  
To disappoint *one* providential End,  
For which Heav'n blew up Ardor in our Hearts;  
Were *Reason* silent, boundless *Passion* speaks

A future Scene of boundless *Objects* too,  
 And brings glad Tidings of *eternal* Day.  
*Eternal* Day! 'Tis that enlightens All;  
 And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *sure*.  
 Consider Man as an *immortal* Being,  
 Intelligible, All; and All is Great;  
 A crystalline Transparency prevails,  
 And strikes full Lustre thro' the Human Sphere;  
 Consider Man as *mortal*, all is dark,  
 And wretched; *Reason* weeps at the Survey.

THE learn'd LORENZO cries, " And let her weep,  
 " Weak, *modern* Reason; *Antient* Times were wise.  
 " *Authority*, that venerable Guide,  
 " Stands on my Part; the fam'd *Athenian* Porch,  
 " (And who for Wisdom so renown'd as They?)  
 " Deny'd this Immortality to Man."  
 I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too.  
 A Riddle, This! — Have Patience, I'll explain.

WHAT noble Vanities, what moral Flights,  
 Glittering thro' their romantic Wisdom's Page,  
 Make us, at once, despise them, and admire?  
 Fable is flat to These high-season'd Sires;  
 They leave th' Extravagance of Song below.

" Flesh



"Flesh shall not feel; or, feeling, shall enjoy

"The Dagger, or the Rack; to them, alike

"A Bed of Roses, or the burning Bull."

In Men exploding all beyond the Grave,

Strange Doctrine, This! As *Doctrine* it was strange,

But not as *Prophecy*; for such it prov'd,

And, to their own Amazement, was fulfill'd:

*They* feign'd a Firmness *Christians* need not feign.

The *Christian* truly triumph'd in the Flame:

The *Stoic* saw, in double Wonder lost,

Wonder at Them, and wonder at Himself,

To find the bold Adventures of his Thought

Not bold, and that he strove to lye in vain.

WHENCE, then, those Thoughts? Those tow'ring  
Thoughts, that flew

Such monstrous Heights?--From *Instinct*, and from *Pride*.

The glorious *Instinct* of a deathless Soul,

Confus'dly conscious of her Dignity,

Suggested Truths they could not understand.

In *Lust*'s Dominion, and in *Passion*'s Storm,

*Truth*'s System broken, scatter'd Fragments lay,

As Light in Chaos, glimm'ring thro' the Gloom:

Smit with the Pomp of lofty Sentiments

Pleas'd *Pride* proclaim'd, what *Reason* disbeliev'd.

*Pride*, like the *Delphic* Priestess, with a Swell,

Rav'd Nonsense, destin'd to be *Future* Sense,  
 When Life *Immortal*, in full Day, should shine ;  
 And *Death's dark Shadows* fly the Gospel Sun.  
*They* spoke, what nothing but *Immortal* Souls  
 Could speak; and thus the Truth they question'd, prov'd.

CAN then *Absurdities*, as well as *Crimes*,  
 Speak Man *Immortal*? All things speak him so  
 Much has been urg'd ; and dost thou call for more?  
 Call; and with endless Questions be distress'd,  
 All unresolveable, if *Earth* is All.

- “ WHY Life, a Moment ; Infinite, Desire?
- “ Our Wish, Eternity ; our Home, the Grave?
- “ Heav'n's *Promise* dormant lies in human *Hope*.
- “ Who *wishes* Life *Immortal*, *proves* it too.
- “ Why Happiness pursu'd, tho' never found?
- “ Man's Thirst of Happiness declares *It is*,
- “ (For Nature never gravitates to nought) ;
- “ That Thirst unquencht declares *It is not Here*.
- “ My LUCIA, Thy CLARISSA, call to Thought ;
- “ Why *cordial Friendship* riveted so deep,
- “ As, Hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
- “ If Friend, and Friendship, vanish in an Hour?
- “ Is not this Torment in the Mask of Joy?

“ Why

- “ Why by *Reflection* marr’d the Joys of *Sense* ?  
 “ Why *Past*, and *Future*, preying on our Hearts,  
 “ And putting all our *present* Joys to Death ?  
 “ Why labours *Reason* ? *Instinct* were as well ;  
 “ Instinct, far better ; what can *chuse*, can *err* ;  
 “ O how *infallible* the thoughtless Brute ;  
 “ ’Twere well his *Holiness* were half as sure.  
 “ *Reason* with *Inclination*, why at War ?  
 “ Why Sense of *Guilt* ? Why *Conscience* up in Arms ? ”

CONSCIENCE of Guilt, is Prophecy of Pain,  
 And Bosom-council to decline the Blow.  
 Reason with Inclination ne’er had jarr’d,  
 If nothing Future paid Forbearance Here.  
 Thus on— These, and a thousand Pleas uncall’d,  
 All *promise*, some *ensure*, a second Scene ;  
 Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far  
 Than all Things else most *certain* ; were it *false*,  
 What *Truth* on Earth so precious as the Lye ?  
 This World it gives us, let what will ensue ;  
 This World it gives, in that high Cordial, *Hope* ;  
 The Future of the present is the Soul ;  
 How *this* Life groans, when sever’d from the *next* ?  
 Poor, mutilated Wretch, that Disbelieves !  
 By dark Distrust his Being cut in two,

In *both* Parts perishes; Life void of Joy,  
Sad Prelude of Eternity in Pain!

COULDST Thou persuade me, the next Life could fail  
Our ardent Wishes; how should I pour out  
My bleeding Heart in Anguish, *new*, as deep?  
Oh! with what Thoughts, thy *Hope*, and my *Despair*,  
Abhorr'd ANNIHILATION! blasts the Soul,  
And wide-extends the Bounds of Human Woe!  
Could I believe LORENZO's System true,  
In *this* black Channel would my Ravings run.

“ Grief from the *Future* borrow'd Peace, ere-while,  
“ The Future *vanisht*! and the Present *pain'd*!  
“ Strange Import of unprecedented Ill!  
“ Fall, how profound! Like *Lucifer's*, the Fall!  
“ Unequal Fate! His Fall, without his Guilt!  
“ From where fond *Hope* built her Pavilion high  
“ The Gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once  
“ To Night! To Nothing! Darker still than Night,  
“ If 'twas a Dream, why wake me, my worst Foe,  
“ LORENZO! boastful of the Name of Friend!  
“ O for Delusion! O for Error still!  
“ Could Vengeance strike much stronger than to plant  
“ A *Thinking* Being in a World like This,



- “ Not over-rich before, *now* beggar’d quite ;  
 “ More curst than at the *Fall*?— The Sun goes out !  
 “ The Thorns shoot up ! What Thorns in every Thought ?  
 “ Why Sense of Better ? It imbitters Worse.  
 “ Why Sense ? Why Life ? If but to sigh, then sink  
 “ To what I was ? *Twice* Nothing ! and much Woe !  
 “ Woe, from Heav’n’s Bounties ! Woe, from what was  
     wont  
 “ To flatter most, high *Intellectual Pow’rs*.

- “ *Thought, Virtue, Knowledge* ! Blessings, by *thy* Scheme,  
 “ All poison’d into Pains. First, *Knowledge*, once  
 “ My Soul’s Ambition, *now* her greatest Dread.  
 “ To *know myself*, true Wisdom?— No, to shun  
 “ That shocking Science, Parent of Despair !  
 “ Avert thy Mirror ; If I see, I die.

- “ *Know my Creator* ? Climb His blest Abode  
 “ By painful Speculation, pierce the Veil,  
 “ Dive in His Nature, read His Attributes,  
 “ And gaze in Admiration— on a *Foe*,  
 “ Obtruding Life, with-holding Happiness ?  
 “ From the full Rivers that surround His Throne,  
 “ Not letting fall one Drop of Joy on Man ;  
 “ Man gasping for one Drop, that he might cease  
 “ To curse his Birth, nor envy *Reptiles* more !

" Ye sable Clouds! Ye darkeſt Shades of Night!  
 " Hide *Him*, for ever hide Him, from my Thought,  
 " Once all my Comfort; Source, and Soul of Joy!  
 " Now leagu'd with Furies, and with *Thee* againſt me.

" *Know His Atchievements?* Study His Renown?  
 " Contemplate this amazing Univerſe,  
 " Dropt from His Hand, with Miracles replete?  
 " For what? 'Mid Miracles of nobler Name,  
 " To find one Miracle of *Miſery*?  
 " To find the Being, which alone can *know*,  
 " And *praiſe* His Works, a Blemiſh on His Praise?  
 " Thro' Nature's ample Range, in Thought, to ſtrole,  
 " And ſtart at *Man*, the ſingle Mourner There,  
 " Breathing high Hope! chain'd down to Pangs, and Death!

" KNOWING is Suff'ring: And ſhall *Virtue* ſhare  
 " The Sigh of *Knowledge*? *Virtue* ſhares the Sigh.  
 " By ſtraining up the Steep of *Excellent*,  
 " By Battles fought, and from *Temptation*, won,  
 " What gains ſhe, but the Pang of ſeeing Worth,  
 " *Angelic* Worth, ſoon, ſhuffled in the Dark  
 " With every Vice, and ſwept to *brutal* Duſt?  
 " Merit is Madneſs; *Virtue* is a Crime;  
 " A Crime to *Reason*, if it coſts us Pain

" *Unpaid*:

“ *Unpaid*: What Pain, amidst a thousand more,  
 “ To think the most *Abandon’d*, after Days  
 “ Of Triumph o’er their Betters, find in Death  
 “ As soft a Pillow, nor make fouler Clay?

“ *Duty! Religion!*— These, our Duty done,  
 “ Imply Reward. *Religion* is Mistake.  
 “ *Duty?*— There’s none, but to repel the Cheat.  
 “ Ye Cheats! away; ye Daughters of my Pride!  
 “ Who feign yourselves the Fav’rites of the Skies:  
 “ Ye tow’ring Hopes! abortive Energies!  
 “ That tofs, and struggle in my *lying* Breast,  
 “ To scale the Skies, and build Presumptions There,  
 “ As I were Heir of an *Eternity*.  
 “ Vain, vain Ambitions! trouble me no more,  
 “ Why travel far in Quest of sure Defeat?  
 “ As bounded as my Being, be my Wish.  
 “ All is inverted, Wisdom is a Fool.  
 “ *Sense!* take the Rein; blind *Passion!* drive us on;  
 “ And, *Ignorance!* befriend us on our Way;  
 “ Ye *new*, but *truest* Patrons of our Peace!  
 “ Yes; give the *Pulse* full Empire; live the *Brute*,  
 “ Since, as the Brute, we die. The Sum of Man,  
 “ Of Godlike Man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.

“ But

" BUT not on equal Terms with *other* Brutes :  
 " *Their* Revels a more poignant Relish yield,  
 " And safer too ; *They* never Poisons chuse.  
 " *Instinct*, than *Reason*, makes more wholesome Meals,  
 " And sends all-marring Murmur far away.  
 " For *sensual* Life *They* best Philosophize ;  
 " *Theirs*, that *Serene*, the *Sages* sought in vain :  
 " 'Tis *Man* alone expostulates with Heav'n ;  
 " *His*, all the *Pow'r*, and all the *Cause*, to mourn.  
 " Shall *human* Eyes alone dissolve in Tears ?  
 " And, bleed, in Anguish, none but *human* Hearts ?  
 " The wide-stretch'd Realm of *Intellectual* Woe,  
 " Surpassing *Sensual* far, is All our Own.  
 " In *Life* so fatally distinguish'd, why  
 " Cast in one Lot, confounded, lump'd, in *Death* ?

" ERE yet in Being, was Mankind in Guilt ?  
 " Why thunder'd this peculiar *Clause* against us,  
 " *All-mortal, and All-wretched* !—Have the Skies  
 " Reasons of State, their Subjects may not scan,  
 " Nor *humblly* reason, when they *solely* sigh ?  
 " *All-mortal, and All-wretched* !—'Tis too much ;  
 " Unparallel'd in Nature : 'Tis too much  
 " On Being *unrequested* at Thy Hands,  
 " OMNIPOTENT ! for I see nought but *Pow'r*.

" AND



- “ AND why see That? Why *Thought*? To toil, and eat,  
 “ Then make our Bed in Darkneſs, needs no Thought.  
 “ What Superfluities are *reas’ning* Souls!  
 “ Oh give Eternity! or Thought destroy.  
 “ But without Thought our Curſe were half unfelt;  
 “ Its blunted Edge would ſpare the throbbing Heart,  
 “ And, *therefore*, ’tis beſtowed. I thank thee, *Reason*!  
 “ For aiding *Life*’s too ſmall Calamities,  
 “ And giving Being to the Dread of *Death*.  
 “ *Such* are thy Bounties!— Was it then too much  
 “ For *me*, to trefpaſs on the Brutal Rights?  
 “ Too much for *Heav’n* to make one Emmet more?  
 “ Too much for *Chaos* to permit my Maſs  
 “ A longer Stay with Eſſences unwrought,  
 “ Unfaſhion’d, untormented into *Man*?  
 “ Wretched Preferment to this Round of Pains!  
 “ Wretched Capacity of Frenzy, *Thought*!  
 “ Wretched Capacity of Dying, *Life*!  
 “ *Life, Thought, Worth, Wiſdom*, All (O foul Revolt!)  
 “ *Once* Friends to Peace, gone over to the Foe.

- “ *Death*, then, has chang’d its Nature too: O *Death*!  
 “ Come to my Boſom, Thou beſt Gift of *Heav’n*!  
 “ Beſt Friend of *Man*! Since *Man* is *Man* no more  
 “ Why in this thorny *Wilderneſs* ſo long,

“ Since

- " Since there's no *Promis'd Land's* ambrosial Bow'r,  
 " To pay me with its Honey for my Stings?  
 " If needful to the selfish Schemes of Heav'n  
 " To sting us sore, why mockt our Misery?  
 " Why this so sumptuous Insult o'er our Heads?  
 " Why this illustrious Canopy display'd?  
 " Why so magnificently lodg'd *Despair*?  
 " At stated Periods, sure-returning, roll  
 " These *glorious Orbs*, that Mortals may compute  
 " Their Length of Labours, and of Pains; nor lose  
 " Their Misery's full Measure? — Smiles with Flow'rs,  
 " And Fruits promiscuous, ever-teeming *Earth*,  
 " That Man may languish in *luxurious* Scenes,  
 " And in an *Eden* mourn his wither'd Joys?  
 " Claim Earth and Skies Man's Admiration, due  
 " For *such* Delights! Blest *Animals*! too Wise  
 " To wonder; and too Happy to complain!

- " OUR *Doom decreed* demands a mournful Scene;  
 " Why not a Dungeon dark, for the *Condemn'd*?  
 " Why not the Dragon's subterranean Den,  
 " For Man to howl in? Why not his Abode,  
 " Of the same dismal Colour with his Fate?  
 " A *Thebes*, a *Babylon*, at vast Expence  
 " Of Time, Toil, Treasure, Art, for Owls and Adders,

" As

" As congruous, as, for Man, this lofty Dome,  
 " Which prompts proud Thought, and kindles high Desire;  
 " If, from her humble Chamber in the Dust,  
 " While proud Thought swells, and high Desire inflames,  
 " The poor *Worm* calls us for her Inmates *there*?  
 " And, round us, *Death's* inexorable Hand  
 " Draws the dark Curtain close; undrawn no more.

" *Undrawn no more!*— Behind the Cloud of *Death*,  
 " Once, I beheld a Sun; a Sun which gild  
 " That fable Cloud, and turn'd it all to Gold:  
 " How the *Grave's* alter'd! Fathomless, as Hell!  
 " A *real* Hell to Those who dreamt of Heav'n.  
 " ANNIHILATION! How it yawns before me?  
 " Next Moment I may drop from *Thought*, from *Sense*,  
 " The Privilege of *Angels*, and of *Worms*,  
 " An Outcast from Existence! And this Spirit,  
 " This all-pervading, this all-conscious Soul,  
 " This Particle of Energy divine,  
 " Which travels Nature, flies from Star to Star,  
 " And visits Gods, and emulates their Pow'rs,  
 " For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! Death!  
 " Death of *that* Death I *fearless*, once, survey'd.—  
 " When Horror *Universal* shall descend,  
 " And Heav'n's dark Concave urn all Human Race,

" On

“ On that enormous, unrefunding Tomb,  
 “ How just this Verse! this monumental Sigh!”

*Beneath the Lumber of demolisht Worlds,*

*Deep in the Rubbish of the gen’ral Wreck,*

*Swept Ignominious to the common Mass*

*Of Matter, never dignify’d with Life,*

*Here lie proud Rationals; The Sons of Heav’n!*

*The Lords of Earth! The Property of Worms!*

*Beings of Yesterday, and no To-morrow!*

*Who liv’d in Terror, and in Pangs expir’d!*

*All gone to rot in Chaos; or, to make*

*Their happy Transit into Blocks, or Brutes,*

*Nor longer sully their CREATOR’s Name.*

LORENZO! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.

Just is this History? If *such* is Man,

Mankind’s Historian, tho’ Divine, might weep.

And dares LORENZO smile?— I know thee Proud;

For once let Pride befriend thee; Pride looks pale

At such a Scene, and sighs for something more.

Amid thy Boasts, Presumptions, and Displays,

And art Thou then a Shadow? Less than Shade?

A Nothing? Less than Nothing? To *have* been,

And *not to be*, is lower than Unborn.

Art thou *ambitious*? Why then make the Worm

Thine



Thine Equal? Runs thy Taste of *Pleasure* high?  
 Why patronize sure Death of ev'ry Joy?  
 Charm *Riches*? Why chuse Begg'ry in the Grave,  
 Of ev'ry Hope a Bankrupt! and for ever?  
*Ambition, Pleasure, Avarice*, persuade Thee  
 To make that World of Glory, Rapture, Wealth,  
 They \* lately *prov'd*, thy Soul's supreme Desire.

WHAT art thou made of? Rather, how Unmade?  
 Great *Nature's* Master-appetite destroy'd!  
 Is endless Life, and Happiness, despis'd?  
 Or Both wisht, *Here*, where Neither can be found?  
 Such Man's perverse, eternal War with Heav'n!  
 Dar'ft Thou persist? And is there nought on Earth,  
 But a long Train of transitory Forms,  
 Rising, and breaking, Millions in an Hour?  
 Bubbles of a fantastick Deity, blown up  
 In Sport, and then in Cruelty destroy'd?  
 Oh! for what Crime, unmerciful LORENZO!  
 Destroys thy Scheme the *Whole* of human Race?  
 Kind is fell *Lucifer*, compar'd to Thee:  
 Oh! spare this Waste of Being half divine;  
 And vindicate th' *Æ*conomy of Heav'n.

\* In the Sixth Night.

HEAV'N

HEAV'N is all Love; all Joy in giving Joy;  
 It never had created, but to bless:  
 And shall It, then, strike off the List of Life,  
 A Being blest, or Worthy *so* to be?  
 Heav'n starts at an *annihilating* GOD.

Is That, all *Nature* starts at, thy Desire?  
 Art such a Clod to wish thyself all Clay?  
 What is that dreadful Wish?—The dying Groan  
 Of *Nature* murder'd by the blackest Guilt.  
 What deadly Poison has thy Nature drank?  
 To Nature undebaucht no Shock so great;  
 Nature's *First* Wish is *endless Happiness*;  
*Annihilation* is an After-thought,  
 A monstrous Wish, unborn till Virtue dies.  
 And oh! what Depth of Horror lies inclos'd?  
 For Non-existence no Man ever wisht,  
 But, first, he wisht the DEITY destroy'd.

If so; what Words are dark enough to draw  
 Thy Picture true? The darkest are too fair.  
 Beneath what baleful Planet, in what Hour  
 Of Desperation, by what Fury's Aid,  
 In what Infernal Posture of the Soul,  
 All Hell invited, and all Hell in Joy,

At

At such a Birth, a Birth so near of Kin,  
Did thy foul *Fancy* whelp so black a Scheme,  
Of *Hopes* abortive, *Faculties* half-blown,  
And *Deities* begun, reduc'd to Dust?

THERE's nought (Thou sayst) but one eternal Flux  
Of feeble Essences, tumultuous driven  
Thro' *Time's* rough Billows into *Night's* Abyfs.  
Say, in this rapid *Tide* of human Ruin,  
Is there no Rock, on which Man's tossing Thought  
Can rest from Terror, dare his Fate survey,  
And boldly think it *Something* to be Born?  
Amid such hourly Wrecks of Being fair,  
Is there no central, all-sustaining *Base*,  
All-realizing, all-connecting *Pow'r*,  
Which, as it call'd-forth all Things, can *recall*,  
And force *Destruction* to refund her Spoil?  
Command the Grave, restore her taken Prey?  
Bid Death's dark Vale its Human Harvest yield,  
And *Earth*, and *Ocean*, pay their Debt of Man,  
True to the grand Deposit trusted There?  
Is there no Potentate, whose out-stretcht Arm,  
When rip'ning Time calls forth th'appointed Hour,  
Pluckt from foul *Devastation's* famisht Maw,  
Binds *Present*, *Past*, and *Future*, to his Throne?  
His Throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,

By germinating Beings clust'ring round,  
 A Garland worthy the Divinity!  
 A Throne, by Heav'n's Omnipotence in Smiles,  
 Built, (like a *Pharos* tow'ring in the Waves)  
 Amidst immense Effusions of his Love,  
 An Ocean of *communicated* Bliss.

AN all-prolific, all preserving GOD!  
*This* were a GOD indeed.— And such is Man  
 As here presum'd: He rises from his Fall.  
 Think'st Thou Omnipotence a naked Root,  
 Each Blossom fair of DEITY destroy'd?  
 Nothing is dead; nay, Nothing sleeps; each Soul  
 That ever animated human Clay,  
 Now wakes; is on the Wing: And where, O where,  
 Will the Swarm settle?— When the *Trumpet's* Call,  
 As sounding Brass, collects us; round Heav'n's Throne  
 Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting Day,  
 (Paternal Splendor!) and adhere for ever.  
 Had not the Soul this Outlet to the Skies,  
 In this vast Vessel of the Universe,  
 How should we gasp, as in an empty Void!  
 How in the Pangs of famisht *Hope* expire!

How bright *This* Prospect shines! How gloomy,  
*Thine!*



A trembling World! and a devouring God!  
*Earth*, but the Shambles of Omnipotence!  
*Heav'n's* Face all stain'd with countless Massacres  
Of countless Millions, born to feel the Pang  
Of Being *lost*. LORENZO! can it be?  
*This* bids us shudder at the Thoughts of *Life*.  
Who would be born to such a phantom World,  
Where nought Substantial, but our Misery?  
Where Joy (if Joy) but heightens our Distress,  
So soon to perish, and revive no more;  
The greater *such* a Joy, the *more* It pains.  
A World, where dark, mysterious Vanity  
Of *Good*, and *Ill*, the distant Colours blends,  
Confounds all *Reason*, and all *Hope* destroys;  
*Reason*, and *Hope*, our sole Asylum *Here*!  
A World, so far from *Great*, (and yet how Great  
It shines to Thee?) there's nothing *Real* in it;  
*Being*, a Shadow! *Consciousness*, a Dream!  
A Dream, how dreadful! Universal Blank  
Before it, and Behind! Poor Man, a Spark  
From Non-existence struck by Wrath divine,  
Glitt'ring a Moment, nor that Moment sure,  
'Midst Upper, Nether, and Surrounding *Night*,  
His Sad, Sure, Sudden, and Eternal Tomb.

LORENZO! dost Thou *feel* these Arguments?

Or is there nought but *Vengeance* can be felt?  
 How hast Thou dar'd the DEITY dethrone?  
 How dar'd indict Him of a World like This?  
 If *such* the World, Creation was a Crime;  
 For what is Crime, but Cause of Misery?  
 Retract, Blasphemer! And unriddle *This*,  
 Of endless Arguments *above, below,*  
*Without us, and within, the short Result,—*  
 “ *IF Man's Immortal, there's a God in Heaven.*”

BUT wherefore such Redundancy? Such Waste  
 Of Argument? One sets *my* Soul at Rest;  
 One obvious, and at Hand, and, Oh!—at Heart.  
 So just the Skies, PHILANDER's Life so pain'd,  
 His Heart so pure; *that, or succeeding Scenes*  
 Have Palms to give, or ne'er had He been born.

“ *What an old Tale is This!*” LORENZO cries.—  
 I grant this Argument is old; but Truth  
 No Years impair; and had not This been True,  
 Thou never hadst despis'd it for its Age.  
*Truth* is Immortal as thy Soul; and *Fable*  
 As fleeting as thy Joys: Be wise, nor make  
 Heav'n's highest Blessing, Vengeance; O be wise!  
 Nor make a Curse of *Immortality*.

SAY,

SAY, know'st Thou what *It* is? Or what *Thou* art?  
Know'st Thou th' *Importance* of a Soul Immortal?  
Behold this Midnight Glory; Worlds on Worlds!  
Amazing Pomp! Redouble this Amaze;  
Ten thousand add; add twice Ten thousand more;  
Then weigh the Whole; *One* Soul outweighs them All;  
And calls th' astonishing Magnificence  
Of *unintelligent* Creation poor.

FOR This, believe not *me*; no *Man* believe;  
Trust not in Words, but Deeds; and Deeds no less  
Than those of the SUPREME; nor His, a Few;  
Consult them All; consulted, All proclaim  
Thy Soul's Importance: Tremble at Thyself;  
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd so long:  
Has wak'd, and work'd, for Ages; from the Birth  
Of Nature to this *Unbelieving* Hour.

IN this small Province of His vast Domain,  
(All *Nature* bow, while I pronounce his Name!)  
What has GOD done, and not for *this* sole End,  
To rescue Souls from Death? The *Soul's high Price*  
Is writ in all the Conduct of the Skies.  
The *Soul's high Price* is the *Creation's Key*,  
Unlocks its Mysteries, and naked lays  
The genuine Cause of ev'ry Deed divine:

*That*, is the *Chain of Ages*, which maintains  
 Their obvious Correspondence, and unites  
 Most distant Periods in One blest Design:  
*That*, is the *Mighty Hinge*, on which have turn'd  
 All Revolutions, whether we regard  
 The *Nat'ral*, *Civil*, or *Religious*, World;  
 The Former Two, but Servants to the Third:  
 To That their Duty done, they Both expire,  
 Their *Mafs* new-cast, forgot their *Deeds renown'd*;  
 And Angels ask, "*Where once they shone so fair?*"

To lift us from *this* Abject, to Sublime;  
 This Flux, to Permanent; this Dark to Day;  
 This Foul, to Pure; this Turbid, to Serene;  
 This Mean, to Mighty!—for *this* glorious End  
 Th'ALMIGHTY, rising, his long Sabbath broke;  
 The World was Made; was Ruin'd; was Restor'd;  
 Laws from the *Skies* were Publish'd; were Repeal'd;  
 On *Earth* Kings, Kingdoms, rose; Kings, Kingdoms, fell;  
 Fam'd Sages lighted up the *Pagan* World;  
 Prophets from *Sion* darted a keen Glance  
 Thro' distant Age; Saints travell'd; Martyrs bled;  
 By Wonders sacred Nature stood controul'd;  
 The Living were Translated; Dead were Rais'd;  
 Angels, and *more* than Angels, came from Heav'n;  
 And, oh! for *This*, descended lower still;



Gilt was Hell's Gloom; astonisht at his Guest,  
 For one short Moment *Lucifer* ador'd:  
 LORENZO! and wilt Thou do less?— For *This*,  
 That *Hallow'd Page*, Fools scoff at, was inspir'd,  
 Of all these Truths thrice-venerable Code!  
*Deists!* perform your Quarentine; and then,  
 Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.

NOR less intensely bent *Infernal Pow'rs*  
 To mar, than those of *Light*, *this* End to gain.  
 O what a Scene is Here!— LORENZO! wake;  
 Rise to the Thought; exert, expand, thy Soul  
 To take the vast Idea: It denies  
 All *else* the Name of Great. Two warring Worlds!  
 Not *Europe* against *Afric*; Warring Worlds,  
 Of *more* than Mortal! mounted on the Wing!  
 On ardent Wings of Energy, and Zeal,  
 High-hov'ring o'er this little Brand of Strife!  
 This sublunary Ball.— But Strife, for what?  
 In their own Cause conflicting? No; in *Thine*,  
 In *Man's*. His *single* Int'rest blows the Flame;  
 His the sole Stake; His Fate the Trumpet sounds,  
 Which ~~Kindles~~ War Immortal. How It burns!  
 Tumultuous Swarms of Deities in Arms!  
 Force Force opposing, till the Waves run high,  
 And tempest Nature's universal Sphere.

Such Opposites Eternal, Stedfast, Stern,  
 Such Foes Implacable, are *Good*, and *Ill*;  
 Yet Man, vain Man, would mediate Peace between them.

THINK not this Fiction. "*There was War in Heav'n.*"  
 From Heav'n's high crytal Mountain where It hung,  
 Th' ALMIGHTY's outstretcht Arm took down his Bow;  
 And shot His Indignation at the *Deep*:  
 Re thunder'd *Hell*, and darted all her Fires.—  
 And seems the Stake of little Moment still?  
 And slumbers *Man*, who singly caus'd the Storm?  
 He sleeps.— And art Thou shockt at Mysteries?  
 The Greatest, Thou. How dreadful to reflect,  
 What Ardor, Care, and Counsel, *Mortals* cause  
 In Breasts Divine! How little in their own!

WHERE-E'ER I turn, how new *Proofs* pour upon me!  
 How happily This wond'rous View supports  
 My Former Argument! How strongly *strikes*  
*Immortal Life's* full Demonstration, *Here*!  
 Why this Exertion? Why this strange Regard  
 From Heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to Man?—  
 Because, in Man, the glorious, dreadful Pow'r,  
 Extremely to be Pain'd, or Bleft, for *Ever*.  
*Duration* gives Importance; swells the Price.  
 An Angel, if a Creature of a Day,

What

What would He be? A Trifle of no Weight;  
Or Stand, or Fall; no Matter which; He's gone.  
*Because* IMMORTAL, therefore is indulg'd  
This strange Regard of Deities to Dust.  
Hence, Heav'n looks down on Earth with all her Eyes:  
Hence, the Soul's mighty Moment in her Sight:  
Hence, ev'ry Soul has Partizans Above,  
And ev'ry Thought a Critic in the Skies:  
Hence, Clay, vile Clay! has Angels for its Guard,  
And ev'ry Guard a Passion for his Charge:  
Hence, from all Age, the Cabinet divine  
Has held high Counsel o'er the Fate of Man.

NOR have the Clouds those gracious Counsels hid.  
Angels undrew the Curtain of the Throne,  
And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet Mankind:  
In various Modes of Emphasis, and Awe,  
*He* spoke his Will, and trembling *Nature* heard;  
He spoke it loud, in Thunder, and in Storm.  
Witness, Thou *Sinai*! whose Cloud-cover'd Height,  
And shaken Basis own'd the present GOD:  
Witness, ye *Billows*! whose returning Tide,  
Breaking the Chain that fasten'd it in Air,  
Swept *Egypt*, and her Menaces, to Hell:  
Witness, ye *Flames*! th' *Assyrian* Tyrant blew  
To sev'nfold Rage, as Impotent, as Strong:

And

And Thou, *Earth!* witness, whose expanding Jaws  
 Clos'd o'er \* *Presumption's* sacrilegious Sons:  
 Has not each Element, in Turn, subscrib'd  
 The *Soul's high Price*, and sworn it to the Wise?  
 Has not Flame, Ocean, Æther, Earthquake, strove  
 To strike *this Truth*, thro' adamantine Man?  
 If not All-adamant, LORENZO! hear;  
 All is Delusion, *Nature* is wrapt up  
 In tenfold Night, from *Reason's* keenest Eye;  
 There's no Consistence, Meaning, Plan, or End,  
 In all beneath the Sun, in all above,  
 (As far as Man can penetrate) or Heav'n  
 Is an Immense, Inestimable Prize;  
 Or All is Nothing, or that Prize is All.—  
 And shall each *Toy* be still a Match for Heav'n?  
 And full Equivalent for Groans Below?  
 Who would not give a Trifle to *prevent*  
 What He would give a Thousand Worlds to *cure*?

LORENZO! Thou hast seen (if Thine, to see)  
 All *Nature*, and her GOD (by *Nature's Course*,  
 And *Nature's Course controul'd*) declare for me:  
 The Skies Above proclaim “*Immortal Man!*”  
 And, “*Man Immortal!*” all Below resounds.  
 The World's a System of Theology,

\* *Corah, &c.*



Read, by the greatest Strangers to the Schools;  
If *Honest*, Learn'd; and *Sages* o'er a Plough.  
Is not, LORENZO! then, impos'd on Thee  
This hard Alternative; or, to renounce  
Thy *Reason*, and thy *Sense*; or, to *Believe*?  
What then is *Unbelief*? 'Tis an Exploit;  
A strenuous Enterprize: To gain it, Man  
Must burst thro' ev'ry Bar of common Sense,  
Of common Shame, magnanimously wrong;  
And what rewards the sturdy Combatant?  
His Prize, *Repentance*; *Infamy*, his Crown.

BUT wherefore, *Infamy*?—For Want of *Worth*  
Down the steep Precipice of *Wrong* He slides,  
There's nothing to support him in the *Right*.  
*Faith in the Future* wanting, is, at least  
In *Embryo*, ev'ry Weakness, ev'ry Guilt;  
And strong Temptation ripens it to *Birth*.  
If *this* Life's Gain invites him to the Deed,  
Why not his Country fold, his Father slain?  
'Tis Virtue to pursue our Good Supreme;  
And his Supreme, his *Only* Good is *Here*.  
*Ambition*, *Av'rice*, by the Wise disdain'd,  
Is perfect *Wisdom*, while Mankind are *Fools*,  
And think a Turf, or Tombstone, covers All;  
*These* find Employment, and provide for *Sense*

A richer Pasture, and a larger Range;  
 And *Sense* by Right divine ascends the Throne,  
 When *Reason's* Prize, and Prospect is no more;  
*Virtue* no more we think the Will of Heav'n?  
 Would Heav'n quite *beggar* *Virtue*, if belov'd?

“HAS *Virtue* Charms?”—I grant Her heavenly Fair;  
 But if un-portion'd, all will *Int'rest* wed;  
 Tho' *That* our Admiration, *This* our Choice.  
 The *Virtues* grow on *Immortality*;  
 That Root destroy'd, they wither and expire.  
 A DEITY believ'd, will nought avail;  
*Rewards* and *Punishments* make GOD ador'd;  
 And *Hopes* and *Fears* give *Conscience* all her Pow'r.  
 As in the dying Parent dies the Child,  
*Virtue*, with *Immortality*, expires.  
 Who tells me He denies his Soul Immortal,  
 Whate'er his Boast, has told me, *He's a Knave*.  
 His *Duty* 'tis, to love Himself *alone*,  
 Nor care tho' Mankind perish, if He smiles.  
 Who thinks ere-long the Man shall *wholly* die,  
 Is dead already; nought but *Brute* survives.

AND are there such?—Such Candidates there are  
 For *more* than Death; for utter Loss of Being;  
 Being, the Basis of the DEITY!

Ask

Ask you the *Cause*?— The Cause they will not tell;  
Nor *need* they: Oh the Sorceries of *Sense*!  
*They* work this Transformation on the Soul,  
Dismount her like the Serpent at the Fall,  
Dismount her from her native Wing, (which soar'd  
Ere-while Ætherial Heights) and throw her down,  
To lick the Dust, and crawl in such a Thought.

Is it in Words to paint you? O ye Fall'n!  
Fall'n from the Wings of *Reason*, and of *Hope*!  
Erect in Stature, Prone in Appetite!  
Patrons of Pleasure, posting into Pain!  
Lovers of Argument, averse to Sense!  
Boasters of Liberty, fast-bound in Chains!  
Lords of the wide Creation, and the Shame!  
More *Senseless* than th' *Irrationals* you scorn!  
More *Base* than those you rule! Than those you pity,  
Far more *Undone*! O ye most infamous  
Of Beings, from Superior Dignity!  
Deepest in Woe from Means of boundless Bliss!  
Ye curst by Blessings infinite! Because  
Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost!  
Ye motly Mass of *Contradiction* strong!  
And are you, too, convinc'd, your Souls fly off  
In Exhalation soft, and die in Air,  
From the full Flood of Evidence *against* you?

In the coarse Drudgeries, and Sinks of *Sense*,  
 Your Souls have quite worn out the Make of Heav'n,  
 By Vice new-cast, and Creatures of your own:  
 But tho' you can *deform*, you can't *destroy*;  
 To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your Pow'r.

LORENZO! this black Brotherhood renounce;  
 Renounce *St. Evremont*, and read *St. Paul*.  
 Ere rapt by Miracle, by *Reason* wing'd  
 His mounting Mind made long Abode in Heav'n.  
*This is Freethinking*, unconfin'd to *Parts*,  
 To send the Soul, on curious Travel bent,  
 Thro' all the Provinces of Human Thought,  
 To dart her Flight, thro' the whole Sphere of Man;  
 Of this vast Universe to make the Tour;  
 In each Recess of *Space*, and *Time*, at Home;  
 Familiar with their Wonders; diving deep;  
 And, like a Prince of boundless Int'rests *There*,  
 Still most ambitious of the most Remote;  
 To look on *Truth* unbroken, and intire;  
 Truth in the *System*, the full Orb; where Truths  
 By Truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford  
 An arch-like, strong Foundation, to support  
 Th' incumbent Weight of absolute, complete  
*Conviction*; Here, the more we press, we stand  
 More Firm; Who most *Examine* most *Believe*.

*Parts*



*Parts*, like Half-sentences, confound ; the *Whole*  
Conveys the Sense, and GOD is understood ;  
Who not in *Fragments* writes to Human Race ;  
Read his *whole* Volume, Sceptic ! then Reply.

*This, This* is *Thinking-free*, a Thought that grasps  
Beyond a Grain, and looks beyond an Hour.  
Turn up thine Eye, survey this Midnight Scene ;  
What are Earth's Kingdoms, to yon boundless Orbs,  
Of human Souls, one Day, the destin'd Range ?  
And what yon boundless Orbs, to Godlike *Man* ?  
Those num'rous Worlds that throng the Firmament,  
And ask more Space in Heav'n, can rowl at large  
In *Man's* capacious Thought, and still leave Room  
For ampler Orbs ; for *new* Creations, There.  
Can *such* a Soul contract itself, to gripe  
A Point of no Dimension, of no Weight ?  
It can ; it does : The World is *such* a Point,  
And, of *that* Point, how *small* a Part enslaves ?

How small a Part—of *Nothing*, shall I say ?  
Why not ?—*Friends*, our *chief* Treasure ! How they drop ?  
LUCIA, NARCISSA fair, PHILANDER, gone !  
The *Grave*, like fabled *Cerberus*, has op'd  
A Triple Mouth ; and in an awful Voice,  
Loud calls my Soul, and utters All I sing.

How the World falls to-pieces round about us,  
 And leaves us in a Ruin of our Joy!  
 What says, This *Transportation* of my Friends?  
 It bids me love the Place where *now* they dwell,  
 And scorn this wretched Spot, they leave so Poor.  
 Eternity's vast *Ocean* lies before thee;  
 There, There, LORENZO! thy CLARISSA fails.  
 Give thy Mind Sea-Room; keep it wide of *Earth*,  
 That Rock of Souls *immortal*; cut thy Cord,  
 Weigh Anchor; Spread thy Sails; call ev'ry Wind;  
 Eye thy *Great Pole-star*; Make the Land of Life.

Two Kinds of Life has *double-natur'd* Man,  
 And Two of Death; the *Last* far more severe.  
 Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the Sun;  
 Thrives on his Bounties, triumphs in his Beams.  
 Life *rational* subsists on higher Food,  
 Triumphant in *His* Beams, who made the Day.  
 When we leave *that* Sun, and are left by *this*,  
 (The Fate of all who die in stubborn Guilt)  
 'Tis *utter* Darkness; strictly *Double* Death.  
 We sink by no *Judicial* Stroke of Heav'n,  
 But Nature's *Course*; as sure as Plummets fall.  
 Since GOD, or Man, must alter, ere they meet,  
 (For Light and Darkness blend not in one Sphere)  
 'Tis manifest, LORENZO! *who* must change.

If then, that *Double Death* should prove thy Lot,  
 Blame not the Bowels of the DEITY;  
 Man shall be blest, as far as Man *permits*.  
 Not Man alone, all *Rationals*, Heav'n arms  
 With an Illustrious, but Tremendous, Pow'r  
 To counter-act Its own most gracious Ends;  
 And this, of strict Necessity, not Choice;  
*That Pow'r deny'd, Men, Angels* were no more,  
 But passive Engines, void of Praise, or Blame.  
 A Nature *Rational* implies the Pow'r  
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;  
 Else idle *Reason* would have nought to do;  
 And he that would be barr'd Capacity  
 Of Pain, courts Incapacity of Bliss.  
 Heav'n *wills* our Happiness, *allows* our Doom;  
*Invites* us ardently, but not *compels*;  
 Heav'n but *persuades*, almighty Man *decrees*;  
 Man is the Maker of Immortal Fates.  
 Man falls by Man, if finally He falls;  
 And fall He *must*, who learns from *Death* alone,  
 The dreadful Secret,— That he *lives* for Ever.

WHY *This* to thee? Thee yet, perhaps, in Doubt  
 Of Second Life: But wherefore doubtful still?  
 Eternal Life is Nature's ardent Wish;  
 What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe:

E

Thy

Thy *tardy* Faith declares that With destroy'd :  
 What has destroy'd it?— Shall I tell thee, What?  
 When *fear'd the Future*, 'tis no longer wish't,  
 And when Unwish't, we *strive* to Disbelieve.  
 “ *Thus Infidelity our Guilt betrays.* ”  
 Nor that the *sole* Detection! Blush, LORENZO!  
 Blush for Hypocrisy, if not for Guilt.  
 The *Future fear'd*? An Infidel, and fear!  
 Fear what? a *Dream*? a *Fable*?— How thy Dread,  
 Unwilling Evidence, and therefore *Strong*,  
 Affords my Cause an undesign'd Support?  
 How *Disbelief* affirms, what It denies?  
 “ *It unawares, asserts Immortal Life,* ”—  
 Surprising! *Infidelity* turns out  
 A *Creed*, and a *Confession of our Sins*:  
 Apostates, *thus*, are Orthodox Divines.

LORENZO! with LORENZO clash no more;  
 Nor longer a *Transparent Vizor* wear.  
 Think'st Thou, RELIGION *only* has her Mask?  
 Our Infidels are Satan's Hypocrites,  
*Pretend* the Worst, and, at the Bottom, *fail*.  
 When visited by Thought, (Thought *will* intrude)  
 Like Him they serve, They *tremble, and believe*.  
 Is there Hypocrisy so foul as This?  
 So Fatal to the Welfare of the World?

What



What *Detestation*, what *Contempt*, their Due?  
 And if Unpaid, be thank'd for their *Escape*  
*That* Christian Candor they *strive* hard to scorn.  
 If not for that *Asylum*, they might find  
 A Hell on *Earth*; nor 'scape a worse *Below*.

With Insolence, and Impotence of Thought,  
 Instead of racking Fancy, to *refute* —  
 Reform thy Manners, and the Truth *enjoy* —  
 But shall I dare confess the dire Result?  
 Can thy proud *Reason* brook so black a Brand?  
 From *purser Manners*, to *sublimen Faith*,  
 Is Nature's unavoidable Ascent;  
 An *honest* Deist, where the Gospel shines,  
 Matur'd to nobler, in the *Christian* ends:  
 When that blest Change arrives, e'en cast aside  
 This Song superfluous; *Life immortal* strikes  
 Conviction, in a Flood of Light *Divine*.  
 A *Christian* dwells, like \* *URIEL*, in the Sun;  
 Meridian Evidence puts *Doubt* to Flight;  
 And ardent *Hope* anticipates the Skies  
 Of *that* bright Sun, *LORENZO*! scale the Sphere;  
 'Tis easy; It invites thee; It descends  
 From Heav'n to wooe, and waft thee whence It came:  
 Read, and revere the *Sacred Page*, a Page

\* *Milton.*

Where triumphs *Immortality*; a Page  
Which not the whole *Creation* could produce;  
Which not the *Conflagration* shall destroy;  
In Nature's Ruins not one Letter lost;  
'Tis printed in the Mind of Gods for ever.

In proud Disdain of what e'en Gods adore,  
Dost smile?— Poor Wretch! thy Guardian Angel weeps.  
*Angels*, and *Men*, assent to what I sing;  
*Wits* smile, and thank me for my *Midnight Dream*.  
How vicious Hearts fume Frenzy to the Brain?  
*Parts* push us on to Pride, and Pride to Shame;  
Pert *Infidelity* is *Wit's* Cockade,  
To grace the brazen Brow that braves the Skies,  
By *Loss of Being*, dreadfully Secure.  
LORENZO! if thy Doctrine wins the Day,  
And drives my Dreams, defeated, from the Field;  
If *This* is All, if Earth a final Scene,  
Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *Knave*;  
A Knave in Grain! ne'er deviate to the *Right*.  
Shouldst Thou be *Good*— How infinite thy Loss!  
*Guilt* only makes *Annihilation* Gain.  
Blest Scheme! which Life deprives of *Comfort*, Death  
Of *Hope*; and which *Vice* only recommends.  
If so; where, *Infidels*! your Bait thrown out  
To catch weak Converts? Where your lofty Boast  
Of *Zeal for Virtue*, and of *Love to Man*?

ANNIHILATION! I confess, in *These*.

WHAT can *Reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound! A  
*Philosophers* the Converts of a *Song*?  
 Yet know, *Its* \* *Title* flatters *you*, not *me*;  
 Yours be the Praise to make *my* Title good;  
 Mine, to Bless Heav'n, and Triumph in *your* Praise.  
 But since so Pestilential your Disease,  
 Though sov'reign is the Med'cine I prescribe,  
 As yet, I'll neither Triumph, nor Despair:  
 But hope, ere-long my *Midnight Dream* will wake  
 Your Hearts, and teach your Wisdom—to be wise;  
 For why should Souls Immortal, made for Bliss,  
 E'er wish (and wish in vain!) that Souls could die?  
 What ne'er *can* die, Oh! grant to *live*; and crown  
 The Wish, and Aim, and Labour of the Skies;  
*Increase*, and *enter* on the Joys of Heav'n:  
 Thus shall my Title pass a *sacred* Seal,  
 Receive an *Imprimatur* from Above,  
 While Angels shout—*An Infidel Reclaim'd!*

To close, LORENZO! Spite of all my Pains,  
*Still* seems it strange, that Thou shouldst live *for ever*?  
 Is it *less* strange, that Thou shouldst live *at all*?  
*This* is a Miracle; and *That* no more.

\* The Infidel Reclaim'd.

Who gave Beginning, can exclude an End.  
 Deny Thou *art*, Then, doubt if Thou *shalt be*.  
 A Miracle with Miracles inclos'd,  
 Is Man? And starts his Faith at what is *Strange*?  
 What less than Wonders, from the *Wonderful*;  
 What less than Miracles, from God, can flow?  
 Admit a GOD,—that Mystery Supreme!  
 That Cause uncaus'd! All other Wonders cease;  
 Nothing is Marvellous for *Him* to do:  
 Deny *Him*,—all is Mystery besides;  
 Millions of Mysteries! *Each* Darker far,  
 Than *That* thy Wisdom would, unwisely, shun.  
 If *weak* thy Faith, why chuse the Harder Side?  
 We nothing *know*, but what is Marvellous;  
 Yet what is Marvellous, we can't *believe*.  
 So Weak our *Reason*, and so Great our God,  
 What most surprises in the *Sacred Page*,  
 Or full as Strange, or Stranger, *must be True*.  
 Faith is not *Reason's* Labour, but Repose.

To *Faith*, and *Virtue*, why so backward Man?  
 From Hence;—The *Present* strongly strikes us All;  
 The *Future*, faintly: Can we, then, be *Men*?  
 If Men, LORENZO! the *Reverse* is Right.  
 Reason is Man's Peculiar; *Sense*, the Brute's.  
 The *Present* is the Scanty Realm of *Sense*;



The *Future*, *Reason's* Empire unconfin'd;  
 On *That* expending all her Godlike Pow'r,  
 She Plans, Provides, Expatiates, Triumphs, *there*;  
 There, builds her *Blessings*; There, expects her *Praise*;  
 And nothing asks of *Fortune*, or of *Men*,  
 And what is *Reason*? Be she, thus, defin'd;  
 Reason is *Upright Stature* in the *Soul*.  
 Oh! be a *Man*;—and strive to be a *God*.

“ FOR what? (Thou sayst): To damp the Joys of  
 Life?”

No; to give *Heart* and *Substance* to thy Joys.  
 That Tyrant, *Hope*! mark, how she domineers;  
 She bids us quit Realities, for Dreams;  
 Safety, and Peace, for Hazard, and Alarm;  
 That Tyrant o'er the Tyrants of the Soul,  
 She bids *Ambition* quit its taken Prize,  
 Spurn the luxuriant Branch on which *It* sits,  
 Tho' bearing Crowns, to spring at *distant* Game;  
 And plunge in Toils, and Dangers— for Repose.  
 If *Hope* precarious, and of Things, when gain'd,  
 Of Little Moment, and as Little Stay,  
 Can sweeten Toils and Dangers into Joys;  
 What then, *That* Hope, which nothing can defeat,  
 Our Leave unask'd? Rich Hope of boundless Blifs!  
 Blifs, past *Man's* Pow'r to paint it; *Time's*, to close!

*This* Hope is Earth's most estimable Prize:  
*This* is Man's Portion, while no more than Man:  
*Hope*, of all Passions, most befriends us *Here*;  
 Passions of Prouder Name befriend us less.  
*Joy* has her *Tears*; and *Transport* has her *Death*;  
*Hope*, like a Cordial, innocent, tho' strong,  
 Man's Heart, at once, *inspirits*, and *serenes*;  
 Nor makes him pay his Wisdom for his Joys;  
 'Tis All, our Present State can safely bear,  
 Health to the Frame! and Vigour to the Mind!  
 And to the modest Eye *chastis'd* Delight!  
 Like the fair Summer-Evening, mild, and sweet!  
 'Tis Man's full Cup; his Paradise Below!

A blest Hereafter, *then*, or Hop'd, or Gain'd,  
 Is All;— our *Whole* of Happiness: Full Proof,  
 I chose no trivial, or inglorious *Theme*.  
 And know, ye Foes to Song! (well-meaning Men,  
 Tho' quite forgotten \* Half your *Bible's* Praise)  
*Important Truths*, in Spite of *Verse*, may please;  
 Grave Minds you praise; nor can you praise too much;  
 If there is Weight in an ETERNITY,  
 Let the *Grave* listen;— and be *graver* still.

\* The Poetical Parts of it.

NIGHT

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.  
VIRTUE'S APOLOGY:

O R,

*The MAN of the WORLD Answered.*

---

In which are Considered,

*The LOVE of This LIFE ;*

*The AMBITION and PLEASURE, with the  
WIT and WISDOM of the WORLD.*

# ch ons

THE EIGHTH

VIRIUS APOLOGIA

○ R

THE-MAINTAINING THE WORLD

In which are Considered

The Love of This City

The American and British  
Wit and Wisdom

1917

with them, and not afraid of them.

... from the Cassin's Point





NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY:

O R,

*The MAN of the WORLD Answered.*



AND has all Nature, then, espous'd my Part?  
Have I brib'd Heav'n, and Earth, to plead  
against thee?

And is thy Soul *Immortal*?—What remains?

All, All, LORENZO!—Make Immortal, Blest.

Unblest Immortals!—What can shock us more?

And yet LORENZO still affects *the World*;

There, stows his Treasure; Thence, his Title draws;

*Man of the World*! (for such wouldst thou be call'd)

And art thou proud of that inglorious Style?

Proud of Reproach? For a Reproach it was,

In ancient Days; and CHRISTIAN,—in an Age,

When Men were Men, and not ashamed of Heav'n,

Fir'd their Ambition, as it crown'd their Joy.

Sprinkled with Dews from the *Cassalian* Font,

Fain

Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer  
A purer Spirit, and a nobler Name.

THY fond Attachments fatal, and inflam'd,  
Point out my Path, and dictate to my Song:  
To Thee, *the World how Fair?* How strongly strikes  
*Ambition?* and gay *Pleasure* stronger still?  
Thy Triple Bane! the Triple Bolt, that lays  
Thy Virtue dead! Be *These* my Triple Theme;  
Nor shall thy *Wit*, or *Wisdom*, be forgot.

COMMON the Theme; not so the Song; if She  
My Song invokes, *Urania* deigns to smile.  
The Charm that chains us to the World, her Foe,  
If she dissolves, the *Man of Earth*, at once,  
Starts from his Trance, and sighs for other Scenes;  
Scenes, where these Sparks of Night, these *Stars*, shall  
shine  
Unnumber'd Suns (for all things, as they *are*,  
The Blest behold); and, in one Glory, pour  
Their blended Blaze on Man's astonisht Sight;  
A Blaze,—the least illustrious Object There.

LORENZO! since *Eternal* is at hand,  
To swallow *Time's* Ambitions; as the vast  
*Leviathan*, the Bubbles vain, that ride,

High

High on the foaming Billow; what avail  
 High Titles, high Descent, Attainments high;  
 If unattain'd our *Highest*? O LORENZO!  
 What lofty Thoughts, these Elements above,  
 What tow'ring Hopes, what Sallies from the Sun,  
 What grand Surveys of Destiny divine,  
 And pompous Prefage of unfathom'd Fate,  
 Should roll in Bosoms, where a Spirit burns,  
 Bound for Eternity? In Bosoms read  
 By *Him*, who Foibles in Archangels sees?  
 On human Hearts *He* bends a jealous Eye,  
 And marks, and in Heav'n's Register enrolls  
 The Rise, and Progress, of each Option there;  
 Sacred to Doomsday! *That* the Page unfolds,  
 And spreads us to the Gaze of Gods, and Men.

AND what an Option, O LORENZO! thine?  
 This World! And This, unrivall'd by the Skies!  
 A World, where Lust of *Pleasure*, *Grandeur*, *Gold*,  
 Three *Dæmons* that divide its Realms between them,  
 With Strokes alternate buffet to and fro,  
 Man's restless Heart, their Sport, their flying Ball;  
 Till, with the giddy Circle, sick, and tir'd,  
 It pants for Peace, and drops into Despair.  
 Such is the World, LORENZO! sets above  
 That glorious *Promise*, Angels were esteem'd  
 Too *mean* to bring; a *Promise*, their *Ador'd*

Descended

Descended to communicate, and press,  
 By Counsel, Miracle, Life, Death, on Man.  
 Such is the World, LORENZO's Wisdom woos,  
 And on its thorny Pillow seeks Repose;  
 A Pillow, which, like Opiates ill-prepar'd,  
 Intoxicates, but not composes; fills  
 The visionary Mind with gay Chimæras,  
 All the wild Trash of Sleep, without the Rest;  
 What unfeign'd Travel, and what Dreams of Joy!

How frail, Men, Things! How momentary, Both  
 Fantastic Chace, of Shadows hunting Shades!  
 The *Gay!* the *Busy!* equal, tho' unlike;  
 Equal in Wisdom, differently wise!  
 Through flow'ry Meadows, and through dreary Wastes,  
 One Bustling, and One Dancing, into Death.  
 There's not a Day, but, to the Man of Thought,  
 Betrays some Secret, that throws new Reproach  
 On Life, and makes him sick of seeing more.  
 The Scenes of *Business* tell us—“What are Men;”  
 The Scenes of *Pleasure*—“What is All beside;”  
*There* Others we despise; and *Here*, Ourselves.  
 Amid *Disgust* eternal, dwells Delight?  
 'Tis *Approbation* strikes the String of Joy.

WHAT wondrous Prize has kindled this Career,  
 Stuns



Stuns with the Din, and choaks us with the Dust,  
 On Life's gay Stage, one Inch above the Grave?  
 The *Proud* run up and down in quest of Eyes;  
 The *Sensual* In pursuit of something worse;  
 The *Grave*, of Gold; the *Politic*, of Power;  
 And All, of other Butterflies, as vain!  
 As Eddies draw things frivolous, and light,  
 How is Man's Heart by *Vanity* drawn in;  
 On the swift Circle of returning Toys,  
 Whirl'd, Straw-like, round and round, and then in-  
 gulph'd,  
 Where gay Delusion darkens to Despair?

“THIS is a beaten Track.”—Is This a Track  
 Should *not* be beaten? Never beat enough,  
 Till enough learnt the Truths it would inspire.  
 Shall Truth be silent, because Folly frowns?  
 Turn the World's History; what find we there,  
 But *Fortune's* Sports, or *Nature's* cruel Claims,  
 Or *Woman's* Artifice, or *Man's* Revenge,  
 And endless Inhumanities on Man?  
 Fame's Trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the Knell,  
 It brings bad Tidings: How it hourly blows  
 Man's Misadventures round the list'ning World!  
 Man is the Tale of narrative old *Time*;  
 Sad Tale! which high as *Paradise* begins;  
 As if, the Toil of Travel to delude,

From

From Stage to Stage, in his eternal Round;  
 The *Days*, his Daughters, as they spin our *Hours*  
 On *Fortune's* Wheel, where Accident unthought  
 Oft, in a Moment, snaps Life's strongest Thread;  
 Each, in her Turn, some tragic Story tells,  
 With, now-and-then, a wretched Farce between;  
 And fills his Chronicle with human Woes.

TIME'S Daughters, True as those of Men, deceive us;  
 Not One, but puts some Cheat on all Mankind;  
 While in their *Father's* Bosom, not yet *Ours*,  
 They flatter our fond Hopes; and promise much  
 Of Amiable; but hold him not o'er-wise,  
 Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the Year,  
 At still-confiding, still-confounded, Man,  
 Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on,  
 Untaught by Trial, unconvinc'd by Proof,  
 And Ever looking for the Never-seen.  
 Life to the last, like harden'd Felons, lyes;  
 Nor owns itself a Cheat, till It expires.  
 Its little Joys go out by One and One;  
 And leave poor Man, at length, in perfect Night;  
 Night darker, than what, *now*, involves the Pole.

O THOU, who dost permit these Ills to fall,  
 For gracious Ends, and wouldst, that Man should mourn!

O THOU, whose Hand this goodly Fabric fram'd,  
 Who know'ft it best, and wouldst that Man should know!  
 What is this sublunary World? A Vapour;  
 A Vapour all it holds; itself, a Vapour;  
 From the damp Bed of Chaos, by Thy Beam  
 Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd Hour  
 In ambient Air, then melt, and disappear.  
*Earth's* Days are numbred, nor remote her Doom;  
 As Mortal, tho' less Transient, than her Sons;  
 Yet they doat on her, as the World, and They,  
 Were both Eternal, Solid; THOU, a Dream.

THEY doat, on What? *Immortal Views* apart,  
 A Region of Outfides! a Land of Shadows!  
 A fruitful Field of flow'ry Promises!  
 A Wilderness for Joys! perplext with Doubts,  
 And sharp with Thorns! A troubled Ocean, spread  
 With bold Adventurers, their *All* on Board;  
 No second Hope, if here their Fortune frowns;  
 Frown soon it *must*. Of various Rates they sail,  
 Of Ensigns various; All alike in This,  
*All* restless, anxious; tost with Hopes, and Fears,  
 In calmest Skies; obnoxious All to Storm;  
 And stormy the most general Blast of Life.  
*All* bound for Happiness; yet Few provide  
 The Chart of *Knowledge*, pointing where It lies;

Or *Virtue's* Helm, to shape the Course design'd:

*All*, more or less, capricious Fate lament,

Now lifted by the Tide, and now resorb'd,

And farther from their Wishes, than before:

*All*, more or less, against each other dash,

To mutual Hurt, by Gusts of Passion driven,

And suffering more from Folly, than from Fate,

OCEAN! Thou dreadful, and tumultuous Home

Of Dangers, at eternal War with Man!

*Death's* Capital, where most he domineers,

With all his chosen *Terrors* frowning round,

(Tho' lately feasted high at \* *Albion's* Cost)

Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more!

Too faithful Mirror! how dost thou reflect

The melancholy Face of human Life!

The strong Resemblance tempts me farther still:

And haply, *Britain* may be deeper struck

By *moral Truth*, in such a Mirror seen,

Which Nature holds for ever at her Eye.

SELF-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in Hope,

When *Young*, with sanguine Chear, and Streamers gay,

We cut our Cable, launch into the World,

And fondly dream each Wind and Star our Friend.

\* Admiral *Balchen*, &c.

All,



All, in some darling Enterprize embarkt;  
But where is he can fathom its Event?  
Amid a Multitude of artless Hands,  
*Ruin's* sure Perquisite! her lawful Prize!  
*Some* steer aright; but the black Blast blows hard,  
And puffs them wide of Hope: With Hearts of Proof,  
Full against Wind, and Tide, *some* win their Way;  
And when strong Effort has deserv'd the Port,  
And rugg'd it into View, 'tis won! 'tis lost!  
Tho' strong their Oar, still stronger is their Fate.  
They strike; and while they Triumph, they Expire.  
In Strefs of Weather, *Most*; *Some* sink outright;  
O'er them, and o'er their Names, the Billows close;  
To-morrow knows not they were ever Born.  
*Others* a short Memorial leave behind,  
Like a Flag floating, when the Bark's ingulph'd;  
It floats a Moment, and is seen no more:  
One *Cæsar* lives, a Thousand are forgot.  
How Few, beneath auspicious Planets born,  
(Darlings of Ptovidence! fond Fate's Elect!)  
With swelling Sails make good the promis'd Port,  
With all their Wishes freighted? Yet even These,  
Freighted with all their Wishes, soon complain;  
Free from Misfortune, not from Nature free,  
They still are Men; and when is Man secure?  
As fatal *Time*, as *Storm*! the Rush of Years  
Beats down their Strength; their numberless Escapes

In Ruin end: And, now, their proud Success  
 But plants *new* Terrors on the Victor's Brow:  
 What Pain to quit the World, just made their own,  
 Their Nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!  
 Too low they build, who build beneath the Stars.

Woe then apart (if Woe apart can be  
 From mortal Man) and Fortune at our Nod,  
 The Gay! Rich! Great! Triumphant! and August!  
 What are they?—The *most* happy (strange to say!)  
 Convince *me* most of human Misery:  
 What are they? Smiling Wretches of *To-morrow*!  
 More wretched, *then*, than e'er their Slave *can* be;  
 Their treach'rous Blessings, at the Day of Need,  
 Like other faithless Friends, unmask, and sting:  
*Then*, what provoking Indigence in Wealth?  
 What aggravated Impotence in Pow'r?  
 High Titles, *then*, what Insult of their Pain?  
 If that sole Anchor, equal to the Waves,  
*Immortal Hope!* defies not the rude Storm,  
 Takes Comfort from the foaming Billow's Rage,  
 And makes a welcome Harbour of the Tomb.

THIS is a *Sketch* of what thy Soul admires:  
 " But here (thou sayst) the Miseries of Life  
 " Are huddled in a Group. A more distinct

" Survey,

“ Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better News.”

Look on Life's Stages; they speak plainer still;

The plainer They, the deeper wilt Thou sigh.

Look on thy lovely Boy; in him behold

The Best that can befall the Best on Earth;

The Boy has Virtue by his *Mother's* Side:

Yes, on *Florello* look; a *Father's* Heart

Is tender, tho' the *Man's* is made of Stone;

The Truth, through such a Medium seen, may make

Impression deep, and Fondness prove thy Friend.

FLORELLO lately cast on this rude Coast

A helpless Infant; now, a heedless Child;

To poor *Clarissa's* Throes, thy Care succeeds;

Care full of Love, and yet severe as Hate!

O'er thy Soul's Joy how oft thy Fondness frowns?

Needful Austerities his Will restrain;

As Thorns fence in the tender Plant from Harm.

As yet, his *Reason* cannot go alone,

But asks a sterner Nurse to lead it on.

His little Heart is often terrify'd;

The Blush of Morning, in his Cheek, turns pale;

Its pearly Dew-drop trembles in his Eye;

His harmless Eye! and drowns an Angel there.

Ah! what avails his Innocence? The Task

Injoin'd, must discipline his early Pow'rs;

He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin ;  
 Guiltless, and sad ! A Wretch before the Fall !  
 How cruel this ! More cruel to forbear.  
 Our *Nature* such, with *necessary* Pains,  
 We purchase Prospects of *precarious* Peace :  
 Tho' not a *Father*, This might steal a Sigh.

SUPPOSE him disciplin'd aright (if not,  
 'Twill sink our poor Account to poorer still).  
 Ripe from the Tutor, proud of Liberty,  
 He leaps Inclosure, bounds into the World ;  
 The World is taken, after Ten Years Toil,  
 Like antient *Troy* ; and all its Joys his own.  
 Alas ! the World's a Tutor more severe ;  
 Its Lessons hard, and ill deserve his Pains ;  
 Unteaching All his virtuous Nature taught,  
 Or Books (fair *Virtue's* Advocates !) inspir'd.

FOR who receives him into public Life ?  
*Men of the World !* the Terræ-filial Breed !  
 Welcome the modest Stranger to their Sphere,  
 (Which glitter'd long, at Distance, in his Sight)  
 And, in their hospitable Arms, inclose.  
 Men, who think nought so strong of the Romance,  
 So rank Knight-errant, as a Real Friend ;  
 Men, that act up to *Reason's* Golden Rule,

All



All Weakness of *Affection* quite subdu'd :  
Men, that would blush at being *thought* sincere,  
And feign, for Glory, the *few* Faults they want;  
That love a Lye, where Truth would pay as well;  
As if, to Them, *Vice* shone her own Reward.

LORENZO! canst thou bear a shocking Sight?  
*Such*, for *Florello's* sake, 'twill now appear:  
See, the steel'd Files of season'd Veterans,  
Train'd to the World, in burnisht Falshood bright;  
Deep in the fatal Stratagems of Peace;  
All soft Sensation, in the Throng, rubb'd off;  
All their keen Purpose, in Politeness, sheath'd;  
His Friends eternal—during Interest;  
His Foes implacable—when worth their while;  
At War with ev'ry Welfare, but their own;  
As wise as *Lucifer*; and half as good;  
And by whom, none, but *Lucifer*, can gain—  
Naked, through These (so common Fate ordains),  
Naked of Heart, his cruel Course he runs,  
Stung out of All, most amiable in Life,  
Prompt Truth, and open Thought, and Smiles unfeign'd;  
Affection, as his Species, wide-diffus'd;  
Noble Presumptions to Mankind's Renown;  
Ingenuous Trust, and Confidence of Love.

THESE Claims to Joy (if Mortals Joy might claim)  
Will cost him many a Sigh; till Time, and Pains,  
From the slow Mistress of this School, *Experience*,  
And her Assistant, pausing, pale, *Distrust*,  
Purchase a dear-bought Clue to lead his Youth,  
Through serpentine Obliquities of Life,  
And the dark Labyrinth of human Hearts.  
And happy! if the Clue shall come so cheap;  
For, while we learn to fence with Public Guilt,  
Full oft we feel its foul Contagion too,  
If less than heav'nly Virtue is our Guard.  
Thus, a strange kind of curst Necessity  
Brings down the sterling Temper of his Soul,  
By base Alloy, to bear the Current Stamp,  
*Below* call'd Wisdom; sinks him into Safety;  
And brands him into Credit with the *World*;  
Where specious Titles dignify Disgrace,  
And Nature's Injuries are Arts of Life;  
Where brighter Reason prompts to bolder Crimes;  
And Heav'nly Talents make Infernal Hearts;  
That unfurmountable Extreme of Guilt!

Poor *Machiavel*! who labour'd hard his Plan,  
Forgot, that Genius needs not go to School;  
Forgot, that Man, without a Tutor wise,  
His Plan had practis'd, long before 'twas writ.

The World's all *Title-page*, there's no *Contents*;  
The World's all *Face*; the Man who shews his *Heart*,  
Is hooted for his Nudities, and scorn'd.  
A Man I knew, who liv'd upon a Smile;  
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;  
While rankest Venom foam'd through ev'ry Vein.  
LORENZO! what I tell thee, take not ill!  
Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry *Fool* alive;  
And Dying, curs'd the *Friend* on whom he liv'd.  
To such Proficients thou art half a Saint.  
In foreign Realms (for thou hast travell'd far)  
How curious to contemplate Two State-Rooks,  
Studious their Nests to feather in a trice,  
With all the *Necromantics* of their Art,  
Playing the Game of *Faces* on each other,  
Making Court Sweet-meats of their latent Gall,  
In foolish Hope, to steal each other's Trust;  
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;  
And, sometimes, both (let Earth rejoice) undone!  
Their Parts we doubt not; but be That their Shame;  
Shall Men of Talents, fit to rule Mankind,  
Stoop to mean Wiles, that would disgrace a Fool?  
And lose the Thanks of those few Friends they serve?  
For who can thank the Man, he cannot *see*?

WHY so much Cover? It defeats itself.

Ye,

Ye, that know all things! know ye not, Mens Hearts  
 Are therefore known, *because* they are conceal'd;  
 For why conceal'd?— The Cause they need not tell.  
 I give Him Joy, that's aukward at a Lye;  
 Whose feeble Nature *Truth* keeps still in Awe;  
 His Incapacity is his Renown.  
 'Tis Great, 'tis Manly, to disdain *Disguise*;  
 It shews our Spirit, or it proves our Strength.  
 Thou sayst, 'Tis *needful*: Is it therefore *right*?  
 Howe'er, I grant it some small Sign of Grace,  
 To strain at an Excuse: And wouldst thou then  
 Escape that cruel *Need*? Thou mayst, with Ease;  
 Think no Post *needful* that demands a Knave.  
 When late our Civil Helm was shifting Hands,  
 So *P*—— thought; think better, if you can.

BUT This, how rare! the public Path of Life  
 Is dirty:— Yet allow that Dirt its Due;  
 It makes the Noble Mind more noble still;  
 The World's no Neuter; it will wound or save;  
 Our Virtue quench, or Indignation fire.  
 You say, the World, well-known, will make a *Man*:—  
 The World, well-known, will give our Hearts to Heav'n,  
 Or make us *Demons*, long before we Die.

To shew how fair the World, thy Mistress, shines,  
 Take



Take *either* Part, sure Ills attend the Choice ;  
 Sure, tho' not equal, Detriment ensues.  
 Not *Virtue*-self is Deify'd on Earth ;  
*Virtue* has her Relapses, Conflicts, Foes ;  
 Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their Hate.  
*Virtue* has her peculiar Set of Pains ;  
 True ; Friends to *Virtue*, *last*, and *least*, complain ;  
 But if They Sigh, can Others hope to Smile ?  
 If *Wisdom* has her Miseries to mourn,  
 How can poor *Folly* lead a happy Life ?  
 And if *Both* suffer, what has Earth to boast,  
 Where he *most* Happy, who the *least* Laments ?  
 Where *much*, *much* Patience, the most envy'd State,  
 And *some* Forgiveness, needs, the best of Friends ?  
 For Friend, or happy Life, who looks not higher,  
 Of neither shall he find the Shadow *here*.

THE World's sworn Advocate, without a Fee,  
 LORENZO smartly, with a Smile, replies ;  
 " Thus far thy Song is right ; and All must own,  
 " *Virtue has her peculiar Set of Pains*.—  
 " And Joys peculiar who to *Vice* denies ?  
 " If *Vice* it is, with Nature to comply :  
 " If *Pride*, and *Sense*, are so predominant,  
 " To *check*, not *overcome*, them, makes a Saint,  
 " Can Nature in a plainer Voice proclaim  
 " *Pleasure*,

“ *Pleasure*, and *Glory*, the Chief Good of Man ?”

CAN *Pride*, and *Sensuality*, rejoice?

From Purity of Thought, all *Pleasure* springs;

And, from an humble Spirit, all our *Peace*.

*Ambition*! *Pleasure*! let us talk of These:

Of These, the PORCH, and ACADEMY, talk'd;

Of These, each following Age had much to say;

Yet unexhausted, still, the needful Theme.

Who talks of *These*, to Mankind all at once

He talks; for where the Saint from either free?

Are These thy Refuge?—No; These rush upon thee;

Thy Vitals seize, and *Vultur*-like, devour:

I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy Rock,

PROMETHEUS! from this barren Ball of Earth;

If *Reason* can unchain thee, thou art free.

AND, first, thy *Caucasus*, Ambition calls;

Mountain of Torments! Eminence of Woes!

Of courted Woes! and courted through Mistake!

'Tis not Ambition charms thee, 'tis a Cheat

Will make thee start, as *H—* at his *Moor*.

Dost grasp at Greatness? first, know what it is:

Think'st thou thy Greatness in *Distinction* lies?

Not in the Feather, wave it e'er so high,

By *Fortune* stuck, to mark us from the Throng,

Is Glory lodg'd: 'Tis lodg'd in the Reverse;  
In that which joins, in that which equals, All,  
The Monarch, and his Slave;—"A Deathless Soul,  
"Unbounded Prospect, and Immortal Kin,  
"A Father God, and Brothers in the Skies;"  
Elder, indeed, in Time; but less remote  
In Excellence, perhaps, than thought by Man;  
Why greater, What can Fall, than What can Rise?

IF Still delirious, now, LORENZO! go;  
And with thy full-blown Brothers of the *World*,  
Throw Scorn around thee; cast it on thy Slaves;  
Thy Slaves, and Equals: How Scorn cast on Them  
Rebounds on Thee? If Man is mean, as Man,  
Art thou a God? If *Fortune* makes him so,  
Beware the Consequence: A Maxim That,  
Which draws a monstrous Picture of Mankind,  
Where, in the Drapery, the *Man* is lost;  
Externals fluttering, and the Soul forgot.  
Thy greatest Glory when dispos'd to Boast,  
Boast *That* aloud, in which thy Servants share.

WE wisely strip the Steed we mean to buy;  
Judge we, in their Comparisons, of *Men*?  
It nought avails thee, *Where*, but *What*, thou art;  
All the Distinctions of this little Life

Arc

Are quite Cutaneous, foreign to the Man.  
 When, through Death's Streights, *Earth's* subtil Ser-  
 pents creep,  
 Which wriggle into Wealth, or climb Renown,  
 As crooked *Satan* the Forbidden Tree,  
 They leave their party-colour'd Robe behind,  
 All that now glitters, while they rear aloft  
 Their brazen Crests, and hiss at us below.  
 Of Fortune's *Fucus* strip them, yet alive;  
 Strip them of Body, too; nay, closer still,  
 Away with all, but *Moral*, in their Minds;  
 And let, what then remains, impose their Name,  
 Pronounce them Weak, or Worthy; Great, or Mean.  
 How mean that Snuff of Glory *Fortune* lights,  
 And *Death* puts out? Dost Thou demand a Test,  
 A Test, at once, infallible, and short,  
 Of *real* Greatness? That Man Greatly lives,  
 Whate'er his Fate, or Fame, who Greatly dies;  
 High-flush'd with Hope, where Heroes shall despair.  
 If *This* a true Criterion, Many Courts  
 Illustrious, might afford but few Grandees.

TH' Almighty, from his Throne, on Earth surveys  
 Nought Greater, than an Honest, Humble Heart;  
 An Humble Heart, *His* Residence! pronounc'd  
*His* second Seat; and Rival to the Skies.

The



The private Path, the secret Acts of Men,  
 If noble, far the noblest of our Lives!  
 How far above LORENZO's Glory sits  
 Th' illustrious Master of a Name *unknown*;  
 Whose Worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves  
 Life's sacred Shades, where Gods converse with Men;  
 And *Peace*, beyond the World's Conception, smiles?  
 As Thou (now dark), before we part, shalt see.

BUT thy Great Soul this *skulking* Glory scorns.  
 LORENZO's sick, but when LORENZO's seen;  
 And, when he shrugs at public Bus'ness, lyes.  
 Deny'd the public Eye, the public Voice,  
 As if he liv'd on others Breath, he dies.  
 Fain would he make the World his Pedestal,  
 Mankind the Gazers, the sole Figure, He.  
 Knows he, *that* Mankind praise against their Will,  
 And mix as much Detraction as they can?  
 Knows he, *that* faithless *Fame* her Whisper has,  
 As well as Trumpet? *That* his Vanity  
 Is so much tickled from not hearing *All*?  
 Knows this All-Knower, *that* from Itch of Praise,  
 Or, from an Itch more fordid, when he shines,  
 Taking his Country by Five hundred Ears,  
 Senates at once admire him, and despise,  
 With modest Laughter lining loud Applause,

Which makes the Smile more mortal to his Fame?  
 His *Fame*, which (like the mighty *Cæsar*), crown'd  
 With Laurels, in full Senate, greatly falls,  
 By *seeming* Friends, that honour, and destroy.  
 We rise in Glory, as we sink in Pride:  
 Where Boasting ends, there Dignity begins:  
 And yet, mistaken beyond all Mistake,  
 The Blind LORENZO's proud—of being Proud;  
 And dreams himself ascending in his Fall.

AN Eminence, though fancy'd, turns the Brain;  
 All Vice wants *Hellebore*; but, of all Vice,  
*Pride* loudest calls, and for the largest Bowl;  
 Because, all other Vice unlike, it flies,  
 In *Fact*, the Point, in *Fancy* most pursu'd.  
 Who court Applause, oblige the World in *this*;  
 They gratify Man's Passion to *refuse*.  
 Superior Honour, when *assum'd*, is *lost*;  
 Ev'n Good Men turn *Banditti*, and rejoice,  
 Like *Kouli-Kan*, in Plunder of the Proud.

THO' somewhat disconcerted, steady still  
 To the *World's* Cause, with half a Face of Joy,  
 LORENZO cries—"Be, then, *Ambition* cast;  
 " *Ambition's* Dearer far stands unimpeach'd,  
 " *Gay Pleasure!* Proud *Ambition* is her Slave;

" For

“ For Her, he foars at *Great*, and hazards *Ill* ;  
“ For Her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes ;  
“ And paves his Way, with Crowns, to reach Her  
Smile ;  
“ Who can resist Her Charms ? ” — Or, *should* ? *Lorenzo* !  
What Mortal shall resist, where Angels yield ?  
*Pleasure*’s the Mistress of Ethereal Pow’rs ;  
For Her contend the Rival Gods above ;  
*Pleasure*’s the Mistress of the World below ;  
And well it is for Man, that *Pleasure* charms ;  
How would All stagnate, but for *Pleasure*’s Ray ?  
How would the frozen Stream of Action cease ?  
What is the Pulse of this so busy World ?  
The Love of *Pleasure* : That, thro’ ev’ry Vein,  
Throws Motion, Warmth ; and shuts out Death from  
Life.

Tho’ various are the Tempers of Mankind,  
*Pleasure*’s gay Family holds All in Chains :  
Some most affect the Black ; and some, the Fair ;  
Some honest *Pleasure* court ; and some, obscene.  
*Pleasures obscene* are various, as the Throng  
Of Passions, that can *err* in human Hearts ;  
Mistake their Objects, or transgress their Bounds.  
Think you there’s but *One Whoredom* ? Whoredom, All,  
But when our *Reason* licenses Delight.

Dost doubt, LORENZO? Thou shalt doubt no more.  
 Thy Father chides thy Gallantries, yet hugs  
 An ugly, common Harlot, in the Dark;  
 A rank Adulterer with others Gold;  
 And that Hag, *Vengeance*, in a Corner, charms.  
*Hatred* her Brothel has, as well as Love,  
 Where horrid *Epicures* debauch in Blood.  
 Whate'er the Motive, *Pleasure* is the Mark;  
 For Her, the black Assassin draws his Sword;  
 For Her, dark Statesmen trim their Midnight Lamp,  
 To which no *single* Sacrifice may fall;  
 For Her, the Saint abstains; the Miser starves;  
 The *Stoic* proud, for Pleasure, Pleasure scorn'd;  
 For Her, *Affliction's* Daughters Grief indulge,  
 And find, or hope, a Luxury in Tears;  
 For Her, Guilt, Shame, Toil, Danger, we defy;  
 And, with an Aim *voluptuous*, rush on Death.  
 Thus universal her despotic Pow'r.

AND as her Empire wide, her Praise is just.  
 Patron of Pleasure! Doater on Delight!  
 I am thy Rival; Pleasure I profess;  
 Pleasure, the Purpose of my gloomy Song.  
*Pleasure* is nought but Virtue's gayer Name;  
 I wrong her still, I rate her Worth too low;  
 Virtue the Root, and Pleasure is the Flower;  
 And honest *Epicurus'* Foes were Fools.



BUT this sounds harsh, and gives the *Wise* Offence;  
If o'erstrain'd Wisdom still retains the *Name*.  
How knits *Austerity* her cloudy Brow,  
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *Praise*  
Of *Pleasure*, to Mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear?  
Ye modern *Stoics*! hear my soft Reply;  
Their Senses Men *will* trust: We can't impose;  
Or, if we could, is Imposition right?  
Own *Honey* sweet; but, owning, add this *Sting*;  
“When mixt with Poison, it is deadly too.”  
Truth never was indebted to a Lye.  
Is nought but *Virtue* to be prais'd, as Good?  
Why then is *Health* preferr'd before *Disease*?  
What Nature loves is Good, without *our* Leave.  
And where no future Drawback cries, “*Beware*,”  
*Pleasure*, though not from *Virtue*, *should* prevail.  
'Tis Balm to Life, and Gratitude to Heav'n;  
How cold our Thanks for Bounties unenjoy'd?  
The *Love of Pleasure* is Man's Eldest-born,  
Born in his Cradle, living to his Tomb;  
*Wisdom*, her younger Sister, tho' more grave,  
Was meant to *minister*, and not to mar,  
Imperial *Pleasure*, Queen of human Hearts.

LORENZO! Thou, her Majesty's renown'd,  
Tho' uncoift, Counsel, learned in the *World*!  
Who think'st thyself a MURRAY, with Disdain

Mayst look on me. Yet, my *Demosthenes*!  
 Canst thou plead *Pleasure's* Cause as well as I?  
 Know'st thou her *Nature, Purpose, Parentage*?  
 Attend my Song, and thou shalt know them all;  
 And know Thyself; and know thyself to be  
 (Strange Truth!) the most abstemious Man alive.  
 Tell not *Calista*; she will laugh thee dead;  
 Or send thee to her Hermitage with *L——*.  
 Absurd Presumption! Thou, who never knew'st  
 A serious Thought! shalt thou dare dream of Joy?  
 No Man e'er found a *happy Life* by Chance,  
 Or yawn'd it into Being, with a Wish;  
 Or, with the Snout of grov'ling *Appetite*,  
 E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the Dirt.  
 An *Art* it is, and must be learnt; and learnt  
 With unremitting Effort, or be lost;  
 And leave us perfect Blockheads, in our Bliss.  
 The Clouds may drop down Titles and Estates;  
*Wealth* may seek Us; but *Wisdom* must be Sought;  
 Sought before All; but (how unlike All else  
 We seek on Earth?) 'tis never sought in vain.

FIRST, *Pleasure's* Birth, Rise, Strength, and Grandeur  
 see:

Brought forth by *Wisdom*, nurs'd by *Discipline*,  
 By *Patience* taught, by *Perseverance* crown'd,

She

She rears her Head majestic ; round her Throne  
Erected in the Bosom of the Just,  
Each Virtue, list'd, forms her manly Guard.  
For what are *Virtues*? (Formidable Name!)  
What, but the Fountain, or Defence, of Joy?  
Why, then, commanded? Need Mankind Commands,  
At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their Bliss?—  
Great Legislator! Scarce so Great, as Kind!  
If Men are rational, and love Delight,  
Thy gracious Law but flatters human Choice;  
In the Transgression lies the Penalty;  
And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of-*Pleasure*, next, the final Cause explore;  
Its mighty *Purpose*, its important *End*.  
Not to turn *Human* brutal, but to build  
*Divine* on Human, *Pleasure* came from Heav'n.  
In Aid to *Reason* was the Goddess sent;  
To call up all its Strength by such a Charm.  
*Pleasure*, first, succours *Virtue*; in Return,  
*Virtue* gives *Pleasure* an eternal Reign.  
What, but the Pleasure of Food, Friendship, Faith,  
Supports Life *Natural*, *Civil*, and *Divine*?  
'Tis from the Pleasure of Repast, we live;  
'Tis from the Pleasure of Applause, we please;  
'Tis from the Pleasure of Belief, we pray;  
(All Pray'r would cease, if unbeliev'd the Prize);

It serves ourselves, our Species, and our God;  
 And to serve more, is past the Sphere of Man.  
 Glide, then, for ever, Pleasure's sacred Stream!  
 Through *Eden* as *Euphrates* ran, It runs,  
 And fosters ev'ry Growth of Happy Life;  
 Makes a new *Eden* where it flows;— but such  
 As *must* be lost, LORENZO! by thy Fall.

“WHAT mean I by thy Fall?”—Thou'lt shortly see,  
 While Pleasure's *Nature* is at large display'd;  
 Already sung her *Origin*, and *Ends*.  
 Those glorious Ends, by Kind, or by Degree,  
 When *Pleasure* violates, 'tis then a Vice,  
 And Vengeance too; it hastens into Pain.  
 From due Refreshment, Life, Health, Reason, Joy;  
 From wild Excess, Pain, Grief, Distraction, Death;  
 Heav'n's Justice *this* proclaims, and *that* her Love.  
 What greater Evil can I wish my Foe,  
 Than his full Draught of Pleasure, from a Cask  
 Unbroach'd by *just Authority*, ungaug'd  
 By *Temperance*, by *Reason* unrefin'd?  
 A thousand Dæmons lurk within the Lee.  
 Heav'n, Others, and Ourselves! Uninjur'd *These*,  
 Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more Divine;  
 Angels are Angels from Indulgence *there*;  
 'Tis Unrepenting Pleasure makes a God.



Dost think thyself a God from other Joys?  
A Victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.  
The Wrong *must* mourn: Can Heav'n's Appointments  
fail?

Can Man outwit Omnipotence? strike out  
A Self-wrought Happiness unmeant by *Him*  
Who made Us, and the World we would enjoy?  
Who forms an Instrument, ordains from whence  
Its Dissonance, or Harmony, shall rise.  
Heav'n bid the Soul this mortal Frame inspire;  
Bid Virtue's Ray divine inspire the Soul  
With unprecariouſ Flows of vital Joy;  
And, without Breathing, Man as well might hope  
For Life, as, without Piety, for Peace.

“ Is *Virtue*, then, and *Piety* the ſame? ”—  
No; Piety is more; 'tis Virtue's Source;  
Mother of ev'ry Worth, as That of Joy.  
*Men of the World* this Doctrine ill digeſt;  
They ſmile at Piety, yet boaſt aloud  
*Good-Will to Men*; nor know, they ſtrive to part  
What *Nature* joins; and thus confute Themſelves.  
With *Piety* begins all Good on Earth;  
'Tis the Firſt-born of Rationality.  
*Conſcience*, her firſt Law broken, wounded lies;  
Enfeebled, Lifeleſs, Impotent to Good;

A feign'd Affection bounds her utmost Pow'r.  
*Some* we can't love, but for th' Almighty's Sake;  
A Foe to GOD was ne'er true Friend to Man;  
Some sinister Intent taints all he does,  
And, in his Kindest Actions, he's Unkind.

ON Piety, Humanity is built;  
And, on Humanity, much Happiness;  
And yet still more on Piety itself.  
A Soul in Commerce with her God, is Heav'n;  
Feels not the Tumults and the Shocks of Life;  
The Whirls of Passions, and the Strokes of Heart.  
A Deity believ'd, is Joy begun;  
A Deity ador'd, is Joy advanc'd;  
A Deity belov'd, is Joy matur'd.  
Each Branch of *Piety* Delight inspires;  
*Faith* builds a Bridge from This World to the Next,  
O'er Death's dark Gulph, and all its Horror hides;  
*Praise*, the sweet Exhalation of our Joy,  
That Joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;  
*Pray'r* ardent opens Heav'n, lets down a Stream  
Of Glory on the consecrated Hour  
Of Man, in Audience with the Deity.  
Who worships the *Great God*, that Instant joins  
The First in Heav'n, and sets his Foot on Hell.

LORENZO!

LORENZO! when wast Thou at Church *before*?  
 Thou think'st the Service Long: But is it Just?  
 Tho' Just, Unwelcome; thou hadst rather tread  
 Unhallow'd Ground; the Muse, to win thine Ear,  
 Must take an Air less Solemn: She complies.  
*Good-Conscience!* at the Sound *the World* retires;  
 Verse disaffects it, and LORENZO smiles;  
 Yet has she her *Seraglio* full of Charms;  
 And such as Age shall Heighten, not Impair.  
 Art thou dejected? Is thy Mind o'ercast?  
 Amid her Fair Ones, thou the Fairest chuse;  
 To chase thy Gloom.—“ Go, fix some weighty Truth;  
 “ Chain down some *Passion*; do some *gen'rous Good*;  
 “ Teach *Ignorance* to see, or *Grief* to smile;  
 “ Correct thy *Friend*; befriend thy greatest *Foe*;  
 “ Or, with warm Heart, and Confidence divine,  
 “ Spring up, and lay strong Hold on *Him* who made  
 Thee.”—

Thy Gloom is scatter'd, sprightly Spirits flow;  
 Tho' wither'd is thy Vine, and Harp unstrung.

Dost call the Bowl, the Viol, and the Dance,  
 Loud Mirth, mad Laughter? Wretched Comforters!  
 Physicians! more than Half of thy Disease.  
*Laughter*, tho' never censur'd yet as Sin  
 (Pardon a Thought that only *seems* severe),

Is half-immortal: Is it much indulg'd?  
 By venting Spleen, or dissipating Thought,  
 It shews a *Scorner*, or it makes a *Fool*;  
 And sins, as hurting Others, or Ourselves.  
 'Tis *Pride*, or *Emptiness*, applies the Straw,  
 That tickles Little Minds to Mirth effuse;  
 Of Grief as impotent, portentous Sign!  
 The House of Laughter makes a House of Woe.  
 A Man *triumphant* is a Monstrous Sight;  
 A Man *dejected* is a Sight as Mean;  
 What Cause for *Triumph*, where such Ills abound?  
 What for *Dejection*, where presides a Pow'r,  
 Who call'd us into Being to be Blest?  
 So grieve, as conscious Grief may rise to Joy;  
 So joy, as conscious Joy to Grief may fall.  
 Most true, a wise Man never will be sad;  
 But neither will sonorous, bubbling Mirth,  
 A shallow Stream of Happiness betray;  
 Too Happy to be Sportive, He's Serene.

YET wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own Expence),  
 This Counsel strange should I presume to give—  
 "Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be Gay."  
 There Truths abound of sov'reign Aid to Peace;  
 Ah! do not prize them less, because Inspir'd,  
 As Thou, and Thine, are apt, and proud to do.

If



If *not* inspir'd, that pregnant Page had stood,  
*Time's* Treasure! and the Wonder of the Wise!  
Thou think'st, perhaps, Thy *Soul* alone at Stake;  
Alas!— Should Men mistake thee for a *Fool*;—  
What Man of Taste for Genius, Wisdom, Truth,  
Tho' tender of thy Fame, could interpose?  
Believe me, Sense, *here*, acts a double Part,  
And the true *Critic* is a *Christian* too.

BUT *These*, thou think'st, are gloomy Paths to Joy.—  
*True* Joy in Sunshine ne'er was found at first;  
They, first, Themselves offend, who greatly please;  
And Travel only gives us sound Repose.  
Heaven *sells* all Pleasure; Effort is the Price;  
The Joys of Conquest, are the Joys of Man;  
And *Glory* the victorious *Laurel* spreads,  
O'er *Pleasure's* pure, perpetual, placid Stream.

THERE is a Time, when Toil must be preferr'd,  
Or Joy, by mis-tim'd Fondness, is undone.  
A Man of *Pleasure* is a Man of *Pains*.  
Thou wilt not take the Trouble to be Blest.  
*False* Joys, indeed, are born from Want of Thought;  
From Thoughts full Bent, and Energy, the *True*;  
And that demands a Mind in equal Poize,  
Remote from gloomy Grief, and glaring Joy.

Much

Much Joy not only speaks small Happiness,  
 But Happiness, that shortly must expire.  
 Can Joy, unbottom'd in Reflection, stand?  
 And, in a Tempest, can Reflection live?  
 Can Joy, like Thine, secure itself an Hour?  
 Can Joy, like Thine, meet Accident unshock'd?  
 Or ope the Door to honest Poverty?  
 Or talk with threat'ning Death, and not turn pale?  
 In such a World, and such a Nature, *These*  
 Are needful Fundamentals of Delight:  
 These Fundamentals, give Delight *indeed*;  
 Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;  
 Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;  
 A constant, and a sound, but *serious* Joy.

Is Joy the Daughter of Severity?  
 It is:— Yet far my Doctrine from Severe.  
 “ Rejoice for ever; ” It becomes a Man;  
 Exalts, and sets him nearer to the Gods.  
 “ Rejoice for ever, ” *Nature* cries, “ Rejoice; ”  
 And drinks to Man, in her nectareous Cup,  
 Mixt up of Delicates for ev'ry Sense;  
 To the great Founder of the bounteous Feast,  
 Drinks Glory, Gratitude, eternal Praise;  
 And he that will not *pledge her*, is a Churl.  
*Ill* firmly to support, *Good* fully taste,  
 Is the whole Science of Felicity:

Yet

Yet *sparing pledge*; Her Bowl is not the Best  
Mankind can boast.— “ A rational Repast;

“ Exertion, Vigilance, a Mind in Arms,

“ A military Discipline of Thought,

“ To foil *Temptation* in the doubtful Field;

“ And ever-waking Ardor for *the Right*.”

’Tis *These*, first, give, then guard, a chearful Heart:

Nought that is *Right*, think Little; well aware,

What Reason bids, God bids; by *His* Command

How aggrandiz’d, the Smallest Thing we do?

Thus, *Nothing* is Insipid to the Wife;

To Thee, Insipid All, but what is *Mad*;

Joys season’d high, and tasting strong of Guilt.

“ *Mad*? (thou reply’st, with Indignation fir’d)

“ Of antient Sages proud to tread the Steps,

“ I follow *Nature*.”— Follow *Nature* still,

But look it be thine *own*: Is *Conscience*, then,

No Part of *Nature*? Is she not *Supreme*?

Thou Regicide! O raise her from the Dead!

Then, follow *Nature*; and resemble God.

WHEN, Spight of *Conscience*, Pleasure is pursu’d,

*Man*’s Nature is *unnaturally* pleas’d:

And what’s Unnatural, is Painful too

At Intervals, and must disgust ev’n Thee!

The

The *Faſt* thou know'ſt; but not, perhaps, the *Cauſe*.  
*Virtue's* Foundations with the World's were laid;  
 Heav'n mixt her with our Make, and twiſted cloſe  
 Her ſacred Int'reſts with the Strings of Life.  
 Who breaks Her awful Mandate, ſhocks Himſelf,  
 His Better Self: And is it greater Pain,  
 Our *Soul* ſhould murmur, or our *Duſt* repine?  
 And One, in their eternal War, *muſt* bleed.

If One *muſt* ſuffer, which ſhould leaſt be ſpar'd?  
 The Pains of Mind ſurpaſs the Pains of Senſe:  
 Aſk, then, the Gout, What Torment is in Guilt.  
 The Joys of *Senſe* to *Mental* Joys are mean:  
 Senſe on the Preſent only feeds; the Soul  
 On Paſt, and Future, forages for Joy.  
 'Tis Hers, by Retrospect, thro' *Time* to range;  
 And forward *Time's* great Sequel to ſurvey.  
 Could human Courts take Vengeance on the *Mind*,  
 Axes might ruſt, and Racks, and Gibbets, fall:  
 Guard, then, thy Mind, and leave the reſt to Fate.

LORENZO! wilt thou never be a Man?  
 The Man is dead, who for the Body lives,  
 Lur'd, by the Beating of his Pulſe, to liſt  
 With ev'ry Luſt, that wars againſt his Peace;  
 And ſets him quite at Variance with Himſelf.

Thyſelf,



Thyself, first, Know, then Love : A *Self* there is  
Of Virtue fond, that kindles at her Charms.

A *Self* there is, as fond of ev'ry Vice,  
While ev'ry Virtue wounds it to the Heart ;  
*Humility* degrades it, *Justice* robs,  
Blest *Bounty* beggars it, fair *Truth* betrays,  
And godlike *Magnanimity* destroys.  
*This Self*, when Rival to the Former, scorn ;  
When not in Competition, kindly treat,  
Defend it, Feed it ;— But when Virtue bids,  
Toss it, or to the Fowls, or to the Flames.  
And why ? 'Tis Love of *Pleasure* bids thee bleed ;  
Comply, or own Self-Love extinct, or blind.

FOR what is *Vice* ? Self-Love in a Mistake ;  
A poor blind Merchant buying Joys too dear.  
And *Virtue*, what ? 'Tis Self-Love in her Wits,  
Quite skilful in the Market of Delight.  
Self-Love's good Sense is Love of that dread Pow'r,  
From whom Herself, and All she can enjoy.  
Other Self-Love is but disguis'd Self-Hate ;  
More mortal than the Malice of our Foes ;  
A Self-Hate, *now*, scarce felt ; *then* felt full-fore,  
When Being, curst ; Extinction, loud-implor'd ;  
And ev'ry Thing preferr'd to what we *are*.

YET *this* Self-Love LORENZO makes his Choice;  
 And in this Choice triumphant, boasts of Joy.  
 How is his Want of Happiness betray'd,  
 By Disaffection to the present Hour?  
 Imagination wanders far afield;  
 The Future pleases: Why? The Present pains.—  
 “But that’s a *Secret*.”—Yes, which all Men know;  
 And know from Thee, discover’d unawares.  
 Thy ceaseless Agitation, restless Roll  
 From Cheat to Cheat, impatient of a Pause;  
 What is it?—’Tis the Cradle of the Soul,  
 From *Instinct* sent, to rock her in Disease,  
 Which her Physician, *Reason*, will not cure.  
 A poor Expedient! yet thy Best; and while  
 It mitigates thy Pain, it *owns* it too.

SUCH are LORENZO’s wretched Remedies!  
 The Weak have Remedies; the Wise have Joys.  
 Superior Wisdom is superior Bliss.  
 And what sure Mark distinguishes the Wise?  
 Consistent Wisdom ever wills the Same;  
 Thy fickle Wish is ever on the Wing.  
 Sick of Herself is *Folly*’s Character;  
 As *Wisdom*’s is, a modest Self-Appause.  
 A Change of Evils is thy Good supreme;  
 Nor, but in Motion, canst thou find thy Rest.

Man’s

Man's greatest Strength is shewn in standing still.  
The first sure Symptom of a Mind in Health,  
Is Rest of Heart, and Pleasure felt at Home.  
*False* Pleasure from Abroad her Joys imports;  
Rich from within, and Self-sustain'd, the *True*.  
The *True* is fixt, and solid, as a Rock;  
Slipp'ry the *False*, and tossing, as the Wave.  
*This*, a wild Wanderer on Earth, like *Cain*;  
*That*, like the fabled, Self-enamour'd Boy,  
Home-Contemplation her supreme Delight;  
She dreads an Interruption from without,  
Smit with her own Condition; and the more  
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No Man is happy, till he thinks, on Earth  
There breathes not a more happy than Himself:  
Then Envy dies, and Love o'erflows on All;  
And Love o'erflowing makes an Angel Here.  
Such Angels All, intitled to repose  
On *Him* who governs Fate: Tho' Tempest frowns,  
Tho' Nature shakes, how Soft to lean on Heav'n?  
To lean on *Him* on whom Arch-angels lean?  
With inward Eyes, and silent as the Grave,  
They stand collecting ev'ry Beam of Thought,  
Till their Hearts kindle with Divine Delight;  
For all their Thoughts, like Angels, seen of old

In *Israel's* Dream, come from, and go to, Heav'n:  
Hence, are *they* studious of sequestred Scenes;  
While Noise, and Dissipation, comfort *Thee*.

WERE all Men happy, Revellings would cease;  
That Opiate for Inquietude within.  
LORENZO! never Man was truly Blest,  
But it compos'd, and gave him such a Cast,  
As *Folly* might mistake for Want of Joy.  
A Cast, unlike the Triumph of the Proud;  
A modest Aspect, and a Smile at Heart.  
O for a Joy from thy PHILANDER'S Spring!  
A Spring perennial, rising in the Breast,  
And Permanent, as Pure! no turbid Stream  
Of rapt'rous Exultation swelling high;  
Which, like Land-floods, impetuous pour awhile,  
Then sink at once, and leave us in the Mire.  
What does the Man, who transient Joy prefers?  
What, but prefer the Bubbles to the Stream?

VAIN are all sudden Sallies of Delight;  
Convulsions of a weak distemper'd Joy.  
Joy's a fixt State; a Tenor, not a Start;  
Bliss there is none, but *unprecarious* Bliss;  
That is the Gem; Sell All, and purchase That.  
Why go a begging to Contingencies,



Not gain'd with Ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?  
 At Good Fortuitous, draw back, and pause;  
 Suspect it; what thou canst ensure, enjoy;  
 And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is Sure.

*Reason* perpetuates Joy that Reason gives,  
 And makes it as Immortal as herself:  
 To Mortals, nought Immortal, but their Worth.

WORTH, conscious Worth! should *absolutely* reign.  
 And other Joys ask Leave for their Approach;  
 Nor, unexamined, ever Leave obtain.  
 Thou art all Anarchy; a Mob of Joys  
 Wage War, and perish in intestine Broils;  
 Not the least Promise of internal Peace!  
 No Bosom-Comfort! or unborrow'd Bliss!  
 Thy Thoughts are Vagabonds; All Outward-bound,  
 Mid Sands, and Rocks, and Storms, to cruise for Pleasure;  
 If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miss'd than gain'd;  
 Much Pain must expiate, what much Pain procur'd.  
*Fancy*, and *Sense*, from an infected Shore,  
 Thy Cargo bring; and Pestilence the Prize.  
 Then, Such thy Thirst (insatiable Thirst!  
 By fond Indulgence, but inflam'd the more!)  
*Fancy* still cruises, when poor *Sense* is tir'd.

IMAGINATION is the *Paphian* Shop,

H 2

Where

Where feeble Happiness, like VULCAN, Lame,  
 Bids foul *Ideas*, in their dark Recefs,  
 And hot as Hell (which kindled the black Fires),  
 With wanton Art, those fatal Arrows form,  
 Which murder all thy Time, Health, Wealth, and Fame.  
 Wouldst thou receive them, Other Thoughts there are,  
 On Angel-Wing, descending from Above,  
 Which These, with Art divine, would counterwork,  
 And form Celestial Armour for thy Peace.

IN *This* is seen Imagination's *Guilt*;  
 But who can count her *Follies*? She betrays thee,  
 To think in Grandeur there is something Great.  
 For Works of curious Art, and antient Fame,  
 Thy Genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;  
 And foreign Climes must cater for thy Taste.  
 Hence, What Disaster? — Tho' the Price was paid,  
 That persecuting Priest, the *Turk* of *Rome*,  
 Whose Foot (ye Gods!), tho' cloven, must be kiss'd,  
 Detain'd thy Dinner on the *Latian* Shore;  
 (Such is the Fate of honest Protestants!)  
 And poor *Magnificence* is starv'd to Death.  
 Hence just Resentment, Indignation, Ire! —  
 Be pacify'd; if *outward* Things are Great,  
 'Tis Magnanimity Great Things to scorn;  
 Pompous Expences, and Parades august,

And

And Courts; that insalubrious Soil to Peace.  
True Happiness ne'er enter'd at an Eye;  
True Happiness resides in Things unseen;  
No Smiles of *Fortune* ever blest the Bad,  
Nor can her Frowns rob *Innocence* of Joys;  
That Jewel wanting, Triple Crowns are poor:  
So tell his *Holiness*, and be Reveng'd.

PLEASURE, we both agree, is Man's chief Good;  
Our only Contest, What deserves the Name.  
Give *Pleasure's* Name to nought, but what has pass'd  
Th'authentic Seal of *Reason* (which, like *YORKE*,  
Demurrs on what it passes), and defies  
The Tooth of Time; when pass'd, a *Pleasure* still;  
Dearer on Trial, Lovelier for its Age,  
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes  
Our Future, while it forms our Present, Joy.  
Some Joys the Future overcast; and some  
Throw all their Beams that Way, and gild the Tomb.  
Some Joys endear Eternity; some give  
Abhorr'd Annihilation dreadful Charms.  
Are rival Joys contending for thy Choice?  
Consult thy *whole Existence*, and be safe;  
That Oracle will put all Doubt to Flight.  
Short is the Lesson, tho' my Lecture long,  
*Be Good*——and let Heav'n answer for the rest.

YET, with a Sigh o'er all Mankind, I grant,  
 In this our Day of Proof, our Land of Hope,  
 The *Good Man* has his Clouds that intervene;  
 Clouds, that *obscure* his sublunary Day,  
 But never *conquer*: Ev'n the *Best* must own,  
*Patience*, and *Resignation*, are the Pillars  
 Of human Peace on Earth. The Pillars, These;  
 But those of *SETH* not more remote from Thee,  
 Till *this* Heroic Lesson thou hast learnt; }  
 To frown at *Pleasure*, and to smile in *Pain*.  
 Fir'd at the Prospect of unclouded Bliss.  
 Heav'n in Reversion, like the Sun, as yet  
 Beneath th' Horizon, cheers us in this World;  
 It sheds, on Souls susceptible of Light,  
 The glorious Dawn of our Eternal Day.

" THIS (says LORENZO) is a fair Harangue;  
 " But can Harangues blow back strong Nature's Stream;  
 " Or stem the Tide Heav'n pushes thro' our Veins,  
 " Which sweeps away Man's impotent Resolves,  
 " And lays his Labour level with the *World*?"

THEMSELVES Men make their Comment on Mankind;  
 And think nought *is*, but what they find at Home:  
 Thus, Weakness to Chimæra turns the Truth.  
 Nothing romantic has the Muse prescrib'd.

Above,



\* Above, LORENZO saw the Man of Earth,  
The *Mortal Man*; and wretched was the Sight.  
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,  
Now see the *Man Immortal*: Him, I mean,  
Who lives as Such; whose Heart, full-bent on Heav'n,  
Leans all that Way, his Byas to the Stars.  
The *World's* dark Shades, in Contrast set, shall raise  
*His* Lustre more; tho' bright, without a Foil;  
Observe his awful Portrait, and admire;  
Nor stop at Wonder; Imitate and live.

SOME Angel guide my Pencil, while I draw,  
What nothing less than Angel can exceed,  
A Man on Earth devoted to the Skies,  
Like Ships in Seas, while *in, above*, the World:

WITH Aspect mild, and elevated Eye,  
Behold him seated on a Mount serene,  
Above the Fogs of *Sense*, and *Passion's* Storm;  
All the black Cares, and Tumults, of This Life,  
Like harmless Thunders, breaking at his Feet,  
Excite his Pity, not impair his Peace.  
*Earth's* genuine Sons, the Sceptred, and the Slave,  
A mingled Mob! a wandering Herd! he sees  
Bewilder'd in the Vale; in All unlike!

• In a former Night.

His full Reverse in All ! What higher Praise ?  
 What stronger Demonstration of the Right ?

THE Present all *Their* Care, the Future, *His*.  
 When Public Welfare calls, or Private Want,  
*They* give to Fame ; *His* Bounty *He* conceals.  
*Their* Virtues varnish Nature ; *His*, exalt.  
 Mankind's Esteem *They* court ; and *He*, his Own.  
*Theirs*, the wild Chace of false Felicities ;  
*His*, the compos'd Possession of the true.  
 Alike throughout is *His* consistent Peace,  
 All of one Colour, and an even Thread ;  
 While party-colour'd Shreds of Happiness,  
 With hideous Gaps between, patch up for *Them*  
 A Madman's Robe ; each Puff of Fortune blows  
 The Tatters by, and shews their Nakedness.

*He* sees with other Eyes than *Theirs* : Where *They*  
 Behold a Sun, *He* spies a Deity ;  
 What makes *Them* only Smile, makes *Him* Adore.  
 Where *They* see Mountains, *He* but Atoms sees ;  
 An Empire, in *His* Balance, weighs a Grain.  
*They* Things Terrestrial worship, as Divine ;  
*His* Hopes Immortal blow them by, as Dust,  
 That dims his Sight, and shortens his Survey,  
 Which longs, in Infinite, to lose all Bound.

Titles

Titles and Honours (if they prove his Fate)  
*He* lays aside to find his Dignity ;  
No Dignity *They* find in ought besides.  
*They* triumph in Externals (which conceal  
Man's real Glory), proud of an Eclipse.  
Himself too much *He* prizes to be Proud,  
And nothing thinks so great in Man, as *Man*.  
Too dear *He* holds his Int'rest, to neglect  
Another's Welfare, or his Right invade ;  
*Their* Int'rest, like a Lion, lives on Prey.  
*They* kindle at the Shadow of a Wrong ;  
Wrong *He* sustains with Temper, looks on Heav'n,  
Nor stoops to think his Injurer, his Foe ;  
Nought, but what wounds his Virtue, wounds his Peace.  
A cover'd Heart *Their* Character defends ;  
A cover'd Heart denies *Him* half his Praise.  
With Nakedness *His* Innocence agrees ;  
While *Their* broad Foliage testifies their Fall.  
*Their* No-Joys end, where *His* full Feast begins ;  
*His* Joys create, *Theirs* murder, future Bliss.  
To triumph in Existence, *His* alone ;  
And *His* alone, triumphantly to think  
*His* true Existence is not yet begun.  
*His* glorious Course was, Yesterday, complete ;  
Death, then, was welcome, yet Life still is Sweet.

BUT

BUT nothing charms LORENZO, like the firm;  
 Undaunted Breast——And whose is that high Praise?  
*They* yield to Pleasure, tho' they Danger brave,  
 And shew no Fortitude, but in the Field;  
 If there they shew it, 'tis for Glory shewn;  
 Nor will that Cordial always Man *Their* Hearts.  
 A Cordial *His* sustains, that cannot fail;  
 By Pleasure unshackl'd, unbroke by Pain,  
 He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts.  
 All-bearing, All-attempting, till he falls;  
 And when he falls, writes VICI on his Shield.  
 From Magnanimity, all *Fear* above;  
 From nobler Recompence, above *Applause*;  
 Which owes to Man's *short* Out-look all its Charms.

BACKWARD to credit what he never felt,  
 LORENZO cries,—“ Where shines this Miracle?  
 “ From what Root rises this *Immortal Man* ?”  
 A Root that grows not in LORENZO's Ground;  
 The *Root* dissect, nor wonder at the *Flow'r*.

He follows Nature (not like \* Thee), and shews us  
 An uninverted System of a Man.  
 His *Appetite* wears *Reason's* golden Chain,  
 And finds, in due Restraint, its Luxury.

\* See Page 109. Line 16.



His *Passion*, like an Eagle well-reclaim'd,  
Is taught to fly at nought, but Infinite.  
Patient his *Hope*, un-anxious is his *Care*,  
His *Caution* fearless, and his *Grief* (if Grief  
The Gods ordain) a Stranger to Despair.  
And why?—Because Affection, more than meet,  
His Wisdom leaves not disengag'd from Heav'n.  
Those secondary Goods that smile on Earth,  
He, loving, in *Proportion*, loves in *Peace*.  
They most the World enjoy, who least admire.  
His *Understanding* 'scapes the common Cloud  
Of Fumes, arising from a boiling Breast;  
His Head is clear, because his Heart is cool,  
By worldly Competitions uninflam'd.  
The mod'rate Movements of his Soul admit  
Distinct Ideas, and matur'd Debate,  
An Eye impartial, and an even Scale;  
Whence Judgment sound, and unrepenting Choice.  
Thus, in a double Sense, the *Good* are wise;  
On its own Dunghil, wiser than the *World*.  
What, then, the World? It *must* be doubly weak;  
Strange Truth! as soon would they believe the *Creed*.

YET thus it is; nor otherwise *can* be;  
So far from aught Romantic, what I sing.  
Bliss has no Being, Virtue has no Strength,

But

But from the Prospect of immortal Life.  
 Who think Earth all, or (what weighs just the same)  
 Who care no farther, *must* prize what it yields;  
 Fond of its Fancies, proud of its Parades.  
 Who thinks Earth nothing, *can't* its Charms admire;  
*He* can't a Foe, tho' most malignant, hate,  
 Because that Hate would prove his greater Foe.  
 'Tis hard for *Them* (yet who so loudly boast  
 Good-will to Men?) to love their dearest Friend;  
 For may he not invade their *Good Supreme*,  
 Where the least Jealousy turns Love to Gall?  
 All shines to *Them*, that for a Season shines.  
 Each Act, each Thought, *He* questions, "What its Weight;  
 "Its Colour, what, a Thousand Ages hence?"—  
 And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.  
 Hence, pure are the Recesses of his Soul;  
 The God-like Man has nothing to conceal.  
 His Virtue, constitutionally deep,  
 Has *Habit's* Firmness, and *Affection's* Flame;  
 Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the Fire;  
 And *Death*, which Others slays, makes Him a God.

AND, now, LORENZO! Bigot of this World!  
 Wont to disdain poor Bigots caught by Heav'n!  
 Stand by thy *Scorn*, and be reduced to *Nought*:

For

For what art Thou?—Thou Boaster! While *thy* Glare,  
 Thy gaudy Grandeur, and mere worldly Worth,  
 Like a broad Mist, at Distance, strikes us most;  
 And, like a Mist, is Nothing when at hand;  
*His* Merit, like a Mountain, on Approach,  
 Swells more, and rises nearer to the Skies,  
 By Promise *now*, and, by Possession, *soon*,  
 (Too *soon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his Own.

FROM this thy just *Annihilation* rise,  
 LORENZO! rise to *Something*, by Reply.  
 The World, thy Client, listens, and expects;  
 And longs to crown thee with immortal Praise.  
 Canst thou be silent? No, for *Wit* is Thine;  
 And Wit talks *most*, when *least* she has to say,  
 And *Reason* interrupts not her Career.  
 She'll say—*That Mists above the Mountains rise*;  
 And, with a thousand Pleasantries, amuse;  
 She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a Dust,  
 And fly Conviction, in the Dust she rais'd.

WIT, how delicious to Man's dainty Taste?—  
 'Tis precious, as the Vehicle of *Sense*;  
 But, as its Substitute, a dire Disease.  
 Pernicious Talent! Flatter'd by the World,  
 By the blind World, which thinks the Talent rare.

Wisdom

Wisdom is rare, LORENZO ! Wit abounds ;  
*Passion* can give it ; sometimes *Wine* inspires  
 The lucky Flash ; and *Madness* rarely fails.  
 Whatever Cause the Spirit strongly stirs,  
 Confers the Bays, and rivals thy Renown.  
 For thy Renown, 'twere well, was This the worst ;  
*Chance* often hits it ; and, to pique thee more,  
 See *Dulness*, blundering on *Vivacities*,  
 Shakes her Sage Head at the Calamity,  
 Which has expos'd, and let her down to Thee.  
 But *Wisdom*, awful *Wisdom* ! which inspects,  
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,  
 Seizes the Right, and holds it to the last ;  
 How Rare ? In Senates, Synods, sought in vain ;  
 Or if *there* found, 'tis sacred to the Few.  
 While a lewd Prostitute to Multitudes,  
 Frequent, as Fatal, *Wit* : In Civil Life,  
*Wit* makes an Enterprizer ; *Sense*, a Man.  
*Wit* hates Authority ; Commotion loves,  
 And thinks herself the Lightning of the Storm,  
 In States, 'tis dangerous ; in Religion, Death ;  
 Shall *Wit* turn Christian, when the Dull believe ?  
*Sense* is our *Helmet*, *Wit* is but the Plume ;  
 The *Plume* exposes, 'tis our *Helmet* saves.  
*Sense* is the Diamond, weighty, solid, sound ;  
 When cut by *Wit*, it casts a brighter Beam ;  
 Yet,



Yet, *Wit* apart, it is a Diamond still,  
*Wit*, widow'd of *Good-Sense*, is worse than Nought;  
It hoists more Sail to run against a Rock.  
Thus, a *Half-CHESTERFIELD* is quite a Fool;  
Whom *dull* Fools scorn, and bless their Want of Wit.

How ruinous the Rock I warn thee shun,  
Where *Syrens* sit, to sing thee to thy Fate?  
A Joy, in which our *Reason* bears no Part,  
Is but a *Sorrow* tickling, ere it stings.  
Let not the Coings of the *World* allure thee;  
Which of her Lovers ever found her True?  
*Happy!* of this bad World who little know;  
And yet, we much must know her, to be *Safe*.  
To *know* the World, not love her, is thy Point;  
She gives but Little, nor that Little, long.  
There is, I grant, a Triumph of the Pulse;  
A Dance of Spirits, a mere Froth of Joy,  
Our *thoughtless Agitation's* idle Child,  
That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,  
Leaving the Soul more vapid than before.  
An *animal* Ovation! such as holds  
No Commerce with our *Reason*, but subsists  
On Juices, thro' the well-ton'd Tubes, well-strain'd;  
A nice Machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;  
And when it jars——thy *Syrens* sing no more,

Thy

Thy Dance is done; the *Demi-god* is thrown  
(Short Apotheosis!) beneath the *Man*,  
In coward Gloom immers'd, or fell Despair.

ART thou yet *Dull enough* Despair to dread,  
And startle at Destruction? If thou art,  
Accept a Buckler, take it to the Field;  
(A Field of Battle is this mortal Life!)  
When Danger threatens, lay it on thy Heart;  
A single Sentence Proof against the *World*.  
“Soul, Body, Fortune! ev’ry Good pertains  
“To One of these; but prize not All alike;  
“The Goods of Fortune, to thy Body’s Health,  
“Body to Soul, and Soul submit to God.”  
Wouldst thou build lasting Happiness? Do This;  
Th’ inverted *Pyramid* can never stand.

Is this Truth doubtful? It outshines the Sun;  
Nay, the Sun shines not, but to shew us This,  
The single Lesson of Mankind on Earth.  
And yet—Yet, what? No News! Mankind is mad;  
Such mighty Numbers list against the Right,  
(And what can’t Numbers, when bewitch’d, atchieve?)  
They talk themselves to Something like Belief,  
That all Earth’s Joys are Theirs: As *Athens’ Fool*  
Grinn’d from the Port, on ev’ry Sail his Own.

THEY

THEY grin, but wherefore? And how long the Laugh?  
Half Ignorance, their Mirth; and Half, a Lye;  
To cheat the World, and cheat Themselves, they smile.  
Hard either Task! The most Abandon'd own,  
That *Others*, if Abandon'd, are undone;  
Then, for Themselves, the Moment *Reason* wakes,  
(And Providence denies it long Repose)  
O how laborious is their Gaiety?  
They scarce can swallow their ebullient Spleen,  
Scarce muster Patience to support the Farce,  
And pump sad Laughter, till the Curtain falls.  
*Scarce*, did I say? Some cannot fit it out;  
Oft their own daring Hands the Curtain draw,  
And shew us *what* their Joy, by their Despair.

THE clotted Hair! gor'd Breast! blaspheming Eye!  
Its impious Fury still alive in Death!—  
Shut, shut the shocking Scene.— But Heav'n denies  
A Cover to such Guilt; and so should Man.  
Look round, LORENZO! see the reeking Blade;  
Th' invenom'd Phial, and the fatal Ball;  
The strangling Cord, and suffocating Stream;  
The loathsome Rottenness, and foul Decays  
From raging Riot (flower Suicides!)  
And *Pride* in these, more execrable still!—  
How horrid All to Thought?— But Horrors, these,

I

That

That vouch the Truth ; and aid my feeble Song.

FROM *Vice, Sense, Fancy*, no Man can be blest ;  
 Bliss is too great, to lodge within an Hour ;  
 When an Immortal Being aims at Bliss,  
 Duration is essential to the Name.  
 O for a Joy from *Reason* ! Joy from That,  
 Which makes Man, *Man* ; and exercis'd aright,  
 Will make him *more* : A *Bounteous* Joy ! that gives,  
 And promises ; that weaves, with Art divine,  
 The richest Prospect into present Peace :  
 A Joy *Ambitious* ! Joy in common held  
 With Thrones ethereal, and their Greater far :  
 A Joy high-privileg'd from Chance, Time, Death !  
 A Joy, which *Death* shall double ! *Judgment*, crown !  
 Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each Stage,  
 Thro' blest Eternity's long Day ; yet still,  
 Not more remote from *Sorrow*, than from *Him*,  
 Whose lavish Hand, whose Love stupendous, pours  
 So much of Deity on guilty Dust.  
*There*, O my *LUCIA* ! may I meet thee *There*,  
 Where not Thy Presence can improve my Bliss !

AFFECTS not This the *Sages of the World* ?  
 Can nought *affect* them, but what *fools* them too ?  
 Eternity, depending on an Hour,

Makes



Makes *serious Thought* Man's Wisdom, Joy, and Praise.  
Nor need you blush (tho' sometimes your Designs  
May shun the Light) at your Designs on Heav'n;  
Sole Point! where *over-bashful* is your Blame.

Are you not *Wise*?— You know you are: Yet hear  
One Truth, amid your num'rous Schemes, mislaid,  
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if Seen;

“ Our Schemes to plan by *This World*, or the *Next*,

“ Is the sole Diff'rence between *Wise*, and *Fool*.”

All *worthy Men* will weigh you in *this Scale*;

What Wonder, then, if *They* pronounce you *light*?

Is *their Esteem* alone not worth your Care?

Accept my simple Scheme of *Common-Sense*;

Thus, save your Fame, and make *Two Worlds* your Own.

THE World *replies* not;— but the World *persists*;

And puts the *Cause* off to the longest Day,

Planning *Evasions* for the Day of Doom.

So far, at that *Re-hearing*, from Redress,

They then turn *Witnesses* against Themselves.

Hear That, LORENZO! nor be *Wise To-morrow*.

Haste, Haste! A Man, by Nature, is in Haste;

For who shall answer for another Hour?

'Tis highly prudent, to make *One* sure Friend;

And that thou canst not do, this Side the Skies.

YE Sons of Earth! (nor *willing* to be more!)  
 Since *Verse* you think from Priestcraft somewhat free,  
 Thus, in an Age so gay, the Muse plain Truths  
 (Truths, which, at Church, you *might* have heard in  
 Prose)

Has ventur'd into Light; well-pleas'd the Verse  
 Should be forgot, if you the Truths retain;  
 And crown her with your Welfare, not your Praise.  
 But *Praise* she need not fear; I see my Fate;  
 And headlong leap, like CURTIUS, down the Gulph.  
 Since many an ample *Volume*, mighty *Tome*,  
 Must die; and die Unwept; O Thou minute,  
 Devoted *Page*! go forth among thy Foes;  
 Go, nobly proud of Martyrdom for Truth,  
 And die a double Death: Mankind, incens'd,  
 Denies thee long to live: Nor shalt thou rest,  
 When thou art dead; in *Stygian* Shades arraign'd  
 By LUCIFER, as Traitor to his Throne;  
 And bold Blasphemer of his Friend,—THE WORLD.  
 The WORLD, whose Legions cost Him slender Pay,  
 And *Volunteers*, around his Banner swarm;  
 Prudent, as PRUSSIA, in her Zeal for GAUL.

“ARE All, then, Fools?” LORENZO cries—Yes, All,  
 But such as hold *this* Doctrine, (new to Thee)  
 “The Mother of true Wisdom is the *Will*;  
 The noblest *Intellect*, a Fool without it;

*World-*

Or, Night Thoughts, &c. 133

*World-Wisdom* Much has done, and More may do,  
In Arts and Sciences, in Wars, and Peace;  
But Art and Science, like thy Wealth, will leave thee,  
And make thee Twice a Beggar at thy Death.  
*This* is the *most* Indulgence can afford,—  
“*Thy Wisdom All can do, but—make thee Wise.*”  
Nor think this Censure is severe on Thee;  
*Satan*, thy Master, I dare call a Dunce.



ON THE NIGHT OF THE 17TH

World War I, the British Government, and the American Government, in the name of the United States, have decided to send a message of sympathy to the people of the United Kingdom, and to the people of the British Empire, on the occasion of the death of King George V.

And on the night of the 17th, the British Government, and the American Government, have decided to send a message of sympathy to the people of the United Kingdom, and to the people of the British Empire, on the occasion of the death of King George V.

# CONSOLATION

Containing, among other things,

I. A Moral Survey of the || II. A Night Address || to the DEITY

HENRY T. FISKE

To His Grace the Duke of NEWCASTLE  
One of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State

—Paris Contraband Post-Office—



NIGHT the NINTH and LAST.

---

THE  
CONSOLATION.

) Containing, among other Things,

I. A *Moral* Survey of the || II. A *Night-ADDRESS*  
*Nocturnal* Heavens. || to the DEITY.

---

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO HIS GRACE the DUKE of NEWCASTLE,  
One of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

---

—*Fatis Contraria Fata rependens.* VIRG.

---



NIGHT the NINTH and LAST

THE

CONSOLATION



At which a Traveller, a long Day past  
In painful Search of what he cannot find  
Alights, and views the scene with the next Cor.  
There remains, while his Labour tolls  
Then, efforts his Heart with what his Fate affords  
And changes his Aspect to deceive the Time  
Till the shoe Scales fall from his Feet  
Thus I, long-travelling, find the way of Men  
And dancing, with the rest, the merry Maze  
Where Disappointment's cruellest Carcass  
Wand'ring by the Languor of Love's Rev'ring Ray  
At length, have hous'd me in an humble Shed  
Where, future Wand'ring banish'd from my Thought  
And waiting, patient, the sweet Hour of Rest  
I chase the Moments with a tedious Song  
Song scolds out Pain, and Age has Pains to youth



## NIGHT *the* NINTH *and* LAST.

T H E

## C O N S O L A T I O N .



S when a Traveller, a long Day past  
In painful Search of what he cannot find,  
At Night's Approach, content with the next Cot,  
There ruminates, awhile, his Labour lost ;  
Then, cheers his Heart with what his Fate affords,  
And chaunts his Sonnet to deceive the Time,  
Till the due Season calls him to Repose :  
Thus I, long-travell'd in the Ways of Men,  
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy Maze,  
Where *Disappointment* smiles at *Hope's* Career ;  
Warn'd by the Languor of Life's Ev'ning Ray,  
At length, have hous'd me in an humble Shed ;  
Where, future Wand'ring banish'd from my Thought,  
And waiting, patient, the sweet Hour of Rest ;  
I chase the Moments with a serious Song.  
Song sooths our Pains, and Age has Pains to sooth.

W H E N

138    *The* CONSOLATION:

WHEN Age, Care, Crime, and Friends embrac'd at  
Heart,  
Torn from my bleeding Breast, and *Death's* dark Shade,  
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal Fire;  
Canst thou, O *Night!* indulge One Labour more?  
One Labour more indulge: Then sleep, my Strain!  
Till, haply, wak'd by *Raphael's* golden Lyre,  
Where Night, Death, Age, Care, Crime, and Sorrow  
cease,  
To bear a Part in everlasting Lays;  
Tho' far, far higher set, in Aim, I trust,  
Symphonious to this humble Prelude *here*.

HAS not the Muse asserted *Pleasures pure*,  
Like those Above; exploding other Joys?  
Weigh what was urg'd, LORENZO! Fairly weigh;  
And tell me, hast thou Cause to triumph still?  
I think, thou wilt forbear a Boast so bold.  
But if, beneath the Favour of Mistake,  
Thy Smile's sincere; not more sincere can be  
LORENZO's Smile, than my Compassion for him.  
The Sick in *Body* call for Aid; the Sick  
In *Mind* are covetous of more Disease;  
And when at *worst*, they dream themselves quite *well*.  
To *know* ourselves diseas'd, is Half our Cure.  
When *Nature's* Blush by *Custom* is wip'd off,

And



And Conscience, deaden'd by repeated Strokes,  
Has into *Manners* nat'raliz'd our *Crimes*;  
The Curse of *Curfes* is, our Curse to love;  
To triumph in the Blackness of our Guilt,  
(As *Indians* glory in the deepest Jet),  
And throw aside our *Senses*, with our *Peace*.

BUT, grant no Guilt, no Shame, no least Alloy;  
Grant Joy and Glory, quite unfully'd, shone,  
Yet, still, it ill deserves *LORENZO's Heart*.  
No Joy, no *Glory*, glitters in thy Sight,  
But thro' the thin Partition of an Hour,  
I see its Sables wove by *Destiny*,  
And *that* in Sorrow bury'd; *this*, in Shame;  
While howling *Furies* ring the doleful Knell;  
And *Conscience*, now so soft, thou scarce canst hear  
Her Whisper, echoes their eternal Peal.

WHERE, the prime Actors of the *last Year's* Scene?  
Their Port so proud, their Buskin, and their Plume?  
How many *sleep*, who kept the World *awake*  
With Lustre, and with Noise? Has *Death* proclaim'd  
A Truce, and hung his fated Lance on high?  
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the *present Year*  
Be more tenacious of her human Leaf,  
Or spread of feeble Life a thinner Fall.

BUT,

140      *The* CONSOLATION:

BUT, needless, *Monuments* to wake the Thought;  
 Life's *gayest* Scenes speak Man's Mortality;  
 Tho' in a Style more florid, full as plain,  
 As *Mausoleums*, *Pyramids*, and *Tombs*.  
 What are our noblest Ornaments, but *Deaths*  
 Turn'd Flatterers of Life, in Paint, or Marble,  
 The well-stain'd Canvas, or the featur'd Stone?  
 Our Fathers grace, or rather haunt, the Scene;  
 Joy peoples her Pavilion from the Dead.

“ *Protest Diversions!* cannot These escape?”—  
 Far from it: These present us with a Shroud;  
 And talk of *Death*, like Garlands o'er a Grave.  
 As some bold Plunderers, for bury'd *Wealth*,  
 We ransack Tombs for *Pastime*; from the Dust  
 Call up the sleeping Hero; bid him tread  
 The Scene for our Amusement: How like Gods  
 We sit; and, wrapt in Immortality,  
 Shed gen'rous Tears on Wretches born to die;  
 Their Fate deploring, to forget *our Own*?

WHAT, all the Poms, and Triumphs of our Lives,  
 But Legacies in Blossom? Our lean Soil,  
 Luxuriant grown, and rank in Vanities,  
 From Friends interr'd beneath; a rich Manure!  
 Like other Worms, we banquet on the Dead;

Like

Like other Worms, shall we crawl on, nor know  
Our present Frailties, or approaching Fate!

LORENZO! such the Glories of the World!  
What is the World itself? *Thy* World?—A Gravel!  
Where is the Dust that has not been alive?  
The Spade, the Plough, disturb our Ancestors;  
From human Mould we reap our daily Bread,  
The Globe around Earth's hollow Surface shakes,  
And is the Cieling of her sleeping Sons.  
O'er Devastation we blind Revels keep;  
Whole bury'd Towns support the Dancer's Heel,  
The *Moist* of human Frame the Sun exhales;  
Winds scatter, thro' the mighty Void, the *Dry*;  
Earth repossesses Part of what she gave,  
And the freed Spirit mounts on Wings of Fire;  
Each Element partakes our scatter'd Spoils;  
As Nature wide, our Ruins spread; Man's *Death*  
Inhabits all Things, but the Thought of Man.

NOR Man alone, his breathing Bust expires,  
His Tomb is mortal; Empires die: Where, now,  
The *Roman*? *Greek*? They stalk, an empty Name!  
Yet Few regard them in this useful Light,  
Tho' half our Learning is *their* Epitaph.  
When down thy Vale, unlock'd by Midnight Thought,

That

That loves to wander in thy Sunless Realms,  
*O Death!* I stretch my View; what Visions rise?  
 What Triumphs! Toils imperial! Arts divine!  
 In wither'd Laurels, glide before my Sight?  
 What Lengths of far-fam'd Ages, billow'd-high  
 With human Agitation, roll along  
 In unsubstantial Images of Air?  
 The melancholy Ghosts of dead Renown,  
 Whisp'ring faint Echoes of the World's Applause,  
 With penitential Aspect, as they pass,  
 All point at Earth, and hiss at human Pride,  
 The Wisdom of the *Wife*, and Francings of the *Great*.

BUT, O LORENZO! far the rest above,  
 Of ghastly Nature, and enormous Size,  
 One Form assaults my Sight, and chills my Blood,  
 And shakes my Frame. Of *One* departed World  
 I see the mighty Shadow; Oozy Wreath  
 And dismal Sea-weed crown her; o'er her Urn  
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated Realms,  
 And bloated Sons; and, weeping, prophesies  
*Another's* Dissolution, soon, in Flames.  
 But, like CASSANDRA, prophesies in vain;  
 'In vain, to Many; not, I trust, to Thee.

FOR, know'st thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,



The great Decree, the Counsel of the Skies?  
*Deluge* and *Conflagration*, dreadful Powers!  
 Prime Ministers of Vengeance! Chain'd in Caves  
 Distinct, apart the Giant Furies roar;  
 Apart; or such their horrid Rage for Ruin,  
 In mutual Conflict would they rise, and wage  
 Eternal War, till One was quite devour'd.  
 But not for *This*, ordain'd their boundless Rage;  
 When Heav'n's inferior Instruments of Wrath,  
*War, Famine, Pestilence*, are found too weak  
 To scourge a World for her enormous Crimes,  
*These* are let loose, alternate: Down they rush,  
 Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal Throne,  
 With irresistible Commission arm'd,  
 The World, in vain corrected, to destroy,  
 And ease Creation of the shocking Scene.

SEEST thou, *LORENZO*! what depends on Man?  
 The Fate of Nature; as for Man, her Birth,  
*Earth's* Actors change *Earth's* transitory Scenes,  
 And make Creation groan with human Guilt,  
 How must it groan, in a new *Deluge* whelm'd,  
 But not of Waters? At the destin'd Hour,  
 By the loud Trumpet summon'd to the Charge,  
 See, all the formidable Sons of Fire,  
 Eruptions, Earthquakes, Comets, Lightnings, play

Their

144    *The* CONSOLATION:

Their various Engines ; All at once disgorge  
 Their blazing Magazines ; and take, by Storm,  
 This poor terrestrial Citadel of Man.

AMAZING Period ! when each Mountain-Height  
 Out-burns *Vesuvius* ; Rocks eternal pour  
 Their melted Mass, as Rivers once they pour'd ;  
 Stars rush ; and final *Ruin* fiercely drives  
 Her Ploughshare o'er Creation !——While aloft,  
 More than Astonishment ! if more *can* be !  
 Far other *Firmament* than e'er was seen,  
 Than e'er was thought by Man ! Far other *Stars* !  
 Stars animate, that govern these of Fire ;  
 Far other *Sun* !——A Sun, O how unlike  
 The Babe at *Betle'm* ? How unlike the Man  
 That groan'd on *Calvary* ?——Yet *He* it is ;  
 That Man of Sorrows ! O how chang'd ! What Pomp  
 In Grandeur Terrible, All Heav'n descends !  
 And Gods, ambitious, triumph in His Train.  
 A swift Archangel, with his golden Wing,  
 As Blots and Clouds, that darken and disgrace  
 The Scene divine, sweeps Stars and Suns aside.  
 And now, all Dross remov'd, Heav'n's own pure Day,  
 Full on the Confines of our Æther, flames.  
 While (dreadful Contrast !) far, how far beneath !  
 Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing Seas,

And

And Storms sulphureous ; her voracious Jaws  
Expanding wide, and roaring for her Prey.

LORENZO! welcome to this Scene ; the Last  
In Nature's Course ; the First in Wisdom's Thought.  
*This* strikes, if aught can strike thee ; *This* awakes  
The most Supine ; *This* snatches Man from Death.  
Rouse, rouse, LORENZO, then ! and follow me,  
Where Truth, the most momentous Man can hear,  
Loud calls my Soul, and Ardor wings her Flight.  
I find my Inspiration in my Theme ;  
The Grandeur of my Subject is my Muse.

At *Midnight*, when Mankind is wrapt in *Peace*,  
And worldly *Fancy* feeds on golden Dreams,  
To give more Dread to Man's most dreadful Hour,  
At Midnight, 'tis presum'd, this Pomp will burst  
From tenfold Darknefs ; sudden as the Spark  
From smitten Steel ; from nitrous Grain, the Blaze.  
Man, starting from his Couch, shall sleep no more !  
The Day is broke, which never more shall close !  
Above, around, beneath, Amazement All !  
Terror and Glory join'd in their Extremes !  
Our GOD in Grandeur, and our *World* on Fire !  
All Nature struggling in the Pangs of Death !  
Dost thou not hear her ? Dost thou not deplore

K

Her

146     *The* CONSOLATION:

Her strong Convulsions, and her final Groan?  
 Where are we *now*? Ah me! The Ground is gone,  
 On which we stood, LORENZO! While thou may'st,  
 Provide more firm Support, or sink for Ever!  
 Where? How? From whence? Vain Hope! It is too late!  
 Where, where, for Shelter, shall the Guilty fly,  
 When Conternation turns the *Good-Man* pale?

GREAT Day! for which all other Days were made;  
 For which *Earth* rose from *Chaos*; *Man* from *Earth*;  
 And an Eternity, the Date of Gods,  
 Descended on poor Earth-created Man!  
 Great Day of Dread, Decision, and Despair!  
 At Thought of Thee, each sublunary Wish  
 Lets go its eager Grasp, and drops the World;  
 And catches at each Reed of Hope in Heav'n.  
 At *Thought* of Thee!——And art thou *absent* then?  
 LORENZO! No; 'tis Here;——it is begun;——  
 Already is begun the Grand Affize,  
 In Thee, in All: Deputed Conscience scales  
 The dread Tribunal, and forestalls our Doom;  
 Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it *Sure*.  
 Why on Himself should Man *void* Judgment pass?  
 Is idle *Nature* laughing at her Sons?  
 Who *Conscience* sent, her Sentence will support,  
 And GOD Above assert That God in Man.

THRICE



THRICE happy They! that enter *now* the Court  
 Heav'n opens in their Bosoms: But, how rare,  
 Ah me! That Magnanimity, how rare?  
 What Hero, like the Man who stands Himself?  
 Who dares to meet his Naked Heart alone?  
 Who hears, intrepid, the full Charge it brings,  
 Resolv'd to silence future Murmurs There?  
 The Coward flies; and, flying, is undone.  
 (Art thou a Coward? No): The Coward flies;  
 Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to *know*;  
 Asks, "*What is Truth?*" with PILATE; and retires;  
 Dissolves the Court, and mingles with the Throng;  
 Asylum sad! from Reason, Hope, and Heav'n!

SHALL All, but Man, look out with ardent Eye,  
 For that great Day, which was ordain'd *for* Man?  
 O Day of Consummation! Mark supreme  
 (If Men are wise) of human Thought! nor least,  
 Or in the Sight of Angels, or their KING!  
*Angels*, whose radiant Circles, Height o'er Height,  
 Order o'er Order, rising, Blaze o'er Blaze,  
 As in a Theatre, surround This Scene,  
 Intent on Man, and anxious for his Fate,  
*Angels* look out for Thee. For Thee, their LORD,  
 To vindicate His Glory; and for Thee,  
*Creation* universal calls aloud,

148      *The* CONSOLATION:

To disinvolve the *moral* World, and give  
To *Nature's* Renovation brighter Charms.

SHALL Man alone, whose Fate, whose *final* Fate,  
Hangs on That Hour, exclude it from his Thought?  
I think of nothing else ; I see ! I feel it !  
All *Nature*, like an Earthquake, trembling round !  
All *Deities*, like Summer's Swarms, on Wing !  
All basking in the full Meridian Blaze !  
I see the JUDGE inthron'd ! The flaming Guard !  
The Volume open'd ! Open'd every Heart !  
A Sun-Beam pointing out each secret Thought !  
No Patron ! Intercessor none ! Now past  
The sweet, the clement, Mediatorial Hour !  
For Guilt no Plea ! To Pain, no Pause ! no Bound !  
Inexorable, All ! and All, Extreme !

NOR Man alone ; the Foe of GOD and Man,  
From his dark Den, blaspheming, drags his Chain,  
And rears his brazen Front, with Thunder scarr'd ;  
Receives his Sentence, and *begins* his Hell.  
All Vengeance *past*, now, seems abundant Grace !  
Like Meteors in a stormy Sky, how roll  
His baleful Eyes ? He curses whom he dreads ;  
And deems it the First Moment of his Fall.

'Tis *present* to my Thought !---And, yet, where is it ?  
*Angels* can't tell me ; Angels cannot *guess*

The

The *Period*; from *created* Beings lock'd  
In Darknefs. But the *Procefs*, and the *Place*,  
Are lefs obfcure; for Thefe may *Man* inquire.  
Say, Thou great Clofe of human Hopes and Fears!  
Great Key of Hearts! Great Finifher of Fates!  
Great End! and Great Beginning! Say, Where art Thou?  
Art thou in *Time*, or in *Eternity*?  
Nor in *Eternity*, nor *Time*, I find Thee.  
Thefe, as Two Monarchs, on their Borders meet,  
(Monarchs of All elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)  
As in Debate, how beft their Pow'rs ally'd  
May fwell the Grandeur, or difcharge the Wrath,  
Of HIM, whom both their Monarchies obey.

TIME, this vaft Fabric for him built, (and doom'd  
With him to fall) *now* burfting o'er his Head;  
His Lamp, the Sun, extinguish'd; from beneath  
The Frown of hideous Darknefs, calls his Sons  
From their long Slumber; from Earth's heaving Womb  
To fecond Birth; contemporary Throng!  
Rous'd at One Call, upftarting from One Bed,  
Preft in One Croud, appal'd with One Amaze,  
He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to thee.  
Then (as a King depos'd difdains to live)  
He falls on his own Scythe; nor falls *alone*;  
His greateft Foe falls with him; *Time*, and He

Who murder'd all *Time's* Offspring, *Death*, expire.

TIME was! ETERNITY now reigns alone!  
 Awful Eternity! offended Queen!  
 And her Resentment to Mankind, how just?  
 With kind Intent soliciting Access,  
 How often has she knock'd at human Hearts?  
 Rich to repay their Hospitality,  
 How often call'd? and, with the Voice of God?  
 Yet bore Repulse, excluded as a Cheat!  
 A Dream! while foulest Foes found Welcome *there*?  
 A Dream, a Cheat, *now*, all Things, but *her* Smile.

For, lo! her twice Ten thousand Gates thrown wide,  
 As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen Pole,  
 With Banners, streaming as the *Comet's* Blaze,  
 And Clarions, louder, than the *Deep* in Storms,  
 Sonorous, as immortal Breath can blow,  
 Pour forth their Myriads, Potentates, and Pow'rs,  
 Of Light, of Darknefs; in a middle Field,  
 Wide, as *Creation!* populous, as wide!  
 A neutral Region! there to mark th' Event  
 Of that great Drama, whose preceding Scenes  
 Detain'd them close Spectators, thro' a Length  
 Of Ages, rip'ning to this grand Result;  
 Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God;



Who now, pronouncing Sentence, vindicates  
The Rights of Virtue, and His own Renown.

ETERNITY, the various Sentence past,  
Affigns the sever'd Throng distinct Abodes,  
Sulphureous, or Ambrosial: What ensues?  
The Deed predominant! the Deed of Deeds!  
Which makes a Hell of Hell, a Heav'n of Heav'n.  
The *Goddes*, with determin'd Aspect, turns  
Her adamant Key's enormous Size  
Thro' Destiny's inextricable Wards,  
Deep-driving ev'ry Bolt, on Both their Fates.  
Then, from the Cryстал Battlements of Heav'n,  
Down, down, she hurls it thro' the dark Profound,  
Ten thousand thousand Fathom; there to rust,  
And ne'er unlock her Resolution more.  
The Deep resounds, and Hell, thro' all her Glooms,  
Returns, in Groans, the melancholy Roar.

O how unlike the Chorus of the Skies?  
O how unlike those Shouts of Joy, that shake  
The whole *Ethereal*? How the Concave rings?  
Nor strange! when Deities their Voice exalt;  
And louder far, than when *Creation* rose,  
To see *Creation*'s godlike Aim, and End,  
So well accomplish'd! so divinely clos'd!  
To see the mighty *Dramatist*'s last Act

152      *The* CONSOLATION:

(As meet) in Glory rising o'er the rest.  
 No fanfy'd God, a GOD *indeed*, descends,  
 To solve all *Knots* ; to strike the *Moral* home ;  
 To throw full Day on darkeſt Scenes of *Time* ;  
 To clear, commend, exalt, and crown, the Whole.  
 Hence, in one Peal of loud, eternal Praise,  
 The charm'd Spectators thunder their Applauſe,  
 And the vaſt Void beyond, Applauſe reſounds.

WHAT THEN AM I?——

Amidſt applauding Worlds,  
 And Worlds ceſtial, is there found on Earth,  
 A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious String,  
 Which jars in the grand Chorus, and *Complains* ?  
*Censure* on *Thee*, LORENZO! I ſuſpend,  
 And turn it on *Myſelf* ; how greatly due?  
 All, All is *Right*, by God ordain'd, or done ;  
 And who, but God, reſum'd the Friends *He* gave?  
 And have I been *Complaining*, then, ſo long?——  
*Complaining* of His *Favours* ; *Pain*, and *Death* ?  
 Who, without *Pain*'s Advice, would e'er be Good?  
 Who, without *Death*, but would be Good in vain?  
 Pain is to ſave from *Pain* ; All Punishment,  
 To make for *Peace* ; and Death to ſave from *Death* ;  
 And Second Death, to guard immortal Life ;  
 To rouse the Careleſs, the Preſumptuous awe,

And

And turn the Tide of Souls another Way ;  
By the same Tenderneſs Divine ordain'd,  
That planted *Eden*, and high-bloom'd for Man,  
A fairer *Eden*, endless in the Skies.

HEAV'N gives us Friends to bleſs the *preſent* Scene ;  
Reſumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.  
All Evils *Natural* are *Moral* Goods ;  
All Discipline, *Indulgence*, on the Whole.  
*None* are unhappy ; *All* have Cauſe to ſmile,  
But ſuch as to Themſelves That Cauſe deny.  
Our *Faults* are at the Bottom of our *Pains* ;  
Error, in *Act*, or *Judgment*, is the Source  
Of endless Sighs : We *ſin*, or we *miſtake*,  
And *Nature* tax, when falſe *Opinion* ſtings.  
Let impious Grief be baniſh'd, Joy indulg'd,  
But chiefly *then*, when Grief puts in her Claim.  
Joy from the *Joyous*, frequently betrays,  
Oft lives in Vanity, and dies in Woe.  
Joy, *amidſt Ills*, corroborates, exalts ;  
'Tis Joy, and Conqueſt ; Joy, and Virtue too.  
A noble Fortitude in *Ills*, delights  
Heav'n, Earth, Ourſelves ; 'tis Duty, Glory, Peace.  
*Affliction* is the Good Man's ſhining Scene ;  
*Proſperity* conceals his brighteſt Ray ;  
As *Night* to Stars, *Woe* Luſtre gives to Man.

Heroes

154    *The*    C O N S O L A T I O N :

Heroes in Battle, Pilots in the Storm,  
And Virtue in Calamities, admire.  
The Crown of Manhood is a Winter-Joy;  
An Evergreen, that stands the *Northern* Blast,  
And blossoms in the Rigour of our Fate.

'Tis a prime Part of Happiness, to know  
How much Unhappiness *must* prove our Lot;  
A Part which few possess! I'll pay Life's Tax,  
Without one rebel Murmur, from this Hour,  
Nor think it Misery to be a *Man*;  
Who thinks *it is*, shall never be a *God*.  
Some Ills we wish for, when we wish to live.

WHAT spoke *proud Passion*?—" \* With my Being  
loft!"

Presumptuous! Blasphemous! Absurd! and False!  
The Triumph of my Soul is,— That I *am*;  
And therefore that I *may* be—*What?* LORENZO!  
Look Inward, and look Deep; and deeper still;  
Unfathomably deep our Treasure runs  
In golden Veins, thro' all Eternity!  
Ages, and Ages, and succeeding still  
New Ages, *where* this Phantom of an Hour,  
Which courts, each Night, dull Slumber for Repair,

\* Referring to the First Night.

Shall



Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,  
And fly thro' Infinite, and All unlock ;  
And (if deserv'd) by Heav'n's redundant Love,  
Made half-adorable itself, adore ;  
And find, in Adoration, endless Joy !  
Where Thou, not Master of a Moment *here*,  
Frail as the Flow'r, and fleeting as the Gale,  
May'st boast a *whole Eternity*, enrich'd  
With All a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.  
Since ADAM fell, no Mortal, un-inspir'd,  
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,  
How Kind is GOD, how Great (if Good) is MAN.  
No Man too largely from Heav'n's Love can hope,  
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *secure*.

ILLS?— There are none: *All-Gracious!* none from  
*Thee* ;

From *Man* full Many! Num'rous is the Race  
Of blackest Ills, and those Immortal too,  
Begot by *Madness* on fair *Liberty* ;  
Heav'n's Daughter, Hell-debauch'd! *Her* Hand alone  
Unlocks Destruction to the Sons of Men,  
Fast barr'd by *Thine* ; high-wall'd with Adamant,  
Guarded with Terrors reaching to this World,  
And cover'd with the Thunders of Thy Law ;  
Whose Threats are *Mercies*, whose Injunctions, *Guides*,  
Assisting,

156    *The* CONSOLATION:

Affisting, not restraining *Reason's* Choice ;  
 Whose Sanctions, *unavoidable Results*  
 From Nature's Course, indulgently reveal'd ;  
 If unreveal'd, more Dang'rous, nor less Sure.  
 Thus, an indulgent Father warns his Sons,  
 " Do This ; Fly That " — nor always tells the Cause ;  
 Pleas'd to reward, as Duty to his Will,  
 A Conduct needful to their own Repose.

GREAT GOD of Wonders! (if, Thy *Love* survey'd,  
 Aught else the Name of wonderful retains)  
 What Rocks are *These*, on which to build our Trust?  
 Thy Ways admit no Blemish ; none I find ;  
 Or This alone — " *That none is to be found.* "  
 Not One, to soften *Censure's* hardy Crime ;  
 Not One, to palliate peevish *Grief's* COMPLAINT,  
 Who, like a *Dæmon*, murm'ring from the Dust,  
 Dares into Judgment call her Judge. — SUPREME !  
 For *All* I bless Thee ; Most, for the *Severe* ;  
 \* *Her* Death — *my own* at Hand — the fiery Gulph,  
 That flaming Bound of Wrath Omnipotent !  
 It thunders ; — but it thunders to preserve ;  
 It strengthens what it strikes ; its wholesome Dread  
 Averts the dreaded Pain ; its hideous Groans

LUCIA.

Join

Join Heav'n's sweet Hallelujahs in *Thy* Praise,  
Great Source of Good *alone!* How Kind in All?  
In Vengeance, Kind! *Pain, Death, Gehenna, SAVE*

Thus, in *Thy* World material, *Mighty Mind!*  
Not that alone which *solaces*, and *shines*,  
The *Rough* and *Gloomy*, challenges our Praise.  
The *Winter* is as needful as the *Spring*;  
The *Thunder*, as the *Sun*; a stagnate Mass  
Of Vapours breeds a pestilential Air;  
Nor more propitious the *Favonian* Breeze  
To Nature's Health, than purifying Storms;  
The dread *Volcano* ministers to Good,  
Its smother'd Flames might undermine the World;  
Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in Love to Man;  
*Comets* good Omens are, when duly scann'd;  
And, in their Use, *Eclipses* learn to shine.

MAN is responsible for *Ills* receiv'd;  
Those we call *wretched* are a chosen Band,  
Compell'd to refuge in the *Right*, for Peace.  
Amid my List of Blessings infinite,  
Stand This the foremost, "*That my Heart has bled.*"  
'Tis Heav'n's last Effort of Good-will to Man;  
When *Pain* can't bless, Heav'n quits us in Despair.  
Who fails to grieve, when just Occasion calls,

Or

158    *The* CONSOLATION:

Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest;  
 Inhuman, or Effeminate, his Heart;  
*Reason* absolves the Grief, which *Reason* ends.  
 May Heav'n ne'er trust my Friend with Happiness,  
 Till it has taught him how to bear it well,  
 By previous Pain; and made it *safe* to *smile*.  
*Such* Smiles are mine, and *such* may they remain;  
 Nor hazard their Extinction, from Excess.  
 My Change of *Heart* a Change of *Style* demands;  
 The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT,  
 And makes a Convert of my guilty Song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,  
 A panting Traveller, some rising Ground,  
 Some small Ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,  
 And measures with his Eye the various Vale,  
 The Fields, Woods, Meads, and Rivers he has past;  
 And, satiate of his Journey, thinks of Home  
 Endear'd by Distance, nor affects more Toil;  
 Thus I, though small, indeed, is that Ascent  
 The Muse has gain'd, review the Paths she trod;  
 Various, extensive, beaten but by Few;  
 And, conscious of her Prudence in Repose,  
 Pause; and with Pleasure meditate an End,  
 Though still remote; so fruitful is my Theme.  
 Thro' many a Field of *Moral*, and *Divine*,

The



The Muse has stray'd ; and much of *Sorrow* seen  
In human Ways ; and much of *False* and *Vain* ;  
Which none, who travel this bad Road, can miss.  
O'er *Friends deceas'd* full heartily she wept ;  
Of *Love Divine* the Wonders she display'd ;  
Prov'd Man *immortal* ; shew'd the *Source of Joy* ;  
The *grand Tribunal* rais'd ; assign'd the Bounds  
Of *human Grief* : In *few*, to close the Whole,  
The moral Muse has shadow'd out a Sketch,  
Though not in Form, nor with a *Raphael-Stroke*,  
Of *Most* our Weakness needs *believe*, or *do*,  
In this our Land of Travel, and of Hope,  
For Peace on *Earth*, or Prospect of the *Skies*.

WHAT then remains ?---Much ! much ! a mighty Debt  
To be discharg'd : These Thoughts, O NIGHT ! are  
Thine ;

From Thee they came, like Lovers secret Sighs,  
While Others slept. So, CYNTHIA (Poets feign)  
In Shadows veil'd, soft-sliding from her Sphere,  
Her Shepherd chear'd ; of Her enamour'd less,  
Than I of Thee.—And art Thou still unsung,  
Beneath whose Brow, and by whose Aid, I sing ?  
Immortal Silence !——Where shall I begin ?  
Where end ? Or how steal Music from the Spheres,  
To sooth their Goddess ?

O majestic NIGHT!

*Nature's* great Ancestor! *Day's* Elder-born!  
 And fated to survive the transient Sun!  
 By Mortals, and Immortals, seen with Awe!  
 A starry Crown thy Raven-Brow adorns,  
 An azure Zone, thy Waist; Clouds, in Heav'n's Loom  
 Wrought thro' Varieties of Shape and Shade,  
 In ample Folds of Drapery divine,  
 Thy flowing Mantle form, and, Heav'n throughout,  
 Voluminously pour thy pompous Train.  
 Thy gloomy Grandeurs (*Nature's* most august,  
 Inspiring Aspect!) claim a grateful Verse;  
 And, like a fable Curtain starr'd with Gold,  
 Drawn o'er my Labours past, shall close the Scene.

AND what, O Man! so *worthy* to be sung?  
 What more prepares us for the Songs of Heav'n?  
*Creation* of Archangels is the Theme!  
 What, to be sung, so *needful*? What so well  
 Celestial Joys prepares us to sustain?  
 The Soul of Man, HIS Face design'd to see,  
*Who* gave these Wonders to be seen by Man,  
 Has *here* a previous Scene of Objects great,  
 On which to dwell; to stretch to that Expanse  
 Of Thought, to rise to that exalted Height  
 Of Admiration, to contract that Awe,

And

And give her whole Capacities that Strength,  
Which best may qualify for *final* Joy.  
The more our Spirits are enlarg'd on *Earth*,  
The deeper Draught shall they receive of *Heav'n*.

HEAV'N'S KING! whose Face unveil'd consummates  
Bliss;

Redundant Bliss! which fills that mighty Void,  
The whole Creation leaves in human Hearts!  
THOU, who didst touch the Lip of Jesse's Son,  
Wrapt in sweet Contemplation of these Fires,  
And set his Harp in Concert with the Spheres!  
While of Thy Works *Material* the Supreme  
I dare attempt, assist my daring Song.  
Loose me from *Earth's* Inclosure, from the *Sun's*  
*Contracted* Circle set my Heart at large;  
Eliminate my Spirit, give it Range  
Through Provinces of Thought yet unexplor'd;  
Teach me, by this stupendous Scaffolding,  
Creation's golden Steps, to climb to THEE.  
Teach me with *Art* great *Nature* to controul,  
And spread a Lustre o'er the Shades of *Night*.  
Feel I Thy kind Assent? And shall the *Sun*  
Be seen at *Midnight*, rising in my Song?

LORENZO! come, and warm thee: Thou, whose Heart,

L

Whose

Whose *little* Heart, is moor'd within a Nook;  
 Of this obscure Terrestrial, Anchor weigh.  
 Another Ocean calls, a *nobler* Port;  
 I am thy Pilot, *I* thy prosp'rous Gale.  
 Gainful thy Voyage through yon azure Main;  
 Main, without Tempest, Pirate, Rock, or Shore;  
 And whence thou may'st import *eternal* Wealth;  
 And leave to *beggar'd* Minds the *Pearl* and *Gold*.  
 Thy Travels dost thou boast o'er foreign Realms?  
 Thou *Stranger* to the *World*! thy Tour *begin*;  
 Thy Tour through *Nature's* universal Orb.  
*Nature* delineates her whole Chart at large,  
 On soaring Souls, that sail among the Spheres;  
 And *Man* how purblind, if unknown the Whole?  
 Who circles spacious *Earth*, Then travels *here*;  
 Shall own, He never was from *Home* before!  
 Come, my \* PROMETHEUS, from thy pointed Rock  
 Of *false* Ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount;  
 We'll, *innocently*, steal celestial Fire,  
 And kindle our Devotion at the *Stars*;  
 A Theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

ABOVE our Atmosphere's intestine Wars,  
 Rain's Fountain-Head, the Magazine of Hail,  
 Above the Northern Nests of feather'd Snows,

\* Night the Eighth.

The



The Brew of Thunders, and the flaming Forge  
 That forms the crooked Lightning; 'bove the Caves  
 Where infant Tempests wait their growing Wings,  
 And tune their tender Voices to That Roar,  
 Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a Guilty World;  
 Above misconstru'd Omens of the Sky,  
 Far-travell'd Comets calculated Blaze,  
 Elance thy Thought, and think of *more than Man*.  
 Thy Soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,  
 Blighted by Blasts of *Earth's* unwholsome Air,  
 Will blossom *here*; spread all her Faculties  
 To these bright Ardors; ev'ry Power unfold,  
 And rise into Sublimities of Thought;  
 Stars *teach*, as well as *shine*. At *Nature's* Birth,  
 Thus, their Commission ran—"Be kind to *Man*."  
 Where art thou, poor benighted Traveller!  
 The *Stars* will light thee; tho' the *Moon* should fail.  
 Where art Thou, more benighted! more astray!  
 In Ways immoral? The *Stars* call thee back;  
 And, if obey'd their Counsel, set thee right.

THIS Prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd aright,  
 'Tis Nature's System of Divinity,  
 And ev'ry Student of the *Night* inspites.  
 'Tis *elder* Scripture, writ by GOD's own Hand;  
 Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by Man.

LORENZO! with my *Radius* (the rich Gift  
Of Thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee  
Its various Lessons; some that may surprise  
An Un-adept in Mysteries of NIGHT;  
Little, perhaps, expected in *her* School,  
Nor thought to grow on Planet, or on Star.  
Bulls, Lions, Scorpions, Monsters here we feign;  
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here  
Exists *indeed*;—a Lecture to Mankind.

WHAT read we *here*?—Th'Existence of a GOD?—  
Yes; and of other Beings, Man above;  
Natives of *Æther*! Sons of higher Climes!  
And, what may move LORENZO'S Wonder more,  
ETERNITY is written in the Skies.  
And whose Eternity?—LORENZO! *Thine*;  
*Mankind's* Eternity. Nor FAITH alone,  
VIRTUE grows here; *here* springs the sov'reign Cure  
Of almost ev'ry Vice; but chiefly *Thine*;  
*Wrath, Pride, Ambition, and impure Desire.*

LORENZO! Thou canst wake at Midnight too,  
Tho' not on *Morals* bent: *Ambition, Pleasure!*  
Those Tyrants I for Thee so \* lately fought,  
Afford their harass'd Slaves but slender Rest.

\* Night the Eighth.

*Thou,*

Thou, to whom Midnight is *immoral* Noon,  
And the Sun's noon-tide Blaze, prime Dawn of Day;  
Not by thy Climate, but capricious Crime,  
Commencing one of our *Antipodes*!  
In thy nocturnal Rove, one Moment halt,  
'Twixt Stage and Stage, of Riot, and Cabal;  
And lift thine Eye (if bold an Eye to lift,  
If bold to meet the Face of injur'd Heav'n)  
To yonder Stars: For other Ends they shine,  
Than to light Revellers from Shame to Shame,  
And, thus, be made Accomplices in Guilt.

WHY from yon Arch, that Infinite of Space,  
With Infinite of lucid Orbs replete,  
Which set the living Firmament on Fire,  
At the first Glance, in such an Overwhelm  
Of Wonderful, on Man's astonish'd Sight,  
Rushes OMNIPOTENCE?—To curb our *Pride*;  
Our *Reason* rouse, and lead it to that Pow'r,  
Whose Love lets down these Silver Chains of Light,  
To draw up Man's *Ambition* to *Himself*,  
And bind our *chaste Affections* to His Throne.  
Thus the Three Virtues, least alive on Earth,  
And welcom'd on Heav'n's Coast with most Applause,  
An *Humble*, *Pure*, and *Heav'nly-minded* Heart,  
Are *here* inspir'd:— And canst thou gaze too long?

NOR stands thy *Wrath* depriv'd of its Reproof,  
 Or un-upbraided by this radiant Choir.  
 The Planets of each System represent  
 Kind Neighbours; mutual Amity prevails;  
 Sweet Interchange of Rays, receiv'd, return'd;  
 Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd! All, at once,  
 Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,  
 None sins against the Welfare of the Whole;  
 But their reciprocal, unselfish Aid,  
 Affords an Emblem of *Millennial* Love.  
 Nothing in Nature, much less *conscious* Being,  
 Was e'er created solely for Itself:  
 Thus Man his *sov'reign* Duty learns in this  
*Material* Picture of Benevolence.

AND know, of all our supercilious Race,  
 Thou most inflammable! Thou Wasp of Men!  
 Man's angry Heart, *inspected*, would be found  
 As rightly set, as are the starry Spheres;  
 'Tis *Nature's* Structure, broke by stubborn *Will*,  
 Breeds all that un-celestial Discord *there*.  
 Wilt thou not feel the Bias *Nature* gave?  
 Canst thou descend from Converse with the Skies,  
 And seize thy Brother's Throat?—For what—a *Clod*,  
 An Inch of *Earth*? The *Planets* cry “Forbear.”

They



They chase our double Darkneſs; *Nature's* Gloom,  
And (kinder ſtill!) our *intellectual* Night.

AND ſee, *Day's* amiable Siſter ſends  
Her Invitation, in the ſoſteſt Rays  
Of mitigated Luſtre; courts thy Sight,  
Which ſuffers from her Tyrant-Brother's Blaze.  
*Night* grants thee the full Freedom of the Skies,  
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted Eye;  
With *Gain*, and *Joy*, ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.  
*Night* opes the nobleſt Scenes, and ſheds an Awe,  
Which gives thoſe venerable Scenes full Weight,  
And deep Reception, in th' intender'd Heart;  
While Light peeps thro' the Darkneſs, like a Spy;  
And Darkneſs ſhews its Grandeur by the Light.  
Nor is the *Proſit* greater than the *Joy*,  
If human Hearts at glorious Objects glow,  
And Admiration can inſpire Delight.

WHAT ſpeak I more, than I, This Moment, feel?  
With pleaſing Stupor firſt the Soul is ſtruck,  
(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly Wiſe!)  
Then into Transport ſtarting from her Trance,  
With Love, and Admiration, how ſhe glows!  
This gorgeous Apparatus! This Diſplay!  
This Oſtentation of creative Power!

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This Theatre!——what Eye can take it in?  
 By what divine Inchantment was it rais'd,  
 For Minds of the first Magnitude to launch  
 In endless Speculation, and adore?  
 One Sun by Day, by Night *Ten thousand* shine;  
 And light us deep into the DEITY,  
 How boundless in Magnificence and Might?  
 O what a Confluence of ethereal Fires,  
 From Urns un-number'd, down the Steep of Heav'n,  
 Streams to a Point, and centres in my Sight?  
 Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my Heart.  
 My Heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;  
 Lays it in Dust, and calls it to the Skies.  
 Who sees it, unexalted, and unaw'd?  
 Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?  
 Material Offspring of OMNIPOTENCE!  
 Inanimate, All-animating Birth!  
 Work worthy *Him* who made it! Worthy Praise!  
 All Praise! Praise *more* than human! nor deny'd  
 Thy Praise *Divine*!——But tho' Man, drown'd in Sleep,  
 With-holds his Homage, not *alone* I wake;  
 Bright Legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard  
 By mortal Ear, the glorious Architect,  
 In This His universal Temple, hung  
 With Lustres, with innumerable Lights,  
 That shed Religion on the Soul; at once,

The

The *Temple*, and the *Preacher*! O how loud  
It calls Devotion? genuine Growth of *Night*!

DEVOTION! Daughter of Astronomy!

An *undevout* Astronomer is *mad*.  
True; All Things speak a GOD; but in the Small,  
Men trace out *Him*; in Great, *He* seizes Man.  
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills  
With new Inquiries, 'mid Associates new.  
Tell me, ye Stars! ye Planets! tell me, all  
Ye Starr'd, and Planeted, Inhabitants! What is it?  
What are these Sons of Wonder? Say, proud Arch!  
(Within whose azure Palaces they dwell)  
Built with Divine Ambition! in Disdain  
Of Limit built! built in the Taste of Heav'n!  
Vast Concave! Ample Dome! Wast thou design'd  
A meet Apartment for the DEITY?—  
Not so; That Thought alone thy State impairs,  
Thy *Lofty* sinks, and shallows thy *Profound*,  
And streightens thy *Diffusive*; dwarfs the Whole,  
And makes an Universe an *Orrery*.

BUT when I drop mine Eye, and look on Man,  
Thy Right regain'd, thy Grandeur is restor'd,  
O *Nature*! wide flies off th' expanding Round.  
As when whole Magazines, at once, are fir'd,

The

The smitten Air is hollow'd by the Blow;  
 The vast Displosion dissipates the Clouds;  
 Shock'd Æther's Billows dash the distant Skies;  
 Thus (but far more) th' expanding Round flies off,  
 And leaves a mighty Void, a spacious Womb,  
 Might teem with new Creation; re-inflam'd  
 Thy Luminaries triumph, and assume  
 Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,  
 Matter high-wrought to such surprising Pomp,  
 Such godlike Glory, stole the Style of Gods,  
 From Ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *Sense*;  
 For, sure, to *Sense*, they truly are divine,  
 And half-absolv'd Idolatry from Guilt;  
 Nay, turn'd it into Virtue. Such it *was*  
 In those, who put forth all they had of *Man*  
 Unlost, to lift their Thought, nor mounted higher;  
 But, weak of Wing, on Planets perch'd; and thought  
 What was their Highest, must be their Ador'd.

But They how *weak*, who could no higher mount?  
 And are there, then, LORENZO! Those, to whom  
 Unseen, and Unexistent, are the Same?  
 And if Incomprehensible is join'd,  
 Who dare pronounce it Madness, to *believe*?  
 Why has the Mighty BUILDER thrown aside  
 All Measure in His Work; stretch'd out his Line



So far, and spread Amazement o'er the Whole?  
Then (as He took Delight in wide Extremes),  
Deep in the Bosom of his Universe,  
Dropt down that *reasoning* Mite, that Insect, *Man*,  
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the Scene?—  
That Man might ne'er presume to plead Amazement  
For Disbelief of Wonders in *Himself*.  
Shall God be less miraculous, than what  
His Hand has form'd? Shall *Mysteries* descend  
From *Un-mysterious*? Things more Elevate,  
Be more familiar? Uncreated lie  
More obvious than Created, to the Grasp  
Of human Thought? The *more* of Wonderful  
Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we should assent.  
Could we conceive *Him*, GOD He could not be;  
Or *He* not GOD, or *we* could not be *Men*.  
A GOD alone can comprehend a GOD;  
*Man's* Distance how immense? On *such* a Theme,  
Know This, LORENZO! (seem it ne'er so strange)  
Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds*;  
Nothing, but what *astonishes*, is *true*.  
The Scene thou see'st attests the Truth I sing,  
And ev'ry Star sheds Light upon thy Creed.  
These Stars, this Furniture, this Coft of Heav'n,  
If but *reported*, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;  
But thine *Eye* tells thee, the *Romance* is true.

171      *The* CONSOLATION:

'The Grand of Nature is th' Almighty's Oath,  
In *Reason's* Court, to silence *Unbelief*.

How my Mind, op'ning at this Scene, imbibes  
The moral Emanations of the Skies,  
While nought, perhaps, *LORENZO* less admires?  
Has the Great Sov'reign sent Ten thousand Worlds  
To tell us, *He* resides above them All,  
In Glory's unapproachable *Recess*?  
And dare *Earth's* bold Inhabitants deny  
The sumptuous, the magnificent Embassy  
A Moment's Audience? Turn we, nor will hear  
From whom they come, or what they would impart  
For Man's Emolument; sole Cause that stoops  
Their Grandeur to Man's Eye? *LORENZO*! rouse;  
Let Thought, awaken'd, take the Lightning's Wing,  
And glance from East to West, from Pole to Pole.  
Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?  
Renounces *Reason*, or a GOD adores?  
Mankind was sent into the World to *see*;  
Sight gives the Science needful to their Peace;  
That obvious Science asks *small* Learning's Aid.  
Wouldst thou on Metaphysic Pinions soar?  
Or wound thy Patience amid Logic Thorns?  
Or travel History's enormous Round?  
*Nature* no such hard Task enjoins; She gave

A Make to Man directive of his Thought;  
A Make set upright, pointing to the Stars,  
As who should say, "Read thy chief Lesson there."  
Too late to read this Manuscript of Heav'n,  
When, like a Parchment-Scroll, shrunk up by Flames,  
It folds LORENZO's Lesson from his Sight.

LESSON how various! Not the God alone,  
I see His *Ministers*; I see, diffus'd  
In radiant Orders, Essences sublime,  
Of various Offices, of various Plume,  
In heav'nly Liveries, distinctly, clad,  
Azure, Green, Purple, Pearl, or downy Gold,  
Or all commix'd; they stand, with Wings outspread,  
Lift'ning to catch the Master's least Command,  
And fly thro' *Nature*, ere the Moment ends;  
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd  
By *Pagan*, and by *Christian*! O'er each Sphere  
Presides an Angel, to direct its Course,  
And feed, or fan, its Flames; or to discharge  
Other high Trust unknown. For who can see  
Such Pomp of Matter, and imagine, *Mind*,  
For which *alone* Inanimate was made,  
More sparingly dispens'd? That nobler Son.  
Far liker the great SIRE!—'Tis thus the Skies  
Inform us of Superiors numberless,

As

As much, in *Excellence*, above Mankind,  
 As above *Earth*, in *Magnitude*, the *Spheres*.  
*These*, as a Cloud of Witneffes, hang o'er us;  
 In a throng'd Theatre are all our Deeds;  
 Perhaps, a Thousand Demigods descend  
 On ev'ry Beam we see, to walk with Men.  
 Awful Reflection! Strong Restraint from Ill!

YET, *here*, our Virtue finds still stronger Aid  
 From these ethereal Glories *Sense* surveys.  
 Something, like Magic, strikes from this blue Vault;  
 With just Attention is it view'd? We feel  
 A sudden Succour, un-implor'd, un-thought;  
*Nature* herself does Half the Work of *Man*.  
 Seas, Rivers, Mountains, Forests, Deserts, Rocks,  
 The Promontory's Height, the Depth profound  
 Of subterranean, excavated Grots,  
 Black-brow'd, and vaulted-high, and yawning wide  
 From *Nature's* Structure, or the Scoop of *Time*;  
 If ample of Dimension, vast of Size,  
 Even *These* an aggrandizing Impulse give;  
 Of solemn Thought enthusiastic Heights  
 Even *These* infuse.—But what of Vast in *These*?  
 Nothing;—or we must own the Skies forgot.  
 Much less in *Art*.—Vain *Art*! Thou Pygmy-Pow'r!  
 How dost thou swell, and strut, with human Pride,



To shew thy Littleness? What childish Toys,  
 Thy watry Columns squirted to the Clouds?  
 Thy bason'd Rivers, and imprison'd Seas?  
 Thy Mountains molded into Forms of Men?  
 Thy Hundred-gated Capitals? Or Those  
 Where Three Days Travel left us much to ride;  
 Gazing on Miracles by Mortals wrought,  
 Arches triumphal, Theatres immense,  
 Or nodding Gardens pendent in Mid-Air?  
 Or Temples proud to meet their Gods Half-way?  
 Yet *These* affect us in no common Kind.  
 What then the Force of such superior Scenes?  
 Enter a Temple, it will strike an Awe,  
 What Awe from This the DELTY has built?  
 A Good Man seen, tho' silent, Counsel gives;  
 The touch'd Spectator wishes to be Wise;  
 In a bright Mirror His own Hands have made,  
*Here* we see Something like the Face of GOD.  
 Seems it not then enough, to say, LORENZO!  
 To Man abandon'd, "*Hast thou seen the Skies?*"

AND yet, so thwarted Nature's kind Design,  
 By daring Man, he makes her sacred Awe,  
 (That Guard from Ill) his Shelter, his Temptation  
 To more than common Guilt, and quite inverts  
 Celestial Art's Intent. The trembling Stars

See

See Crimes gigantic, stalking thro' the Gloom  
 With Front erect, that hide their Head by Day,  
 And making Night still *darker* by their Deeds.  
 Slumb'ring in Covert, till the Shades descend,  
*Rapine*, and *Murder*, link'd, now prowl for Prey.  
 The Miser earths his Treasure; and the Thief,  
 Watching the Mole, half-beggars him e'er Morn.  
 Now *Plots*, and foul *Conspiracies*, awake;  
 And, muffling up their Horrors from the Moon,  
 Havock, and Devastation, they prepare,  
 And Kingdoms tott'ring in the Field of Blood.  
 Now Sons of Riot in Mid-Revel rage.  
 What shall I do?—suppress it? or proclaim?—  
 Why *sleeps* the Thunder? Now, LORENZO! now,  
 His best Friend's Couch the rank Adulterer  
 Ascends secure; and laughs at Gods, and Men.  
 Prepost'rous Madmen, void of Fear or Shame,  
 Lay their Crimes bare to these chaste Eyes of Heav'n;  
 Yet shrink, and shudder, at a Mortal's Sight.  
 Were Moon, and Stars, for Villains *only* made?  
 To *guide*, yet *screen* them, with tenebrious Light?  
 No; they were made to fashion the Sublime  
 Of human Hearts, and *wiser* make the *Wise*.

THOSE Ends were answer'd once; when Mortals liv'd  
 Of Stronger Wing, of Aquiline Ascent  
 In Theory Sublime. O how unlike

Those

Those Vermin of the Night, this Moment sung,  
Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her Venom feed!  
Those antient Sages, *Human Stars*! They met  
Their Brothers of the *Skies*, at Midnight-Hour;  
Their Counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, *obey'd*.  
The *Stagyrite*, and *Plato*, He who drank  
The poison'd Bowl, and He of *Tusculum*,  
With Him of *Corduba*, (immortal Names!)  
In these Unbounded, and *Elysian*, Walks,  
An Area fit for Gods, and Godlike Men,  
They took their nightly Round, thro' radiant Paths  
By *Seraphs* trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,  
To tread in Their bright Footsteps here Below;  
To walk in Worth still brighter than the *Skies*,  
*There*; they contracted their Contempt of *Earth*;  
Of Hopes eternal kindled, *There*, the Fire;  
*There*, as in near Approach, they glow'd, and grew  
(Great Visitants!) more intimate with GOD,  
More worth to *Men*, more joyous to *Themselves*.  
Thro' *various Virtues*, they, with Ardor, ran,  
The *Zodiac* of their learn'd, illustrious Lives.

IN *Christian Hearts*, O for a *Pagan Zeal*!  
A *needful*, but *opprobrious* Pray'r! As much  
Our *Ardor* Less, as Greater is our *Light*.  
How monstrous This in *Morals*? Scarce more strange

M

Would

Would this *Phænomenon* in Nature strike,  
A *Sun*, that froze us, or a *Star*, that warm'd,

WHAT taught these Heroes of the Moral World?  
To These thou giv'st thy *Praise*, give *Credit* too.  
These Doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee;  
And *Pagan* Tutors are thy Taste.— They taught,  
*That*, Narrow Views betray to Misery.  
*That*, Wise it is to comprehend the Whole.  
*That*, *Virtue* rose from *Nature*, ponder'd well,  
The single Base of *Virtue* built to Heav'n.  
*That*, GOD, and *Nature*, our Attention claim.  
*That*, *Nature* is the Glass reflecting GOD,  
As, by the *Sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,  
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his Sphere.  
*That*, *Mind immortal*, loves *immortal* Aims.  
*That*, *boundless Mind* affects a *boundless Space*.  
*That*, Vast Surveys, and the Sublime of Things,  
The Soul assimilate, and make her Great.  
*That*, therefore, Heav'n her Glories, as a Fund  
Of Inspiration, thus spreads out to Man.  
*Such* are their Doctrines; *Such* the *Night* inspir'd.

AND what more true? What Truth of greater Weight?  
The Soul of Man was made to walk the Skies;  
Delightful Outlet of her Prison *Here*!

*There*,



*There*, disincumber'd from her Chains, the Ties  
Of Toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;  
*There*, freely can respire, dilate, extend,  
In full Proportion let loose all her Pow'rs;  
And, *undeluded*, grasp at something Great.  
Nor, as a Stranger, does she wander *There*;  
But, wonderful *Herself*, thro' Wonder strays;  
Contemplating *their* Grandeur, finds *her own*;  
Dives deep in their Economy divine,  
Sits high in Judgment on their various Laws,  
And, like a Master, judges not amiss.  
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the Soul  
Grows conscious of her Birth celestial; breathes  
More Life, more Vigour, in her native Air;  
And feels herself *at home* among the Stars;  
And, feeling, emulates her Country's Praise.

WHAT call we, then, the Firmament, LORENZO?—  
As *Earth* the Body, since, the *Skies* sustain  
The Soul with Food, that gives immortal Life,  
Call it, The noble Pasture of the *Mind*;  
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,  
And riots thro' the Luxuries of Thought.  
Call it, The Garden of the DEITY,  
Blossom'd with Stars, redundant in the Growth  
Of Fruit ambrosial; *moral* Fruit to Man.

180     *The* CONSOLATION:

*Call it*, The Breast-plate of the true High-Priest,  
 Ardent with Gems oracular, that give,  
 In Points of highest Moment, right Response;  
 And ill-neglected, if we prize our Peace.

Thus, have we found a *true* Astrology;  
 Thus, have we found a new, and noble Sense,  
 In which *alone* Stars govern human Fates.  
 O that the *Stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall  
 Bloodshed, and Havock, on embattled Realms,  
 And rescu'd *Monarchs* from so black a Guilt!  
 BOURBON! this Wish how gen'rous in a Foe?  
 Wouldst thou be Great, wouldst thou become a God,  
 And stick thy deathless Name among the Stars,  
 For mighty Conquests on a Needle's Point?  
 Instead of forging Chains for *Foreigners*,  
*Bastile* thy *Tutor*: Grandeur All thy Aim?  
 As yet thou know'st not what it is: How Great,  
 How Glorious, *then*, appears the *Mind* of Man,  
 When in it All the Stars, and Planets, roll?  
 And what it *seems*, it *is*: Great Objects make  
 Great Minds, enlarging as their Views enlarge;  
*Those* still more Godlike, as *These* more Divine.

AND *more* divine than *These*, thou canst not see.  
 Dazled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious Draught

Of

Of miscellaneous Splendors, how I reel  
From Thought to Thought, inebriate, without End?  
An *Eden*, This! a *PARADISE* *unlost*!  
I meet the *DEITY* in ev'ry View,  
And tremble at my Nakedness before Him!  
O that I could but reach the *Tree of Life*!  
For *Here* it grows, unguarded from our Taste;  
No *Flaming-Sword* denies our Entrance *Here*;  
Would Man but gather, he might *live for ever*.

LORENZO! much of *Moral* hast thou seen.  
Of curious Arts art thou more fond? Then mark  
The *Mathematic* Glories of the Skies,  
In Number, Weight, and Measure, All ordain'd.  
LORENZO's boasted Builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,  
Are left to finish his aerial Tow'rs;  
*Wisdom*, and *Choice*, their well-known Characters  
*Here* deep-impress; and claim it for their Own.  
Tho' splendid All, no Splendor void of Use;  
Use rivals *Beauty*; *Art* contends with *Pow'r*;  
No wanton Waste, amid effuse Expence;  
The Great *ŒCONOMIST* adjusting All  
To prudent Pomp, magnificently Wise.  
How rich the Prospect! and for ever new!  
And *newest* to the Man that views it *most*;  
For Newer still in Infinite succeeds.

Then, These aerial Racers, O how Swift!  
 How the Shaft *loiters* from the strongest String!  
*Spirit* Alone can distance the Career.  
 Orb above Orb ascending without End!  
 Circle in Circle, without End, inclos'd!  
 Wheel within Wheel, EZEKIEL! like to Thine!  
 Like Thine, it seems a Vision, or a Dream;  
 Tho' *seen*, we labour to believe it *true*!  
 What Involution! What Extent! What Swarms  
 Of Worlds, that laugh at *Earth*! immensely Great!  
 Immensely distant from each other's Spheres!  
 What then, the wond'rous *Space* thro' which they roll?  
 At once it quite ingulphs all human Thought;  
 'Tis Comprehension's absolute Defeat.

NOR think thou see'st a wild Disorder here;  
 Thro' this illustrious Chaos to the Sight,  
 Arrangement neat, and chastest Order, reign.  
 The Path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,  
 Upbraids the lawless Sallies of Mankind.  
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;  
 What Knots are ty'd? How soon are they dissolv'd,  
 And set the seeming marry'd Planets free?  
 They rove for ever, without Error rove;  
 Confusion unconfus'd! Nor less admire  
 This Tumult untumultuous; All on Wing,

In



In Motion, All! yet what profound Répose?  
What fervid Action, yet no Noise! as aw'd  
To Silence, by the Presence of their LORD;  
Or hush'd, by *His* Command, in Love to Man,  
And bid let fall soft Beams on human Rest,  
Restless themselves. On yon coerulean Plain,  
In Exultation to *Their* GOD, and *Thine*,  
They dance, they sing eternal Jubilee,  
Eternal Celebration of *His* Praise.  
But, since their *Song* arrives not at our Ear,  
Their *Dance* perplex'd exhibits to the Sight  
Fair *Hieroglyphic* of *His* peerless Power.  
Mark, how the *Labyrinthian* Turns they take,  
The Circles intricate, and mystic Maze,  
Weave the grand Cypher of *Omnipotence*;  
To *Gods*, how Great! how Legible to *Man*!

LEAVES so much Wonder greater Wonder still?  
Where are the Pillars that support the Skies?  
What More than *Atlantean* Shoulder props  
Th' incumbent Load? What Magic, what strange Art,  
In fluid Air these pond'rous Orbs sustains?  
Who would not think them hung in golden Chains?—  
And so they are; in the high Will of Heav'n,  
Which fixes All; makes Adamant of Air,

Or Air of Adamant; makes All of Nought,  
Or Nought of All; if *such* the dread Decree.

IMAGINE from their deep Foundations torn  
The most gigantic Sons of Earth, the broad  
And tow'ring *Alps*, all roft into the Sea;  
And, light as Down, or volatile as Air,  
Their Bulks enormous dancing on the Waves,  
In Time, and Measure, exquisite; while all  
The Winds, in Emulation of the Spheres,  
Tune their sonorous Instruments aloft;  
The Concert swell, and animate the Ball.  
Would this appear amazing? What, then, Worlds,  
In a far thinner Element sustain'd,  
And acting the same Part, with greater Skill,  
More rapid Movement, and for noblest *Ends*?

MORE *obvious* Ends to pass, are not these Stars  
The Seats Majestic, proud imperial Thrones,  
On which angelic Delegates of Heav'n,  
At certain Periods, as the SOV'REIGN nods,  
Discharge high Trusts of *Vengeance*, or of *Love*;  
To cloathe, in outward Grandeur, Grand Design,  
And Acts most Solemn still more solemnize?

YE Citizens of Air! what ardent Thanks,  
 What full Effusion of the grateful Heart,  
 Is due from Man indulg'd in such a Sight!  
 A Sight so noble! and a Sight so Kind!  
 It drops *new Truths* at ev'ry *new Survey*!  
 Feels not LORENZO Something stir within,  
 That sweeps away all Period? As These Spheres  
*Measure* Duration, they no less inspire  
 The Godlike Hope of Ages without End.  
 The boundless *Space*, thro' which these Rovers take  
 Their restless Roam, suggests the Sister-Thought  
 Of boundless *Time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* Skill,  
 To Man un-labour'd, that important Guest  
 ETERNITY, finds Entrance at the *Sight*:  
 And an *Eternity*, for Man ordain'd,  
 Or These his destin'd Midnight Counsellors,  
 The *Stars*, had never whisper'd it to Man.  
 NATURE *informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her Sons.  
 Could she then kindle the most ardent Wish  
 To *disappoint* it?— That is Blasphemy.  
 Thus, of thy Creed a Second Article,  
 Momentous, as th' Existence of a GOD,  
 Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought;  
 And thou may'st read thy *Soul immortal*, Here.

HERE,

HERE, then, LORENZO! on these Glories dwell;  
 Nor want the gilt, illuminated, Roof,  
 That calls the wretched *Gay* to dark Delights.  
*Assemblées*?— This is one divinely bright;  
 Here, un-endanger'd in Health, Wealth, or Fame,  
 Range thro' the fairest, and the SULTAN SCORN.  
 He, wise as *Thou*, no *Crescent* holds so fair,  
 As That, which on his Turbant awes a World;  
 And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy Him.  
 Look on her, and gain more than Worlds can give,  
 A Mind superior to the Charms of *Pow'r*.  
 Thou muffled in Delusions of this Life!  
 Can yonder *Moon* turn Ocean in his Bed,  
 From Side to Side, in constant Ebb, and Flow,  
 And purify from Stench his watry Realms?  
 And fails her *moral* Influence? Wants she *Pow'r*  
 To turn LORENZO's stubborn Tide of Thought  
 From stagnating on *Earth's* infected Shore,  
 And purge from Nuisance his corrupted Heart?  
 Fails her Attraction when it draws to Heav'n?  
 Nay, and to what thou valu'st more, *Earth's* Joy?  
 Minds elevate, and panting for *Unseen*,  
 And defecate from *Sense*, alone obtain  
 Full Relish of Existence un-deflower'd,  
 The *Life* of Life, the *Zest* of worldly Bliss.



All else on Earth amounts—to what? To *This*,  
“BAD to be *Suffer'd*; BLESSINGS to be *Left* :”  
Earth's richest Inventory boasts no more.

Of higher Scenes be, then, the Call obey'd.  
O let me gaze!—Of Gazing there's no End.  
O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd *here* ;  
In Mid-way Flight Imagination tires ;  
Yet soon re-prunes her Wing to soar anew,  
Her Point unable to forbear, or gain ;  
So *great* the Pleasure, so *profound* the Plan !  
A Banquet, This, where Men, and Angels, meet,  
Eat the same *Manna*, mingle Earth, and Heav'n.  
How distant some of these nocturnal Suns !  
So distant (says the Sage), 'twere not absurd  
To doubt, if Beams, set out at *Nature's* Birth,  
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign World ;  
Tho' nothing half so rapid as their Flight.  
An Eye of Awe and Wonder let me roll,  
And roll *for ever* : Who can satiate Sight  
In *such* a Scene ! in such an Ocean wide  
Of deep Astonishment ? Where Depth, Height, Breadth,  
Are lost in their Extremes ; and where to count  
The thick-sown Glories in this Field of Fire,  
Perhaps a *Seraph's* Computation fails.  
Now, go, *Ambition* ! boast thy boundless Might

In

In Conquest, o'er the Tenth Part of a Grain.

AND yet LORENZO calls for Miracles,  
 To give his tott'ring Faith a solid Base.  
 Why call for Less than is *already* thine?  
 Thou art no Novice in Theology;  
 What is a *Miracle*?—'Tis a Reproach,  
 'Tis an implicit Satire, on Mankind;  
 And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too.  
 To Common-Sense, Great *Nature's* Course proclaims  
 A DEITY: When Mankind falls asleep,  
 A *Miracle* is sent, as an Alarm,  
 To wake the World, and prove *Him* o'er again,  
 By *recent* Argument, but not more *strong*.  
 Say, Which imports more Plenitude of Power,  
 Or Nature's Laws to *fix*, or to *repeal*?  
 To *make* a Sun, or *stop* his Mid-Career?  
 To countermand his Orders, and send back  
 The flaming Courier to the frightened *East*  
 Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his Ev'ning Ray;  
 Or bid the *Moon*, as with her Journey tir'd,  
 In *Ajalon's* soft, flow'ry, Vale repose?  
 Great Things are These; still Greater, to *create*.  
 From ADAM'S Bow'r look down thro' the whole Train  
 Of Miracles;—Resistless is their Power?  
 They do not, *can* not, more amaze the Mind,  
 Than

Than This, *call'd* un-miraculous Survey,  
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* seen,  
If seen with *human* Eyes. The *Brute*, indeed,  
Sees nought but *Spangles* here; the *Fool*, no more.  
Say'st thou, "The Course of *Nature* governs All?"  
The *Course* of *Nature* is the *Art* of GOD.  
The Miracles thou call'st for, *This* attest;  
For say, Could *Nature* *Nature's* Course controul?

BUT, Miracles apart, who sees HIM not,  
*Nature's* CONTROULER, AUTHOR, GUIDE, and END?  
Who turns his Eye on *Nature's* Midnight-Face,  
But must inquire—"What Hand behind the Scene,  
"What Arm Almighty, put these wheeling Globes  
"In Motion, and wound up the vast Machine?  
"Who rounded in his Palm these spacious Orbs?  
"Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark Profound,  
"Num'rous as glitt'ring Gems of Morning-Dew,  
"Or Sparks from populous Cities in a Blaze,  
"And set the Bosom of *Old Night* on Fire?  
"Peopled her Desert, and made Horror *smile*?"  
Or, if the Military Stile delights thee,  
(For Stars have fought their Battles, leagu'd with Man)  
"Who marshals this bright Host? Enroll's their Names?  
"Appoints their Posts, their Marches, and Returns,  
"Punctual at stated Periods? Who disbands  
"These

" These Vet'ran Troops, their final Duty done,  
 " If e'er disbanded ?"—HE, whose potent Word,  
 Like the loud Trumpet, levy'd first their Powers  
 In *Night's* inglorious Empire, where they slept  
 In Beds of Darkness ; arm'd them with fierce Flames,  
 Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloath'd in Gold ;  
 And call'd them out of *Chaos* to the Field,  
 Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief*.  
 O let us join This Army ! Joining These,  
 Will give us Hearts intrepid, at That Hour,  
 When *brighter* Flames shall cut a *darker* Night ;  
 When these strong Demonstrations of a GOD  
 Shall hide their Heads, or tumble from their Spheres,  
 And One *eternal* Curtain cover All !

STRUCK at *that* Thought, as new-awak'd, I lift  
 A more enlighten'd Eye, and read the Stars  
 To Man still more propitious ; and their Aid  
 (Tho' guiltless of Idolatry) implore ;  
 Nor longer rob them of their noblest Name.  
 O ye *Dividers of my Time* ! Ye bright  
 Accomptants of my Days, and Months, and Years,  
 In your fair Kalendar distinctly mark'd !  
 Since that authentic, radiant Register,  
 Tho' Man inspects it not, stands good against him ;  
 Since *You*, and Years, roll on, tho' Man stands still ;  
 Teach me my Days to number, and apply

My



My trembling Heart to *Wisdom*; now beyond  
All Shadows of Excuse for fooling on.  
*Age* smoothes our Path to Prudence; sweeps aside  
The Snares, keen *Appetite*, and *Passion*, spread  
To catch stray Souls; and, Woe to That grey Head,  
Whose *Folly* would undo, what *Age* has done!  
Aid, then, aid, All ye Stars!—Much rather, THOU,  
Great ARTIST! THOU, whose Finger set aright  
This exquisite *Machine*, with all its *Wheels*,  
Tho' intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out  
Life's rapid, and irrevocable, Flight,  
With such an *Index* fair, as none can miss,  
Who lifts an Eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.  
Open *mine* Eye, Dread DEITY! to read  
The tacit Doctrine of thy Works; to see  
Things as they *are*, un-alter'd thro' the Glass  
Of worldly Wishes. *Time*, *Eternity*!  
( 'Tis These, mis-measur'd, ruins all Mankind)  
Set them before me; let me lay them Both  
In equal Scale, and learn their various Weight.  
Let *Time* appear a *Moment*, as it is;  
And let *Eternity*'s full Orb, at once,  
Turn on my Soul, and strike it into Heav'n.  
When shall I see far more than charms me Now?  
Gaze on Creation's Model in *Thy* Breast  
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the Transcript more?

When, This vile, foreign, Dust, which smothers All  
 That travel *Earth's* deep Vale, shall I shake off?  
 When shall my Soul her Incarnation quit,  
 And, re-adopted to Thy blest Embrace,  
 Obtain her *Apotheosis* in THEE?

Dost think, LORENZO! this is wand'ring wide?  
 No, 'tis directly striking at the Mark;  
 To wake thy *dead Devotion* \* was my Point;  
 And how I blest *Night's* consecrating Shades,  
 Which to a *Temple* turn an *Universe*;  
 Fill us with great Ideas, full of Heav'n,  
 And antidote the pestilential Earth?  
 In ev'ry Storm, that either frowns, or falls,  
 What an Asylum has the Soul in Pray'r?  
 And what a Fane is *This*, in which to pray?  
 And what a GOD must dwell in such a Fane?  
 O what a Genius must inform the Skies?  
 And is LORENZO's Salamander-Heart  
 Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred Fires?  
 O ye nocturnal Sparks! Ye glowing Embers,  
 On Heav'n's broad Hearth! Who burn, or burn no more,  
 Who blaze, or die, as Great JEHOVAH's Breath  
 Or blows you, or forbears; assist my Song;  
 Pour your whole Influence; exorcize his Heart,

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So long possess'd; and bring him back to *Man*.

AND IS LORENZO a Demurrer *still*?  
*Pride* in thy Parts provokes thee to contest  
*Truths*, which, contested, put thy *Parts* to Shame.  
 Nor shame they more LORENZO's *Head*, than *Heart*;  
 A *faithless* Heart, how despicably Small?  
 Too Streight, aught Great, or Gen'rous, to receive!  
 Fill'd with an Atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with *Self*!  
 And Self mistaken! Self, that lasts an Hour!  
*Instincts* and *Passions*, of the nobler Kind,  
 Lie suffocated There; or *They* alone,  
*Reason* apart, would wake High Hope; and open,  
 To ravish'd Thought, that *Intellectual* Sphere,  
 Where *Order*, *Wisdom*, *Goodness*, *Providence*,  
 Their endless Miracles of Love display,  
 And promise All the truly Great desire.  
 The Mind that would be *happy*, must be *great*;  
 Great, in its *Wishes*; Great, in its *Surveys*.  
 Extended Views a narrow Mind extend;  
 Push out its corrugate, expansive Make,  
 Which, ere-long, *more* than Planets shall embrace.  
 A Man of *Compass* makes a Man of *Worth*;  
*Divine* contemplate, and become *Divine*.

As Man was made for Glory, and for Bliss,

All Littleness is in Approach to Woe;  
 Open thy Bosom, set thy Wishes wide,  
 And let in *Manhood*; let in *Happiness*;  
 Admit the boundless Theatre of Thought  
 From Nothing, up to GOD; which makes a *Man*.  
 Take GOD from *Nature*, nothing Great is left;  
 Man's Mind is in a Pit, and nothing sees;  
 Man's Heart is in a Jakes, and loves the Mire.  
 Emerge from thy Profound; erect thine Eye;  
 See thy Distress! How close art thou besieg'd!  
 Besieg'd by *Nature*, the proud Sceptic's Foe!  
 Inclos'd by these innumerable Worlds,  
 Sparkling Conviction on the darkest Mind,  
 As in a golden Net of PROVIDENCE,  
 How art thou caught, sure Captive of Belief?  
 From this thy blest Captivity, what Art,  
 What Blasphemy to Reason, sets thee free?  
 This Scene is Heav'n's indulgent Violence:  
 Canst thou bear up against this Tide of Glory?  
 What is Earth bosom'd in these ambient Orbs,  
 But, Faith in GOD impos'd, and press'd on Man?  
 Dar'st thou still litigate thy desp'rate *Cause*,  
 Spite of these num'rous, awful, *Witnesses*,  
 And doubt the *Deposition*, of the Skies?  
 O how laborious is thy Way to Ruin?

LABORIOUS?



LABORIOUS? 'Tis *impracticable* quite;  
 To sink beyond a *Doubt*, in this Debate,  
 With all his Weight of Wisdom, and of Will,  
 And Crime flagitious, I defy a Fool.  
*Some wish they did, but no Man disbelieves.*  
 GOD is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot strike  
 These gross, material, Organs; GOD by Man  
 As much is seen, as *Man* a GOD can see,  
 In these astonishing Exploits of Power.  
 What Order, Beauty, Motion, Distance, Size!  
 Concertion of Design, how exquisite!  
 How complicate, in their divine Police!  
 Apt Means! Great Ends! Consent to gen'ral Good!--  
 Each Attribute of these *material* Gods,  
 So long (and that with specious Pleas) ador'd,  
 A sep'rate Conquest gains o'er Rebel Thought;  
 And leads in Triumph the whole Mind of Man.

LORENZO! This may seem *Harangue* to Thee;  
 Such All is apt to seem, that thwarts our Will.  
 And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* Proof  
 Of this great Master-Moral of the Skies,  
 Unskill'd, or dis-inclin'd, to read it *there*?  
 Since 'tis the Basis, and All drops without it,  
 Take it, in One compact, unbroken Chain.  
*Such* Proof insists on an attentive Ear;  
 'Twill not make One amid a Mob of Thoughts,

And, for thy Notice, struggle with the World.

*Retire;—The World shut out;—Thy Thoughts call  
Home;—*

*Imagination's airy Wing* repress ; —

Lock up thy *Senses*;—Let no *Passion* stir;—

Wake all to *Reason* ; Let *her* reign alone ;—

Then, in thy *Soul's* deep Silence, and the Depth

Of *Nature's* Silence, Midnight, thus inquire,

As *I* have done; and shall inquire no more.

In Nature's Chanel, thus the Questions run.

“ WHAT am I ? and from *Whence* ?—I nothing know,

“ But that I *am*; and, since I *am*, conclude

“ Something *Eternal*: Had there e’er been *Nought*,

“ *Nought* still had been: *Eternal* there *must* be.—

“ But *What* Eternal?—Why not *Human Race*?

“ And ADAM's Ancestors without an End?—

“ That’s hard to be conceiv’d ; since ev’ry Link

“ Of that long-chain'd Succession is so frail;

“ Can ev’ry *Part* depend, and not the *Whole*?

“ Yet grant it True; *new* Difficulties rise ;

“ I'm still quite out at Sea ; nor see the Shore.

“ Whence *Earth*, and these bright *Orbs*?--*Eternal* too?—

“ Grant *Matter* was Eternal ; still these *Orbs*

“ Would want some Other Father ;—Much Design

“ Is seen in all their *Motions*, all their *Makes* ;

“ *Design*

- “ *Design* implies *Intelligence*, and *Art* :  
“ *That* can’t be from *Themselves*—or *Man* ; *That* *Art*  
“ *Man* scarce can comprehend, could *Man* bestow ?  
“ And nothing Greater, yet allow’d, than *Man*.—  
“ Who, *Motion*, foreign to the smallest Grain,  
“ Shot thro’ vast *Masses* of enormous *Weight* ?  
“ Who bid brute *Matter*’s restive Lump assume  
“ Such various *Forms*, and gave it *Wings* to fly ?  
“ Has *Matter* *innate* *Motion* ? Then each *Atom*,  
“ Asserting its indisputable *Right*  
“ To dance, would form an *Universe* of *Dust* :  
“ Has *Matter* *none* ? Then whence these glorious *Forms*,  
“ And boundless *Flights*, from *Shapeless*, and *Repos’d* ?  
“ Has *Matter* *more* than *Motion* ? Has it *Thought*,  
“ *Judgment*, and *Genius* ? Is it deeply learn’d  
“ In *Mathematics* ? Has it fram’d *such* *Laws*,  
“ Which, but to *guess*, a *NEWTON* made immortal ?—  
“ If so, how each *sage* *Atom* laughs at *me*,  
“ Who think a *Clod* inferior to a *Man* !  
“ If *Art*, to form ; and *Counsel*, to conduct ;  
“ And *That* with greater far, than *Human* *Skill*,  
“ *Resides* not in each *Block* ;—a *GODHEAD* reigns.--  
“ Grant, then, *Invisible*, *Eternal*, *MIND* ;  
“ *That* granted, *All* is solv’d.—But, granting *That*,  
“ Draw I not o’er me a still darker *Cloud* ?  
“ Grant I not *That* which I can ne’er conceive ?

198      *The* CONSOLATION:

“ A Being without Origin, or End!—  
 “ Hail, Human Liberty! There is no GOD—  
 “ Yet, Why? On either Scheme that Knot subsists;  
 “ Subsist it *must*, in GOD, or *Human Race*;  
 “ If in the Last, how many Knots beside,  
 “ Indissoluble All?—Why choose it *There*,  
 “ Where, chosen, still subsist Ten thousand more?  
 “ Reject it; where, *That* chosen, all the Rest  
 “ Dispers’d, leave *Reason’s* whole Horizon clear?  
 “ This is not Reason’s Dictate; *Reason* says,  
 “ Close with the Side where *One* Grain turns the Scale;  
 “ What vast Preponderance is Here? Can Reason  
 “ With louder Voice exclaim—*Believe a GOD*?  
 “ And *Reason* heard, is the sole Mark of Man.  
 “ What Things Impossible must Man think True,  
 “ On any other System? And how strange  
 “ To *Disbelieve*, through mere Credulity?”

If, in this Chain, LORENZO finds no Flaw,  
 Let it for ever bind him to *Belief*.  
 And where the Link, in which a Flaw he finds?—  
 And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how Great?  
 How Great that Pow’r, whose providential Care  
 Thro’ these bright Orbs dark Centres darts a Ray?  
 Of *Nature* universal threads the Whole?  
 And hangs *Creation*, like a precious Gem,

Tho’



Tho' Little, on the Footstool of His Throne?

THAT Little Gem, how Large? A Weight let fall  
From a fixt Star; in Ages can it reach  
This distant *Earth*? Say, then, LORENZO! where,  
Where, ends this mighty Building? Where, begin  
The Suburbs of Creation? Where, the Wall  
Whose Battlements look o'er into the Vale  
Of Non-Existence? NOTHING's strange Abode!  
Say, at what Point of Space JEHOVAH dropp'd  
His slacken'd *Line*, and laid His *Balance* by;  
Weigh'd *Worlds*, and measur'd *Infinite*, no more?  
Where, rears His *terminating Pillar* high  
Its extra-mundane Head? and says, to Gods,  
In Characters illustrious as the Sun,

*I stand, the Plan's proud Period; I pronounce  
The Work accomplish'd; the Creation clos'd:  
Shout, all ye Gods! nor shout, ye Gods alone;  
Of all that lives, or, if devoid of Life,  
That rests, or rolls, ye Heights, and Depths, resound!  
Resound! resound! ye Depths, and Heights, resound!*

HARD are those Questions?—Answer, *harder* still.  
Is *This* the Sole Exploit, the Single Birth,  
The Solitary Son, of Pow'r Divine?  
Or, has th' Almighty FATHER, with a Breath,

Impregnated the Womb of distant Space?  
 Has *He* not bid, in various Provinces,  
 Brother-Creations the dark Bowels burst  
 Of *Night* primæval; barren, now, no more?  
 And *He* the central Sun, transpiercing all  
 Those *Giant-Generations*, which disport,  
 And dance, as *Motes*, in His Meridian Ray;  
 That Ray withdrawn, Benighted, or Absorb'd,  
 In that *Abyss of Horror*, whence they sprung;  
 While *Chaos* triumphs, repossess't of All  
 Rival *Creation* ravish'd from his Throne?  
 CHAOS! of *Nature* both the Womb, and Grave!

THINK'ST thou, my Scheme, LORENZO! spreads too  
 wide?

Is This *extravagant*?—No; This is *just*;  
 Just, in *Conjecture*, tho' 'twere false in *Fact*.  
 If 'tis an Error, 'tis an Error sprung  
 From noble Root, High Thought of the MOST-  
 HIGH.

But wherefore Error? Who can prove it Such?—

He that can set OMNIPOTENCE a Bound.  
 Can Man *conceive* beyond what God can *do*?  
 Nothing, but *Quite-Impossible*, is *Hard*.  
 He summons into Being, with like Ease,  
 A Whole *Creation*, and a single Grain.

Speaks

Speaks He the Word? a Thousand Worlds are born!—  
 A Thousand Worlds? There's Space for Millions more;  
 And in what Space can his great *Fiat* fail?  
 Condemn me not, cold Critic! but indulge  
 The warm *Imagination*: Why condemn?  
 Why not indulge Such Thoughts, as swell our Hearts  
 With fuller Admiration of *That Power*,  
 Who gives our Hearts with such high Thoughts to swell?  
 Why not indulge in *His* augmented Praise?  
 Darts not *His* Glory a still brighter Ray,  
 The less is left to *Chaos*, and the Realms  
 Of hideous *Night*, where *Fancy* strays aghast;  
 And, tho' most *talkative*, makes no *Report*?

STILL seems my Thought enormous? Think again;—  
*Experience*-Self shall aid thy lame Belief.  
*Glasses* (that Revelation to the Sight!)  
 Have they not led us deep in the Disclose  
 Of fine-spun *Nature*, exquisitely *Small*;  
 And, tho' *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd*?  
 If, then, on the Reverse, the Mind would mount  
 In *Magnitude*, what Mind can mount too far,  
 To keep the Balance, and Creation *poise*?  
*Defect* alone can err on such a Theme;  
 What is too Great, if we the *Cause* survey?  
 Stupendous ARCHITECT! THOU, THOU art All!

My

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My Soul flies up and down in Thoughts of THEE,  
And finds herself but at the Centre still!  
I AM, Thy Name! *Existence*, all *Thine own*!  
*Creation's* Nothing; flatter'd *much*, if sty'd  
“ *The thin, the fleeting Atmosphere of GOD.*”

O FOR the Voice--of What? of Whom?--What Voice  
Can answer to my Wants, in *such* Ascent,  
As dares to deem One Universe too small?  
Tell me, LORENZO! (for now *Fancy* glows,  
Fir'd in the Vortex of Almighty Power)  
Is not this Home-Creation, in the Map  
Of universal *Nature*, as a Speck,  
Like fair BRITANNIA in our little Ball;  
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its Size,  
But, elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far outshone?  
In *Fancy* (for the *Fact* beyond us lies)  
Canst thou not figure it, an *Isle*, almost  
Too small for Notice, in the *Vast* of Being;  
Sever'd by mighty Seas of *un-built* Space,  
From other *Realms*; from ample *Continents*,  
Of higher Life, where nobler Natives dwell;  
Less *Northern*, less remote from DEITY,  
Glowing beneath the *Line* of the SUPREME,  
Where Souls in Excellence make Haste, put forth  
Luxuriant Growths; nor the late Autumn wait

OF



Of *Human* Worth, but ripen soon to Gods?

YET why drown *Fancy* in such Depths as these?  
 Return, presumptuous Rover! and confess,  
 The Bounds of Man; nor blame them, as too small.  
 Enjoy we not full Scope in what is *seen*?  
 Full ample the Dominions of the Sun!  
 Full glorious to behold! How far, how wide,  
 The matchless Monarch, from his flaming Throne,  
 Lavish of Lustre, throws his Beams about him,  
 Farther, and faster, than a Thought can fly,  
 And feeds his Planets with eternal Fires?  
 This *Heliopolis*, by Greater far,  
 Than the proud Tyrant of the *Nile*, was built;  
 And *He* alone, who built it, can destroy.  
 Beyond *this City*, why strays human Thought?  
 One Wonderful, enough for Man to know!  
 One Infinite, enough for Man to range!  
 One Firmament, enough for Man to read!  
 O what Voluminous Instruction Here?  
 What Page of Wisdom is deny'd him? None;  
 If learning his chief Lesson makes him Wise.  
 Nor is *Instruction*, Here, our only Gain;  
 There dwells a noble *Pathos* in the Skies,  
 Which warms our Passions, proselytes our Hearts.

How

How eloquently shines the glowing Pole!  
 With what Authority it gives its Charge,  
 Remonstrating great Truths in Style sublime,  
 Tho' Silent, Loud! heard Earth around; above  
 The Planets heard; and not unheard in Hell;  
*Hell* has her Wonder, tho' too proud to praise,  
 Is *Earth*, then, more Infernal? Has she Those,  
 Who neither *praise*, LORENZO! nor *admire*?

LORENZO's Admiration, pre-engag'd,  
 Ne'er ask'd the *Moon* One Question; never held  
 Least Correspondence with a single Star;  
 Ne'er rear'd an Altar to the *Queen of Heav'n*  
 Walking in Brightness; or her Train ador'd.  
 Their *sublunary* Rivals have long since  
 Engross'd his whole Devotion; *Stars* malign,  
 Which make their fond *Astronomer* run mad;  
 Darken his *Intellect*, corrupt his *Heart*;  
 Cause him to sacrifice his Fame and Peace  
 To momentary Madness, call'd Delight.  
 Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd  
 The lifted Hand to LUNA, or pour'd out  
 The Blood to Jove!—O THOU, to whom belongs  
*All* Sacrifice! O Thou Great Jove Unfeign'd!  
 DIVINE INSTRUCTOR! Thy *first* Volume, *This*,

For

For *Man's* Perusal; All in CAPITALS!  
 In *Moon*, and *Stars*, (Heav'n's golden Alphabet!)  
 Emblaz'd to seize the Sight; who *runs*, may *read*;  
 Who *reads*, can *understand*. 'Tis Unconfi'd  
 To *Christian* Land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,  
 In Language universal, to MANKIND:  
 A Language, Lofty to the Learn'd; yet Plain,  
 To Those that feed the Flock, or guide the Plough;  
 Or, from its Husk, strike out the bounding Grain.  
 A Language, worthy the GREAT MIND, that speaks!  
*Preface*, and *Comment*, to the *Sacred Page*!  
 Which oft refers its Reader to the Skies,  
 As pre-supposing his First Lesson *there*,  
 And Scripture-self a *Fragment*, *That* unread.  
 Stupendous Book of Wisdom, to the Wise!  
 Stupendous Book! and open'd, NIGHT! by Thee.

By Thee *much* open'd, I confess, O *Night*!  
 Yet *more* I wish; but *how* shall I prevail?  
 Say, gentle *Night*! whose modest, maiden Beams  
 Give us a *new* Creation, and present  
 The World's great Picture soften'd to the Sight;  
 Nay, Kinder far, far more Indulgent still,  
 Say, Thou, whose mild Dominion's Silver Key  
 Unlocks our Hemisphere, and sets to View  
 Worlds beyond Number; Worlds conceal'd by Day

Behind

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Behind the proud, and envious, Star of Noon!  
 Canst thou not draw a deeper Scene?— And shew  
 The Mighty POTENTATE, to whom belong  
 These rich *Regalia*, pompously display'd  
 To kindle that high Hope? Like Him of *Uz*,  
 I gaze around; I search on ev'ry Side—  
 O for a Glimpse of HIM my Soul adores!  
 As the chas'd Hart, amid the desert Waste,  
 Pants for the living Stream; for HIM who made her,  
 So pants the thirsty Soul, amid the Blank  
 Of sublunary Joys. Say, Goddess! Where?  
 Where, blazes *His* bright Court? Where, burns *His*  
       Throne?  
 Thou know'st; for Thou art near Him; by Thee,  
       round  
*His* grand Pavilion, sacred Fame report  
 The fable Curtains drawn. If not, can none  
 Of thy fair Daughter-Train, so swift of Wing,  
 Who travel far, discover where *He* dwells?  
 A *Star* His Dwelling pointed out *below*.  
 Ye *Pleiades*! *Arcturus*! *Mazeroth*!  
 And thou, *Orion*! of still keener Eye!  
 Say, ye, who guide the Wilder'd in the Waves,  
 And bring them out of Tempest into Port!  
 On which Hand must I bend my Course to find *Him*?  
 These Courtiers keep the Secret of their KING;



I wake whole Nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I WAKE; and, waking, climb *Night's* radiant Scale,  
From Sphere to Sphere; the Steps by Nature set  
For Man's Ascent; at once to *tempt*, and *aid*;  
To *tempt* his Eye, and *aid* his tow'ring Thought;  
Till it arrives at the *Great Goal* of all.

In ardent *Contemplation's* rapid Car,  
From *Earth*, as from my Barrier, I set out.  
How swift I mount? Diminish'd *Earth* recedes;  
I pass the *Moon*; and, from her further Side,  
Pierce Heav'n's blue Curtain; strike into *Remote*,  
Where, with his lifted Tube, the subtil Sage,  
His artificial, airy Journey takes,  
And to *Celestial* lengthens *Human* Sight.  
I pause at ev'ry *Planet* on my Road,  
And ask for HIM, who gives their Orbs to roll,  
Their Foreheads fair to shine. From SATURN's Ring,  
In which, of *Earths* an Army might be lost,  
With the bold *Comet*, take my bolder Flight,  
Amid those *sov'reign* Glories of the Skies,  
Of independent, native Lustre, proud,  
The Souls of Systems! and the Lords of Life,  
Thro' their wide Empires!—What behold I *now*?  
A Wilderness of Wonders burning round;

208      *The* CONSOLATION:

Where *larger* Suns inhabit *higher* Spheres;  
 Perhaps the *Villas* of descending Gods!  
 Nor halt I here; my Toil is but begun;  
 'Tis but the Threshold of the DEITY;  
 Or, far beneath it, I am groveling still.  
 Nor is it strange; I built on a Mistake;  
 The Grandeur of His Works, whence *Folly* sought  
 For Aid, to *Reason* sets his Glory higher;  
 Who built thus high for Worms (mere Worms to *Him*);  
 O where, LORENZO! must the BUILDER dwell?

PAUSE, then; and, for a Moment, here respire.—  
 If human Thought can keep its Station Here.  
 Where am I?—Where is *Earth*?—Nay, where art  
     Thou,  
 O *Sun*?—Is the Sun turn'd Recluse?—And are  
 His boasted Expeditions short to *Mine*?—  
 To *mine*, how short? On Nature's *Alps* I stand,  
 And see a Thousand Firmaments beneath!  
 A Thousand Systems! as a Thousand Grains!  
 So *much* a Stranger, and so *late* arriv'd,  
 How can Man's curious Spirit not inquire,  
 What are the Natives of this World sublime,  
 Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial Sphere,  
 Where Mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd?

- “ O YE, as distant from my little Home,  
“ As swiftest Sun-beams in an Age can fly!  
“ Far from my native Element I roam,  
“ In Quest of New, and Wonderful, to Man.  
“ What Province This, of *His* immense Domain,  
“ Whom All obeys? Or Mortals here, or Gods?  
“ Ye Borderers on the Coasts of Bliss! What are you?  
“ A Colony from Heav’n? Or, only rais’d,  
“ By frequent Visit from Heav’n’s neighbouring Realms,  
“ To secondary Gods, and half-divine?—  
“ Whate’er your Nature, *This* is past Dispute,  
“ Far other Life you live, far other Tongue  
“ You talk, far other Thought, perhaps, you think,  
“ Than Man. How various are the Works of God?  
“ But say, *What* Thought? Is *Reason* here inthron’d,  
“ And absolute? Or *Sense* in Arms against her?  
“ Have you *Two* Lights? Or need you no *reveal’d*?  
“ Enjoy your happy Realms their golden Age?  
“ And had Your EDEN an abstemious EVE?  
“ *Our* EVE’s fair Daughters prove their Pedigree,  
“ And ask their ADAMS—‘*Who would not be Wife?*’  
“ Or, if your Mother *fell*, are you *Redeem’d*?  
“ And if redeem’d—is your Redeemer *scorn’d*?  
“ Is This your final Residence? If not,  
“ Change you your Scene, *Translated*? Or, by *Death*?  
“ And if by *Death*; *What* Death?—Know you *Disease*?

" Or horrid *War*?—With War, This fatal Hour,

"EUROPA groans (so call we a small Field,

"Where Kings run mad). In *Our* World, DEATH

“ deputes

“ *Intemperance* to do the Work of *Age*;

“ And, hanging up the Quiver *Nature* gave him,

“ As flow of Execution, for Dispatch

" Sends forth *Imperial* Butchers ; bids them slay

**“ Their Sheep (the silly Sheep they fleec’d before),**

“ And tofs him twice Ten thousand at a Meal.

“ Sit all *your* Executioners on Thrones ?

“ With *you*, can Rage for Plunder make a God ?

“ *And Bloodshed* wash out ev’ry other Stain?—

**“ But You, perhaps, can’t bleed : From Matter gross**

"Your *Spirits* clean, are delicately clad

“ In fine-spun Æther ; Privileg'd to soar,

“ Unloaded, uninfected ; How unlike

**" The Lot of Man? How few of human Race**

"By their own *Mud* unmurder'd? How we wage

“ Self-War eternal?—Is your painful Day

“ Of hardy Conflict o’er? Or, are you still

## “ Raw Candidates at School? And have you Those

“ Who disaffect *Reversions*, as with *Us*?—

" But what are *We*? You never heard of *Man*,

“ Or *Earth* ; the *Bedlam* of the Universe !

“ Where *Reason* (un-diseas'd with You) runs mad,

" And



- “ And nurses *Folly’s* Children as *her own*;  
 “ Fond of the Foulest. In the sacred Mount  
 “ Of *Holiness*, where Reason is pronounc’d  
 “ *Infallible*; and *thunders*, like a God;  
 “ Even *there*, by *Saints*, the *Demons* are outdone;  
 “ What *These* think Wrong, our *Saints* refine to Right;  
 “ And kindly teach *dull Hell* her own black Arts;  
 “ SATAN, instructed, o’er their *Morals* smiles.—  
 “ But *This*, how strange to You, who know not *Man*?  
 “ Has the least Rumour of our Race arriv’d?  
 “ Call’d *here* ELIJAH, in his flaming Car?  
 “ Past by you the good ENOCH, on his Road  
 “ To Those fair Fields, whence LUCIFER was hurl’d;  
 “ Who brush’d, perhaps, your Sphere, in his Descent,  
 “ Stain’d your pure Crystal Æther, or let fall  
 “ A short Eclipse from his portentous Shade?  
 “ O! that the Fiend had lodg’d on some broad Orb  
 “ Athwart his Way; nor reach’d his present Home,  
 “ Then blacken’d *Earth* with Footsteps foul’d in Hell,  
 “ Nor wash’d in *Ocean*, as from *ROME* he past  
 “ To *BRITAIN’s* Isle; *too, too*, conspicuous *There!*”

BUT This is all Digression: Where is HE,  
 That o’er Heav’n’s Battlements the Felon hurl’d  
 To Groans, and Chains, and Darknes? Where is HE,  
 Who sees Creation’s Summit in a Vale?

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HE, Whom, while Man is *Man*, he can't but seek;  
 And if he finds, commences *more* than Man?  
 O for a Telescope His Throne to reach!  
 Tell me, ye Learn'd on *Earth*! or Blest *Above*!  
 Ye searching, ye *Newtonian*, Angels! tell,  
 Where, your Great MASTER's Orb? His Planets, where?  
 Those *conscious* Satellites, those *Morning-Stars*,  
 First-born of DEITY! from Central Love,  
 By Veneration most profound, thrown off;  
 By sweet Attraction, no less strongly drawn;  
*Aw'd*, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *serene*;  
 Past Thought, illustrious, but with borrow'd Beams;  
 In still *approaching* Circles, still *remote*,  
 Revolving round the Sun's eternal SIRE?  
 Or sent, in Lines direct, on Embassies  
 To Nations—in what Latitude?—Beyond  
 Terrestrial Thought's Horizon!—And on what  
 High Errands sent?—Here *human* Effort ends;  
 And leaves me still a Stranger to *His* Throne.

FULL well it might! I quite mistook my Road,  
 Born in an Age more Curious, than Devout;  
 More fond to fix the *Place* of Heav'n, or Hell,  
 Than studious *this* to shun, or *that* secure.  
 'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* Path,  
 That leads me to my Point: LORENZO! know,

Without

Without or *Star*, or *Angel*, for their Guide,  
Who worship GOD, shall find *Him*. Humble *Love*,  
And not proud *Reason*, keeps the Door of Heav'n;  
*Love* finds Admission, where proud *Science* fails.  
Man's Science is the Culture of his Heart;  
And not to lose his Plumbet in the Depths  
Of *Nature*, or the more Profound of GOD.  
Either to know, is an Attempt that sets  
The Wisest on a Level with the Fool.  
To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *Here*!)  
Past Doubt, is deep Philosophy *Above*;  
Higher Degrees in Bliss Archangels take,  
As deeper learn'd; the Deepest, learning still.  
For, what a *Thunder* of Omnipotence  
(So might I dare to speak) is *seen* in All?  
In *Man*! In *Earth*! In more amazing *Skies*!  
Teaching this Lesson, *Pride* is loth to learn—  
“ Not *deeply* to *Discern*, not *much* to *Know*,  
“ Mankind was born to WONDER, and ADORE.”

AND is there Cause for higher *Wonder* still,  
Than that which struck us from our past Surveys?  
Yes; and for deeper *Adoration* too.  
From my late airy Travel unconfin'd,  
Have I learn'd nothing? — Yes, LORENZO! This;  
Each of these Stars is a Religious House;

214      *The* CONSOLATION:

I saw their Altars smoke, their Incense rise,  
 And heard *Hosannas* ring through ev'ry Sphere,  
 A Seminary fraught with future Gods.  
*Nature* all o'er is *consecrated* Ground,  
 Teeming with Growths Immortal, and Divine.  
 The Great PROPRIETOR's all-bounteous Hand  
 Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery Fields  
 With Seeds of *Reason*, which to *Virtues* rise,  
 Beneath *His* genial Ray; and, if escap'd  
 The pestilential Blasts of stubborn *Will*,  
 When grown mature, are gather'd for the Skies.  
 And is *Devotion* thought too much on *Earth*,  
 When Beings, so Superior, Homage *boast*,  
 And *triumph* in Prostrations to THE THRONE?

BUT wherefore more of Planets, or of Stars?  
 Æthereal Journeys, and, discover'd there,  
 Ten thousand Worlds, Ten thousand Ways devout?  
 All *Nature* sending Incense to THE THRONE,  
 Except the bold LORENZO's of Our Sphere?  
 Op'ning the solemn Sources of my Soul,  
 Since I have pour'd, like feign'd ERIDANUS,  
 My flowing Numbers o'er the flaming Skies,  
 Nor see, of *Fancy*, or of *Faith*, what more,  
 Invites the Muse—Here turn we, and review  
 Our past Nocturnal Landfcape wide:—Then, say,

Say,



Say, then, LORENZO! with what Burst of Heart,  
The Whole, at once, revolving in his Thought,  
Must Man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?

“ O what a Root! O what a Branch is Here!

“ O what a Father! What a Family!

“ Worlds! Systems! and Creations!—And Creations,

“ In One agglomerated Cluster, hung,

“ \* Great VINE! on THEE: On THEE the Cluster  
hangs;

“ The filial Cluster! infinitely spread

“ In glowing Globes, with various Being fraught;

“ And drinks (Nectareous Draught!) Immortal Life.

“ Or, shall I say (for *Who* can say enough?)

“ A Constellation of Ten thousand Gems,

“ (And, O! of what Dimension! of what Weight!)

“ Set in One *Signet*, flames on the Right-hand

“ Of MAJESTY DIVINE! The *blazing Seal*,

“ That deeply stamps, on all created *Mind*,

“ Indelible, *His* sov'reign Attributes,

“ OMNIPOTENCE, and LOVE! *That*, passing Bound;

“ And *This*, surpassing *That*. Nor stop we *Here*,

“ For Want of *Pow'r* in GOD, but *Thought* in MAN.

“ Even *This* acknowleg'd, leaves us still in Debt;

“ If *Greater* aught, That Greater all is THINE,

\* John xv. 1.

“ DREAD SIRE!— Accept this *Miniature* of THEE;  
 “ And pardon an *Attempt* from Mortal Thought,  
 “ In which Archangels might have fail’d, unblam’d.”

How such Ideas of th’ALMIGHTY’s *Pow’r*,  
 And such Ideas of th’ALMIGHTY’s *Plan*,  
 (Ideas not absurd) distend the Thought  
 Of feeble Mortals! Nor of *Them* alone!  
 The Fulness of the DEITY breaks forth  
 In *Inconceivables* to Men, and Gods.  
 Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the Thought;  
 How low must *Man* descend, when *Gods* adore?—  
 Have I not, then, accomplish’d my proud Boast?  
 Did I not tell thee, “ \* We would mount, LORENZO!  
 “ And kindle our Devotion at the *Stars*?”

AND have I *fail’d*? And did I *flatter* thee?  
 And art all Adamant? And dost confute  
 All urg’d, with One irrefragable *Smile*?  
 LORENZO! *Mirth* how miserable *Here*?  
 Swear by the *Stars*, by HIM who made them, swear,  
 Thy Heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *They*:  
 Then *Thou*, like *Them*, shalt *shine*; like *Them*, shalt *rise*  
 From Low to Lofty; from Obscure to Bright;

\* Page 162.

By due Gradation, *Nature's* sacred Law.  
The *Stars*, from whence?—Ask *Chaos*—*He* can tell.  
These bright Temptations to Idolatry,  
From *Darkness*, and *Confusion*, took their Birth;  
Sons of *Deformity*! From fluid Dregs  
*Tartarean*, first they rose to Masses rude;  
And then, to Spheres opaque; Then dimly shone;  
Then brighten'd; Then blaz'd out in *perfect Day*.  
*Nature* delights in Progress; in Advance  
From Worse to Better: But, when *Minds* ascend,  
Progress, in Part, depends upon *Themselves*.  
Heav'n aids Exertion; Greater makes the Great;  
The *voluntary* Little lessens more.  
O be a *Man*! and thou shalt be a *God*!  
And *Half Self-made*! Ambition how Divine!

O THOU, ambitious of Disgrace alone!  
Still Undevout? Unkindled?—Tho', high-taught,  
School'd by the Skies; and Pupil of the Stars.  
Rank Coward to the *Fashionable World*!  
Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy Knee to Heav'n?  
Curst Fume of Pride, exhal'd from deepest Hell!  
Pride in *Religion* is Man's highest Praise.  
Bent on Destruction! and in Love with Death!  
Not All these Luminaries, quench'd at once,  
Were Half so sad, as One benighted Mind,

Which

Which gropes for Happiness, and meets *Despair*.  
 How, like a Widow in her Weeds, the *Night*,  
 Amid her glimm'ring Tapers, silent sits?  
 How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps  
 Perpetual Dews, and saddens Nature's Scene?  
 A Scene more sad *Sin* makes the darken'd Soul;  
 All Comfort kills, nor leaves one Spark alive.

THO' blind of Heart, still open is thine Eye;  
 Why such Magnificence in all thou seest?  
 Of *Matter's* Grandeur, know, One End is This,  
 To tell the *Rational*, who gazes on it—  
 “ Tho' *That* immensely Great, still Greater *He*,  
 “ Whose Breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,  
 “ Unburden'd, Nature's Universal Scheme;  
 “ Can grasp *Creation* with a *single* Thought;  
 “ *Creation* grasp; and not exclude its SIRE”—  
 To tell him farther—“ It behoves him much  
 “ To *guard* th' important, yet-depending, Fate  
 “ Of Being, brighter than a Thousand Suns;  
 “ One single Ray of *Thought* outshines them all.”=  
 And if Man hears obedient, soon he'll soar  
 Superior Heights, and on his purple Wing,  
 His purple Wing, bedrop'd with Eyes of Gold,  
 Rising, where *Thought* is *now* deny'd to rise,  
 Look down *triumphant* on these dazzling Spheres.

WHY



WHY then persist?—No Mortal ever liv'd  
But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when Words are true)  
The Whole that charms thee, absolutely Vain;  
Vain, and far worse!—Think Thou, with dying Men;  
O *condescend* to think as Angels think!  
O *tolerate* a Chance for Happiness!  
Our Nature such, Ill Choice ensures Ill Fate;  
And Hell had been, tho' there had been no God.  
Dost Thou not know, my new Astronomer!  
*Earth*, turning from the *Sun*, brings Night to Man?  
*Man*, turning from his God, brings *endless* Night;  
Where Thou canst read no *Morals*, find no *Friend*,  
Amend no *Manners*, and expect no *Peace*.  
How *deep* the Darkness? and the Groan, how *loud*?  
And *far*, how *far*, from *lambent* are the Flames?  
Such is LORENZO's Purchase! Such his Praise!  
The Proud, the Politic, LORENZO's Praise!  
Tho', in his Ear, and level'd at his Heart,  
I've half read o'er the Volume of the Skies.

FOR think not Thou hast heard all This from *me*;  
My Song but echoes what Great *Nature* speaks;  
What has she spoken? Thus the Goddess spoke,  
Thus speaks for ever:—"Place, at Nature's Head,  
" A Sovereign, which o'er all Things rolls his Eye,  
" Extends His Wing, promulgates His Commands,  
" But,

" But, above all, diffuses endless Good ;  
 " *To whom*, for sure Redress, the Wrong'd may fly ;  
 " The Vile, for Mercy ; and the Pain'd, for Peace ;  
 " *By Whom*, the various Tenants of these Spheres,  
 " Diversify'd in Fortunes, Place, and Pow'rs,  
 " Rais'd in Enjoyment, as in Worth they rise,  
 " Arrive at length (if worthy such Approach)  
 " At that blest Fountain-Head, from which they stream ;  
 " Where Conflict past redoubles present Joy ;  
 " And present Joy looks forward on Increase ;  
 " And That, on more ; no Period ! ev'ry Step  
 " A double Boon ! a *Promise*, and a *Bliss*."

How easy fits *this* Scheme on human Hearts ?

It suits their Make ; it sooths their vast Desires ;

*Passion* is pleas'd ; and *Reason* asks no more ;

'Tis Rational ! 'Tis Great !—But what is *Tbine* ?

It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds !

Leaves us quite naked, both of Help, and Hope,

Sinking from Bad to Worse ; few Years, the Sport

Of *Fortune* ; then, the Morsel of *Despair*.

SAY, then, LORENZO ! (for Thou know'st it well)

What's *Vice* ?—Mere Want of Compass in our Thought.

*Religion*, what ?—The Proof of *Common-Sense* ;

How art thou hooted, where the *Least* prevails ?

Is it *my* Fault, if *these Truths* call thee *Fool* ?

And

And thou shalt never be *miscalld* by me.  
Can neither *Shame*, nor *Terror*, stand thy Friend?  
And art Thou *still* an Insect in the Mire?  
How, like thy Guardian Angel, have I flown;  
Snatch'd thee from Earth; escorted thee thro' all  
Th' Ethereal Armies; walkt thee, like a God,  
Thro' Splendors of first Magnitude, arrang'd  
On either Hand; Clouds thrown beneath thy Feet;  
Close-cruis'd on the bright Paradise of God;  
And almost introduc'd thee to THE THRONE?  
And art Thou still carousing, for Delight,  
Rank Poison; first, fermenting to mere *Froth*,  
And then subsiding into final *Gall*?  
To Beings of sublime, *immortal* Make,  
How shocking is all Joy, whose *End* is sure?  
Such Joy *more* shocking still, the more it *charms*!  
And dost Thou chuse what ends, ere well-begun?  
And Infamous, as Short? And dost Thou chuse  
(*Thou*, to whose Palate *Glory* is so sweet)  
To wade into *Perdition*, thro' *Contempt*,  
Nor of poor Bigots only, but thy *own*?  
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd Heart,  
And seen it blush beneath a boastful Brow;  
For by strong Guilt's most violent Assault,  
Conscience is but *disabled*, not *destroy'd*.

O THOU most Awful Being! and most Vain!  
 Thy Will, how *frail*? how *glorious* is thy Pow'r?  
 Tho' dread ETERNITY has sown her Seeds  
 Of Bliss, and Woe, in thy despotic Breast;  
 Tho' Heav'n, and Hell, depend upon thy Choice,  
 A Butterfly comes 'cross, and Both are fled.  
 Is This the Picture of a Rational?  
 This Horrid Image, shall it be most Just?  
 LORENZO! No: It cannot,—*shall* not be,  
 If there is Force in *Reason*; or, in *Sounds*  
 Chaunted beneath the Glimpses of the Moon,  
 A Magic, at this planetary Hour,  
 When *Slumber* locks the gen'ral Lip, and Dreams  
 Thro' senseless Mazes hunt Souls *un-inspir'd*.  
 Attend—The sacred Mysteries begin—  
 My solemn *Night-born* Adjuration hear;  
 Hear, and I'll raise thy Spirit from the Dust;  
 While the *Stars* gaze on this *Inchantment new*;  
 Inchantment, not Infernal, but Divine!

“ By *Silence*, DEATH's peculiar Attribute;  
 “ By *Darkness*, GUILT's inevitable Doom;  
 “ By *Darkness*, and by *Silence*, Sisters dread!  
 “ That draw the Curtain round NIGHT's ebon Throne,  
 “ And raise Ideas, solemn as the Scene;  
 “ By NIGHT, and all of Awful, Night presents

“ To



- “ To *Thought*, or *Sense* (of Awful much, to Both,  
“ The Goddess brings)! By These her trembling *Fires*,  
“ Like *VESTA*’s, ever-burning; and, like *bers*,  
“ Sacred to Thoughts immaculate, and pure!  
“ By these bright Orators, that *prove*, and *praise*,  
“ And press thee to revere, the *DEITY*,  
“ Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever’d a while,  
“ To reach *His Throne*; as *Stages* of the Soul,  
“ Thro’ which, at diff’rent Periods, she shall pass,  
“ Refining gradual, for her final Height,  
“ And purging off some Dross at ev’ry Sphere!  
“ By this dark Pall thrown o’er the silent World!  
“ By the World’s Kings, and Kingdoms, most renown’d,  
“ From short Ambition’s *Zenith* set for ever;  
“ Sad Presage to vain Boasters, now, in Bloom!  
“ By the long List of swift Mortality,  
“ From *Adam*, downward to this Ev’ning’s Knell,  
“ Which Midnight waves in *Fancy*’s startled Eye;  
“ And shocks her with a hundred Centuries  
“ Round *Death*’s black Banner throng’d, in human  
Thought!  
“ By Thousands, *now*, resigning their last Breath,  
“ And calling Thee—wert Thou so wise to hear!  
“ By Tombs o’er Tombs arising; human Earth  
“ Ejected, to make room for—human Earth;  
“ The Monarch’s *Terror*! and the Sexton’s *Trade*!

“ By

" By pompous Obsequies, that shun the Day,  
 " The *Torch* funereal, and the nodding *Plume*,  
 " Which makes poor Man's Humiliation proud;  
 " Boast of our *Ruin*! Triumph of our *Dust*!  
 " By the damp Vault that weeps o'er Royal Bones;  
 " And the pale Lamp, that shews the ghastly Dead,  
 " *More* ghastly thro' the thick-incumbent Gloom!  
 " By Visits (if there are) from darker Scenes,  
 " The gliding Spectre! and the groaning Grove!  
 " By Groans, and Graves, and Miseries that groan  
 " For the Grave's Shelter! By desponding Men,  
 " Senseless to Pains of Death, from Pangs of Guilt!  
 " By Guilt's last Audit! By yon *Moon* in Blood,  
 " The rocking Firmament, the falling Stars,  
 " And Thunder's last Discharge, great Nature's Knell!  
 " By SECOND *Chaos*; and ETERNAL *Night*"—  
 BE WISE—nor let *Philander* blame my *Charm*;  
 But own not ill-discharg'd my double Debt,  
*Love* to the Living; *Duty* to the Dead.

For know, I'm but Executor; *He* left  
 This moral Legacy; *I* make it o'er  
 By *his* Command; *Philander* hear in me;  
 And Heav'n in both.—If deaf to These, Oh! hear  
*Florello's* tender Voice; *His* Weal depends  
 On *Thy* Resolve; it trembles at *Thy* Choice;

For

For *His* Sake—love *Thyself* : Example strikes  
 All human Hearts ; a *bad* Example more ;  
 More still, a Father's ; That ensures his Ruin.  
 As Parent of his Being, wouldst thou prove  
 Th' unnatural Parent of his Miseries,  
 And make him curse the Being which thou gav'st ?  
 Is *this* the Blessing of so fond a Father ?  
 If careless of *LORENZO* ! spare, Oh ! spare,  
*Florello's* Father, and *Philander's* Friend ;  
*Florello's* Father ruin'd, ruins Him ;  
 And from *Philander's* Friend the World expects  
 A Conduct, no Dishonour to the Dead.  
 Let *Passion* do, what *nobler Motive* should ;  
 Let *Love*, and *Emulation*, rise in Aid  
 To *Reason* ; and persuade thee to be—Blest.

THIS seems not a Request to be deny'd ;  
 Yet (such th' Infatuation of Mankind !)  
 'Tis the most *Hopeless*, Man can make to Man.  
 Shall I, then, rise in Argument, and Warmth ;  
 And urge *Philander's* posthumous Advice,  
 From Topics yet unbroach'd ?—  
 But Oh ! I faint ! My Spirits fail !—Nor strange ;  
 So long on Wing, and in no middle Clime ;  
 To which my Great CREATOR's Glory call'd :  
 And *calls*—but, now, in vain. *Sleep's* dewy Wand

Has strok'd my drooping Lids, and *promises*  
 My long Arrear of Rest; the *downy* God  
 (Wont to return with our returning *Peace*)  
 Will *pay*, ere-long, and bless me with Repose.  
 Haste, haste, sweet Stranger! from the Peasant's Cot,  
 The Ship-boy's Hammock, or the Soldier's Straw,  
 Whence *Sorrow* never chas'd thee; with thee bring  
 Not hideous Visions, as of late; but Draughts  
 Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, Rest;  
 Man's rich Restorative; his balmy Bath,  
 That supple, lubricates, and keeps in Play,  
 The various Movements of this nice Machine,  
 Which asks such frequent Periods of Repair,  
 When tir'd with vain Rotations of the Day;  
*Sleep* winds us up for the succeeding Dawn;  
 Fresh we spin on, till *Sickness* clogs our Wheels,  
 Or *Death* quite breaks the Spring, and Motion ends.  
 When will it end with Me?

—“ THOU only know'st,  
 “ THOU, whose broad Eye the *Future*, and the *Past*,  
 “ Joins to the *Present*; making One of *Three*  
 “ To mortal Thought! THOU know'st, And THOU  
     alone,  
 “ All-knowing! — All-unknown! — And yet Well-  
     “ known!

“ Near,



" Near, tho' Remote! and, tho' Unfathom'd, Felt!  
 " And, tho' Invisible, for ever Seen!  
 " And Seen in All! The *Great*, and the *Minute*:  
 " Each Globe above, with its Gigantic Race,  
 " Each Flower, each Leaf, with its small People swarm'd,  
 " (Those puny Vouchers for OMNIPOTENCE!)  
 " To the First Thought, that asks, " *From whence?*"  
 " declare  
 " Their common Source. THOU Fountain running o'er  
 " In Rivers of communicated Joy!  
 " Who gav'st us Speech for far, far humbler Themes!  
 " Say, by what Name shall I presume to call  
 " HIM I see burning in these countless Suns,  
 " As *Moses*, in the *Bush*? ILLUSTRIOUS MIND!  
 " The whole Creation, Less, far Less, to Thee,  
 " Than *That* to the Creation's ample Round.  
 " How shall I name THEE?—How my labouring Soul  
 " Heaves underneath the Thought, too big for Birth?

" GREAT System of Perfections! Mighty Cause  
 " Of Causes mighty! Cause uncaus'd! Sole Root  
 " Of *Nature*, that luxuriant Growth of GOD!  
 " First Father of *Effects*! that Progeny  
 " Of endless Series; where the Golden Chain's  
 " Last Link admits a Period, Who can tell?  
 " Father of All that is or heard, or hears!

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- “ Father of All that is or seen, or sees!  
 “ Father of All that *is*, or *shall* arise!  
 “ Father of this immeasurable Mass  
 “ Of *Matter* multiform; or dense, or rare;  
 “ Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at Rest;  
 “ Minute, or passing Bound! In each Extreme  
 “ Of like Amaze, and Mystery, to Man.  
 “ Father of these bright Millions of the *Night*!  
 “ Of which the Least full Godhead had proclaim’d,  
 “ And thrown the Gazer on his Knee.—Or, say,  
 “ Is Appellation higher still, Thy Choice?  
 “ Father of *Matter*’s Temporary Lords!  
 “ Father of *Spirits*! Nobler Offspring! Sparks  
 “ Of high Paternal Glory; rich-endow’d  
 “ With various Measures, and with various Modes  
 “ Of *Instinct*, *Reason*, *Intuition*; Beams  
 “ More pale, or bright from *Day Divine*, to break  
 “ The Dark of *Matter* *organiz’d* (the Ware  
 “ Of all *created* Spirit); Beams, that rise  
 “ Each over other in superior Light,  
 “ Till the Last ripens into Lustre strong,  
 “ Of next Approach to GODHEAD. Father fond  
 “ (Far fonder than e’er bore that Name on Earth)  
 “ Of *Intellectual* Beings! Beings blest  
 “ With Pow’rs to please THEE; not of passive Ply

“ To

- " To Laws they know not; Beings lodg'd in Seats  
 " Of well-adapted Joys; in diff'rent Domes  
 " Of this Imperial Palace for thy Sons;  
 " Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,  
 " Tho' boundless, Habitation, plann'd by THEE;  
 " Whose several Clans their several Climates suit;  
 " And Transposition, doubtless, would destroy.  
 " Or, Oh! indulge, Immortal KING! indulge  
 " A Title, less august indeed, but more  
 " Endearing; ah! how sweet in human Ears?  
 " Sweet in our Ears! and Triumph in our Hearts!  
 " *Father of Immortality to Man!*  
 " A Theme that \*lately set my Soul on Fire.—  
 " And THOU the NEXT! yet Equal! THOU, by whom  
 " *That* Blessing was convey'd; far more! was *Bought*;  
 " Ineffable the Price! By whom all Worlds  
 " Were made; and One, redeem'd! Illustrious Light  
 " From Light Illustrious! THOU, whose *Regal* Power,  
 " Finite in *Time*, but Infinite in *Space*,  
 " On more than adamantine Basis fix'd,  
 " O'er more, far more, than Diadems, and Thrones,  
 " Inviolably reigns; the *Dread* of Gods!  
 " And Oh! the *Friend* of Man! Beneath whose Foot,  
 " And by the Mandate of whose awful Nod,

\* Night the Sixth, and Seventh.

- " All Regions, Revolutions, Fortunes, Fates,  
 " Of High, of Low, of Mind, and Matter, roll  
 " Thro' the short Channels of expiring *Time*,  
 " Or shoreless Ocean of Eternity,  
 " Calm, or Tempestuous (as *Thy* Spirit breathes)  
 " In absolute Subjection!—And, O *Thou*—  
 " The glorious *THIRD*! Distinct, not Separate!  
 " Beaming from *Both*! with Both Incorporate!  
 " And (strange to tell!) incorporate with Dust!  
 " By Condescension, as Thy Glory, great,  
 " Enshrin'd in Man! Of human Hearts, if pure,  
 " Divine Inhabitant! The Tie Divine  
 " Of Heav'n with distant Earth! By whom, I trust,  
 " (If not inspir'd) uncensur'd this Address  
 " To *THEE*, to *THEM*—To Whom?—*My*stigious  
 " Power!  
 " Reveal'd—yet Unreveal'd! Darkness in Light!  
 " Number in Unity! Our Joy! our Dread!  
 " The *Triple* Bolt that lays all Wrong in Ruin!  
 " That animates all Right, the *Triple* Sun!  
 " Sun of the Soul! her never-setting Sun!  
 " Triune, Unutterable, Unconceiv'd,  
 " Absconding, yet Demonstrable, *GREAT* GOD!  
 " Greater than Greatest! Better than the Best!  
 " Kinder than Kindest! with soft *Pity's* Eye,  
 " Or (stronger still to speak it) with *Thine* Own,

From



- “ From Thy bright Home, from that high Firmament,  
“ Where THOU, from all Eternity, hast dwelt ;  
“ Beyond Archangels *unassisted* Ken ;  
“ From far above what Mortals Higheft call ;  
“ From Elevation's Pinnacle ; Look down,  
“ Through—What ? Confounding Interval ! Thro' All,  
“ And more, than lab'ring *Fancy* can conceive ;  
“ Thro' radiant Ranks of Effences unknown ;  
“ Thro' Hierarchies from Hierarchies detach'd  
“ Round various Banners of OMNIPOTENCE,  
“ With endless Change of rapturous Duties fir'd ;  
“ Thro' wond'rous Beings interposing Swarms,  
“ All clust'ring at the Call, to dwell in THEE ;  
“ Thro' this wide Waste of Worlds ; this *Vista* vast,  
“ All fanded o'er with Suns ; Suns turn'd to *Night*  
“ Before *Thy* feeblest Beam--Look down--down--down,  
“ On a poor *breathing Particle* in Dust,  
“ Or, lower,—an *Immortal* in his Crimes,  
“ His Crimes forgive ! Forgive his Virtues, too !  
“ Those Smaller Faults ; Half-Converts to the Right ;  
“ Nor let me close These Eyes, which never more  
“ May see the Sun (tho' Night's descending Scale  
“ Now weighs up Morn) Unpity'd, and Unblest !  
“ In *Thy* Displeasure dwells *eternal* Pain ;  
“ Pain, our Aversion ; Pain, which strikes me *now* ;  
“ And, since all Pain is terrible to Man,

“ Tho’ transient, Terrible; at *Thy* good Hour,  
 “ Gently, ah gently, lay me in my Bed,  
 “ My *Clay-cold Bed!* by Nature, now, so near;  
 “ By Nature, near; still nearer by Disease!  
 “ Till Then, be *This*, an Emblem of my Grave:  
 “ Let it out-preach the Preacher; Ev’ry Night  
 “ Let it outcry the Boy at *Philip’s* Ear;  
 “ That Tongue of Death! That Herald of the Tomb!  
 “ And when (the Shelter of thy Wing implor’d)  
 “ My *Senses*, sooth’d, shall sink in soft Repose;  
 “ O sink *this* Truth still deeper in my Soul,  
 “ Suggested by my Pillow, sign’d by *Fate*,  
 “ First, In *Fate’s* Volume, at the Page of *Man*—  
 “ *Man’s* sickly Soul, tho’ turn’d, and toss’d for ever,  
 “ From Side to Side, can rest on nought but *THEE*;  
 “ Here, in full Trust; Hereafter, in full Joy.  
 “ On *THEE*, the promis’d, sure, eternal Down  
 “ Of Spirits, toil’d in Travel thro’ this Vale.  
 “ Nor of *that* Pillow shall my Soul despond;  
 “ For—Love Almighty! Love Almighty! (Sing,  
 “ Exult, Creation!) Love Almighty, reigns!  
 “ That Death of *Death!* That Cordial of *Despair!*  
 “ And loud *ETERNITY’s* triumphant Song!

“ Of Whom, no more:—For, O Thou *PATRON-GOD!*  
 “ Thou *God*, and *Mortal!* Thence *more* *GOD* to *Man!*

- “ Man’s Theme eternal ! Man’s eternal Theme !  
 “ THOU can’st not ’scape *uninjur’d* from our *Praise*.  
 “ Uninjur’d from our Praise can HE escape,  
 “ Who, disembosom’d from the FATHER, bows  
 “ The Heav’n of Heav’ns, to kiss the distant Earth !  
 “ Breathes out in Agonies a sinless Soul !  
 “ Against the *Cross*, *Death’s* Iron Sceptre breaks !  
 “ From famish’d *Ruin* plucks her human Prey !  
 “ Throws wide the Gates Celestial to His *Poes* !  
 “ Their *Gratitude*, for such a boundless Debt,  
 “ Deputes their *Suff’ring Brothers* to receive !  
 “ And, if deep human Guilt in Payment fails,  
 “ As deeper Guilt, prohibits our *Despair* !  
 “ Injoins it, as our Duty, to *Rejoice* !  
 “ And (to close All), omnipotently kind,  
 “ \* *Takes His Delights among the Sons of Men.*”

WHAT Words are These ?—And did they come from  
 Heav’n ?

And were they spoke to Man ? To guilty Man ?

What are all Mysteries to Love like This ?

The Song of Angels, all the Melodies

Of Choral Gods, are wafted in the Sound ;

Heal, and exhilarate, the broken Heart,

Tho’ plung’d, before, in Horrors dark as *Night* :

\* *Prov.* Chap. viii.

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Rich Prelibation of *consummate* Joy!  
Nor wait we Diffolution to be blest.

THIS final Effort of the moral Muse,  
How justly \* *Titled*? Nor for me alone;  
For all that read; what Spirit of Support,  
What Heights of CONSOLATION, crown my Song?

THEN, farewell NIGHT! Of Darkness, now, no  
more :

Joy breaks, shines, triumphs ; 'tis eternal Day.  
Shall that which rises out of *Nought* complain  
Of a few Evils, paid with endless Joys?  
My Soul! henceforth, in sweetest Union join  
The Two Supports of Human Happiness,  
Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;  
True *Taste of Life*, and constant *Thought of Death*;  
The *Thought of Death*, sole Victor of its *Dread*!  
*Hope* be thy Joy; and *Probity* thy Skill;  
Thy *Patron*, HE, whose Diadem has dropp'd  
Yon Gems of Heav'n; *Eternity*, thy Prize.  
And leave the Racers of the *World* their Own,  
Their Feather, and their Froth, for endless Toils;  
They part with All for That *which is not Bread*;

\* *The Consolation.*

They



They mortify, they starve, on Wealth, Fame, Pow'r;  
And laugh to Scorn the *Fools* that aim at more.  
How must a Spirit, late escap'd from Earth,  
Suppose *Philander's*, *Lucia's*, or *Narcissa's*,  
The *Truth of Things* new-blazing in its Eye,  
Look back, astonish'd, on the Ways of Men,  
Whose Lives whole Drift is to forget their Graves?  
And when Our *present Privilege* is past,  
To scourge us with due Sense of its *Abuse*,  
The *same* Astonishment will seize us All.  
What *then* must pain us, would preserve us *now*?  
LORENZO! 'tis not yet too late: LORENZO!  
Seize Wisdom, ere 'tis Torment to be Wise;  
That is, Seize *Wisdom*, ere she seizes *Thee*.  
For, what, my small Philosopher! is *Hell*?  
'Tis nothing, but full Knowledge of *the Truth*,  
When *Truth*, resisted long, is sworn our Foe;  
And calls ETERNITY to do her Right.

Thus, *Darkness* aiding Intellectual Light,  
And Sacred Silence whisp'ring Truths Divine,  
And *Truths Divine* converting Pain to Peace,  
My Song the Midnight Raven has outwing'd,  
And shot, ambitious of unbounded Scenes,  
Beyond the flaming Limits of the World,  
Her gloomy Flight. But what avails the Flight

236 *The* CONSOLATION, &c.

Of *Fancy*, when our *Hearts* remain below?  
*Virtue* abounds in Flatterers, and Foes;  
 'Tis Pride, to praise her; Penance, to perform.  
 To more than Words, to more than Worth of Tongue,  
 LORENZO! rise, at this auspicious Hour;  
 An Hour, when Heav'n's most intimate with Man;  
 When, like a falling Star, the Ray Divine  
 Glides swift into the Bosom of the *Just*;  
 And Just are All, *determin'd* to reclaim;  
 Which sets that Title high, within thy Reach.  
 Awake, then: Thy PHILANDER calls: Awake!  
 Thou, who shalt wake, when the Creation sleeps;  
 When, like a Taper, all these Suns expire;  
 When TIME, like Him of *Gaza* in his Wrath,  
 Plucking the Pillars that support the World,  
 In NATURE's ample Ruins lies entomb'd;  
 And MIDNIGHT, *Universal* Midnight! reigns.

END of the Night-Thoughts.

230 THE CONSOLATION, &c.

Of Power, when our Hearts remain below;  
Virtue abounds in Flatterers, and Foes;  
'Tis Pride, to praise her; Penance, to perform;  
To more than Words, to more than Worth of Tongue.

---

Lo! now, the, at this auspicious Hour;  
An Hour, when Heav'n's most intimate with Man;  
When, like a falling Star, the Ray Divine  
Glides swift into the Bottom of the Jars;

And just are All, determined to reclaim;  
Who to the Right will in the Night

# PARAPHRASE

Awake, then: Thy Princes call: Awake!

Thou, who shalt wake, when the Creation sleeps;

When, like a Taper, all **N**ations expire;

When Time, like Him of Gath, in his Wrath,

Plucking the Pillars that support the World,

## Part of the Book of **JOB.**

And Midnight, Unwear'd Midnight, reigns.

---

END of the Night-Thoughts.



A

P A R A P H R A S E

ON

Part of the Book of JOB

THE BOOK OF JOB  
Not far the Summons hath rung in  
HISCE Happy Job long liv'd in Regal



Whole Worldly Stores in such Abundance flow'd  
Whole Heart with such exalted Virtue glow'd  
At length Misfortunes take their turn to reign  
And ill on ill succeed, A dreadful Train!  
What Now but Deaths, and Poverty, and Wrong,  
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful Tongue  
And spotted Plagues, that mark'd his Limbs all o'er  
Sotnick with Pains, they wanted Room for more  
A Change to see what Mortal Heart could bear  
Exhausted Woe had left him nothing to fear





A

# PARAPHRASE

ON

Part of the Book of *JOB*.



THrice Happy *Job* long liv'd in Regal  
State,  
Nor saw the Sumptuous East a Prince so  
Great;

Whose Worldly Stores in such Abundance flow'd,  
Whose Heart with such exalted Virtue glow'd.  
At length Misfortunes take their Turn to reign,  
And Ills on Ills succeed; A dreadful Train!  
What Now but Deaths, and Poverty, and Wrong,  
The Sword wide-wasting, the reproachful Tongue,  
And spotted Plagues, that mark'd his Limbs all o'er  
So thick with Pains, they wanted Room for more?  
A Change so sad what Mortal Heart could bear?  
Exhausted Woe had left Him nought to fear,

But

But gave Him All to Grief. Low Earth He prest,  
Wept in the Dust, and sorely smote his Breast.  
His Friends around the deep Affliction mourn'd,  
Felt all his Pangs, and Groan for Groan return'd;  
In Anguish of their Hearts their Mantles rent,  
And Sev'n long Days in solemn Silence spent;  
A Debt of Rev'rence to Distress so great!  
Then *Job* contain'd no more, but curs'd his Fate.  
His Day of Birth, its inauspicious Light  
He wishes sunk in Shades of endless Night,  
And blotted from the Year; nor fears to crave  
Death, instant Death, impatient for the Grave;  
That Seat of Peace, that Mansion of Repose,  
Where Rest and Mortals are no longer Foes;  
Where Counsellors are Hush'd, and Mighty Kings  
(O happy Turn!) no more are Wretched Things.

His Words were daring, and displeas'd his Friends;  
His Conduct They reprove, and He defends;  
And now They kindled into warm Debate,  
And Sentiments oppos'd with equal Heat;  
Fixt in Opinion, Both refuse to yield,  
And summon all their Reason to the Field;  
So high at length their Arguments were wrought,  
They reach'd the last Extent of Human Thought:  
A Pause ensu'd. When, lo! Heav'n interpos'd,  
And awfully the long Contention clos'd.

Full

Full o'er their Heads, with terrible Surprize,  
 A sudden Whirlwind blacken'd all the Skies;  
 (They Saw, and Trembled!) from the Darkneſs broke  
 A dreadful Voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke.

Who gives his Tongue a Loofe ſo bold and vain,  
 Cenſures my Conduct, and reproves my Reign?  
 Lifts up his Thought againſt Me from the Duſt,  
 And tells the World's Creator what is Juſt?  
 Of late ſo brave, now liſt a dauntleſs Eye,  
 Face my Demand, and give it a Reply.  
 Where didſt Thou dwell at Nature's early Birth?  
 Who laid Foundations for the ſpacious *Earth*?  
 Who on its Surface did extend the Line,  
 Its Form determine, and its Bulk confine?  
 Who fix'd the Corner-Stone? What Hand, declare,  
 Hung it on Nought, and faſten'd it in Air;  
 When the bright Morning Stars in Concert ſung,  
 When Heav'n's high Arch with loud Hoſanna's rung,  
 When ſhouting Sons of God the Triumph crown'd,  
 And the wide Concave thunder'd with the Sound?

EARTH's num'rous *Kingdoms*, haſt Thou view'd them  
 all?

And can thy Span of Knowledge graſp the Ball?  
 Who heav'd the *Mountain*, which ſublimely ſtands,  
 And caſts its Shadow into diſtant Lands?

Q

WHO,

Who, stretching forth his Sceptre, o'er the *Deep*,  
 Can that wild World in due Subjection keep?  
 I broke the Globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd Side,  
 And did a *Bason* for the Floods provide;  
 I chain them with my Word; the boiling Sea,  
 Work'd up in Tempests, hears my great Decree;  
 "Thus far, thy floating Tide shall be convey'd;  
 "And Here, O Main, be thy proud Billows stay'd."

HAST Thou explor'd the *Secrets* of the Deep,  
 Where, shut from Use, unnumber'd Treasures sleep;  
 Where down a Thousand Fathoms from the Day,  
 Springs the great Fountain, Mother of the Sea?  
 Those gloomy Paths did thy bold Foot e'er tread,  
 Whole Worlds of Waters rolling o'er thy Head?

HATH the cleft *Centre* open'd wide to Thee?  
 Death's inmost Chambers didst Thou ever see?  
 E'er knock at his tremendous Gate, and wade  
 To the black Portal thro' th' incumbent Shade?  
 Deep are those Shades; but Shades still deeper hide  
 My Counsels from the Ken of human Pride.

WHERE dwells the *Light*, in what refulgent Dome?  
 And where has *Darkness* made her dismal Home?

Thou



Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large Heart is  
fraught  
With ripen'd Wisdom thro' long Ages brought,  
Since Nature was call'd forth when Thou wast by,  
And into Being rose beneath thine Eye!

ARE *Mists* begotten? Who their Father knew?  
From whom descend the pearly Drops of Dew?  
To bind the Stream by Night, what Hand can boast,  
Or whiten Morning, with the hoary *Frost*?  
Whose pow'ful Breath, from Northern Regions blown,  
Touches the Sea, and turns it into Stone?  
A sudden Desert spreads o'er Realms defac'd,  
And lays one half of the Creation waste?

Thou know'st Me not; Thy Blindness cannot see  
How vast a Distance parts thy God from Thee.  
Canst Thou in *Whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canst Thou  
In Clouds and Darkness wrap thy awful Brow?  
And when Day triumphs in meridian Light,  
Put forth thy Hand, and shade the World with Night?

Who launch'd the *Clouds* in Air, and bid them roll  
Suspended Seas aloft, from Pole to Pole?  
Who can refresh the burning sandy Plain,  
And quench the Summer with a Waste of Rain?

Who in rough Deserts, far from Human Toil,  
Make Rocks bring forth, and Desolation smile?

There blooms the Rose, where human Face ne'er shone,  
And spreads its Beauties to the Sun alone.

To check the Show'r, who lifts his Hand on high,  
And shuts the Sluices of th' exhausted Sky,

When Earth no longer mourns her gaping Veins,  
Her naked Mountains, and her russet Plains;

But new in Life a cheerful Prospect yields  
Of shining Rivers, and of verdant Fields,

When Groves and Forests lavish all their Bloom,

And Earth and Heav'n are fill'd with rich Perfume?

HAST Thou e'er scal'd my wintry Skies, and seen  
Of *Hail* and *Snows* my Northern Magazine?

These the dread Treasures of mine Anger are,

My Fund of Vengeance for the Day of War,

When Clouds rain Death, and Storms, at my Command,

Rage thro' the World, or waste a guilty Land.

Who taught the rapid *Winds* to fly so fast,  
Or shakes the Centre with his Eastern Blast?

Who from the Skies can a whole Deluge pour?

Who strikes thro' Nature with the solemn Roar

Of dreadful *Thunder*, points it where to fall,

And in fierce *Lightning* wraps the flying Ball?

Not

Not He who trembles at the darted Fires,  
Falls at the Sound, and in the Flash expires.

Who drew the *Comet* out to such a Size,  
And pour'd his flaming Train o'er half the Skies?

Did thy Resentment hang Him out? does He  
Glare on the Nations, and Denounce from Thee?

Who on low Earth can moderate the Rein,  
That guides the *Stars* along th' ethereal Plain;  
Appoint their Seasons, and direct their Course,  
Their Lustre brighten, and supply their Force?

Canst thou the Skies Benevolence restrain,  
And cause the *Pleiades* to shine in vain?

Or, when *Orion* sparkles from his Sphere,  
Thaw the cold Season, and unbind the Year?

Bid *Mazzaroth* his destin'd Station know,  
And teach the bright *Arcturus* where to glow?

Mine is the *Night*, with all her Stars; I pour  
Myriads, and Myriads I reserve in Store.

Dost Thou pronounce where Day-light shall be  
born,

And draw the Purple Curtain of the Morn;

Awake the *Sun*, and bid Him come away,

And glad Thy World with his Obsequious Ray?

Hast Thou, inthron'd in flaming Glory, driv'n  
 Triumphant round the spacious Ring of Heav'n  
 That Pomp of Light, what Hand so far displays,  
 That distant Earth lies basking in the Blaze?

Who did the *Soul* with her rich Pow'rs invest,  
 And light up Reason in the Human Breast,  
 To shine, with fresh Increase of Lustre, Bright  
 When Stars and Sun are set in endless Night?  
 To these my various Questions make Reply,

Th' Almighty spoke; and, speaking, shook the Sky.

What then, *Chaldean* Sire, was thy Surprise?  
 Thus Thou, with trembling Heart, and down-cast Eyes:  
 "Once and again, which I in Groans deplore,  
 "My Tongue has err'd, but shall presume no more.  
 "My Voice is in eternal Silence bound,  
 "And all my Soul falls prostrate to the Ground."

He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty spoke;  
 The same dread Voice from the black Whirlwind  
 broke.

CAN that Arm measure with an Arm Divine?  
 And canst Thou thunder with a Voice like Mine?

Or



Or in the Hollow of thy Hand contain  
The Bulk of Waters, the wide-spreading Main,  
When, mad with Tempests, all the Billows rise  
In all their Rage, and dash the distant Skies?

COME forth in Beauty's Excellence array'd,  
And be the Grandeur of thy Pow'r display'd;  
Put on Omnipotence, and frowning make  
The spacious Round of the Creation shake;  
Dispatch thy Vengeance, bid it overthrow  
Triumphant Vice, lay lofty Tyrants low,  
And crumble them to Dust. When This is done,  
I grant thy Safety lodg'd in Thee alone;  
Of Thee Thou art, and may'st undaunted stand  
Behind the Buckler of thy own Right Hand.

FOND Man! the Vision of a Moment made!  
Dream of a Dream! and Shadow of a Shade!  
What Worlds hast Thou produc'd, what Creatures  
fram'd,  
What Insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?  
When, pain'd with Hunger, the wild Ravens Brood  
Calls upon God, importunate for Food,  
Who hears their Cry, who grants their hoarse Request,  
And stills the Clamour of the craving Nest?

WHO in the cruel *Ostrich* has subdu'd  
 A Parent's Care, and fond Inquietude?  
 While far She flies, her scatter'd Eggs are found,  
 Without an Owner, on the sandy Ground;  
 Cast out on Fortune, they at Mercy lie,  
 And borrow Life from an indulgent Sky;  
 Adopted by the Sun, in Blaze of Day,  
 They ripen under his prolific Ray.  
 Unmindful She, that some unhappy Tread  
 May crush her Young in their neglected Bed.  
 What time she skims along the Field with Speed,  
 She scorns the Rider, and pursuing Steed.

How rich the *Peacock*? what bright Glories run  
 From Plume to Plume, and vary in the Sun?  
 He proudly spreads them to the golden Ray,  
 Gives all his Colours, and adorns the Day,  
 With conscious State the spacious Round displays,  
 And slowly moves amid the waving Blaze.

WHO taught the *Hawk* to find, in Seasons wise,  
 Perpetual Summer, and a Change of Skies?  
 When Clouds deform the Year, She mounts the Wind,  
 Shoots to the South, nor fears the Storm behind;  
 The Sun returning, She returns agen,  
 Lives in his Beams, and leaves ill Days to Men.

THO'

THO' strong the Hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,  
An *Eagle* drops her in a lower Sky;  
An *Eagle*, when, deserting Human Sight,  
She seeks the Sun in her unweari'd Flight.  
Did thy Command her yellow Pinion lift  
So high in Air, and seat her on the Clift,  
Where far above thy World She dwells Alone,  
And proudly makes the Strength of Rocks her own;  
Thence wide o'er Nature takes her-dread Survey,  
And with a Glance predestinates her Prey?  
She feasts her Young with Blood, and, hov'ring o'er  
Th' unslaughter'd Host, enjoys the promis'd Gore.

KNOW'ST Thou how many Moons, by Me assign'd,  
Roll o'er the Mountain Goat, and Forest Hind,  
While pregnant they a Mother's Load sustain?  
They bend in Anguish, and cast forth their Pain.  
Hale are their Young, from Human Frailties freed;  
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;  
They live at once, forsake the Dam's warm Side,  
Take the wide World, with Nature for their Guide,  
Bound o'er the Lawn, or seek the distant Glade,  
And find a Home in each delightful Shade.

WILL the tall *Reem*, which knows no Lord but Me,  
Low at the Crib, and ask an Alms of Thee?

Submit

Submit his unworn Shoulder to the Yoke,  
 Break the stiff Clod, and o'er thy Furrow smok?  
 Since great his Strength, go trust Him, void of Care,  
 Lay on his Neck the Toil of all the Year;  
 Bid Him bring home the Seasons to thy Doors,  
 And cast his Load among thy gather'd Stores.

DIDST Thou from Service the *Wild-Ass* discharge,  
 And break his Bonds, and bid him live at large,  
 Thro' the wide Waste, his ample Mansion, roam,  
 And lose Himself in his Unbounded Home?  
 By Nature's Hand magnificently fed,  
 His Meal is on the Range of Mountains spread;  
 As in pure Air aloft He bounds along,  
 He sees in distant Smoak the City throng,  
 Conscious of Freedom, scorns the smother'd Train,  
 The threat'ning Driver, and the servile Rein.

SURVEY the warlike *Horse*! didst Thou invest  
 With Thunder, his robust distended Chest?  
 No Sense of Fear his dauntless Soul allays;  
 'Tis dreadful to behold his Nostril blaze,  
 To paw the Vale He proudly takes Delight,  
 And triumphs in the Fulness of his Might;  
 High-rais'd he snuffs the Battle from afar,  
 And burns to plunge amid the raging War,

And



And mocks at Death, and throws his Foam around,  
And in a Storm of Fury shakes the Ground.  
How does his firm, his rising Heart advance,  
Full on the brandish'd Sword, and shaken Lance;  
While his fixt Eye-balls meet the dazling Shield,  
Gaze, and return the Lightning of the Field?  
He sinks the Sense of Pain in gen'rous Pride,  
Nor feels the Shaft that trembles in his Side;  
But neighs to the shrill Trumpet's dreadful Blast  
Till Death; and when He groans, He groans his last.

BUT, fiercer still, the Lordly *Lion* stalks,  
Grimly Majestic in his lonely Walks;  
When round He glares, All living Creatures fly;  
He clears the Desert, with his rolling Eye.  
Say, Mortal, does He rouse at thy Command,  
And roar to Thee, and live upon thy Hand?  
Dost Thou for Him in Forests bend thy Bow,  
And to his gloomy Den the Morfel throw,  
Where bent on Death lie hid his tawny Brood,  
And, couch'd in dreadful Ambush, pant for Blood;  
Or, stretch'd on broken Limbs, consume the Day,  
In Darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their Prey?  
By the pale Moon They take their destin'd Round,  
And lash their Sides, and furious tear the Ground.  
Now Shrieks, and dying Groans, the Desert fill;  
They rage, they rend, their rav'nous Jaws distil

With crimson Foam ; and, when the Banquet's o'er,  
 They stride away, and paint their Steps with Gore ;  
 In Flight alone the Shepherd puts his Trust,  
 And shudders at the Talon in the Dust.

MILD is my *Bebemoth*, tho' large his Frame,  
 Smooth is his Temper, and repress his Flame,  
 While unprovok'd. This Native of the Flood  
 Lifts his broad Foot, and puts ashore for Food ;  
 Earth sinks beneath Him, as He moves along  
 To seek the Herds, and mingle with the Throng.  
 See, with what Strength his harden'd Loins are bound,  
 All over Proof, and shut against a Wound,  
 How like a Mountain Cedar moves his Tail ?  
 Nor can his complicated Sinews fail,  
 Built high and wide, his solid Bones surpass  
 The Bars of Steel ; his Ribs are Ribs of Brass ;  
 His Port Majestic, and his armed Jaw,  
 Give the wide Forest, and the Mountain, Law.  
 The Mountains feed Him ; there the Beasts admire  
 The mighty Stranger, and in Dread retire :  
 At length his Greatness nearer they survey,  
 Graze in his Shadow, and his Eye obey.  
 The Fens and Marshes are his cool Retreat,  
 His Noontide Shelter from the burning Heat.

Their

Their fedgy Bosoms his wide Couch are made,  
And Groves of Willows give Him all their Shade.  
His Eye drinks *Jordan* up, when, fir'd with Drought,  
He trusts to turn its Current down his Throat;  
In lessen'd Waves it creeps along the Plain,  
He sinks a River, and He thirsts again.

Go to the *Nile*, and from its fruitful Side,  
Cast forth thy Line into the swelling Tide,  
With slender Hair *Leviathan* command,  
And stretch his Vastness on the loaded Strand.  
Will He become Thy Servant, will He own  
Thy Lordly Nod, and tremble at Thy Frown?  
Or with his Sport amuse thy leisure Day,  
And bound in Silk with thy soft Maidens play?

SHALL pompous Banquets swell with such a Prize,  
And the Bowl journey round his ample Size?  
Or the debating Merchants share the Prey,  
And various Limbs to various Marts convey?  
Thro' his firm Skull what Steel its Way can win?  
What forceful Engine can subdue his Skin?  
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless Might;  
The Bravest shrink to Cowards in his Sight,  
The Rashest dare not rouse Him up; Who then  
Shall turn on Me, among the Sons of Men?

Am I a Debtor? Hast Thou ever heard  
 Whence come the Gifts which are on me conferr'd?  
 My lavish Fruit a thousand Valleys fills,  
 And Mine the Herds, that graze a thousand Hills:  
 Earth, Sea, and Air, All Nature is my own,  
 And Stars and Sun are Dust beneath my Throne.  
 And dar'st Thou with the World's great Father vye,  
 Thou, who dost tremble at my Creature's Eye?

At full my huge Leviathan shall rise,  
 Boast all his Strength, and spread his wond'rous Size,  
 Who, great in Arms, e'er stripp'd his shining Mail,  
 Or crown'd his Triumph with a single Scale?  
 Whose Heart sustains Him to draw near? Behold,  
 Destruction yawns, his spacious Jaws unfold,  
 And, marshal'd round the wide Expanse, disclose  
 Teeth edg'd with Death, and crouding Rows on Rows:  
 What hideous Fangs on either Side arise,  
 And, what a deep Abyss between them lies?  
 Mete with thy Lance, and with thy Plumbet sound,  
 The One how long, the Other how profound.

His Bulk is charg'd with such a furious Soul,  
 That Clouds of Smoke from his spread Nostrils roll,  
 As from a Furnace; and, when rous'd his Ire,  
 Fate issues from his Jaws in Streams of Fire.

The



The Rage of Tempests, and the Roar of Seas,  
Thy Terror, this thy great Superior please;  
Strength on his ample Shoulder sits in State,  
His well-join'd Limbs are dreadfully complete,  
His Flakes of solid Flesh are flow to part,  
As Steel his Nerves, as Adamant his Heart.

WHEN, late-awak'd, He rears him from the Floods,  
And, stretching forth his Stature to the Clouds,  
Writhes in the Sun aloft his scaly Height,  
And strikes the distant Hills with transient Light,  
Far round are fatal Damps of Terror spread,  
The Mighty fear, nor blush to own their Dread.

LARGE is his Front; and, when his burnish'd Eyes  
Lift their broad Lids, the Morning seems to rise.

IN vain may Death in various Shapes invade,  
The swift-wing'd Arrow, the descending Blade;  
His naked Breast their Impotence defies,  
The Dart rebounds, the brittle Fauchion flies.  
Shut in Himself, the War without He hears,  
Safe in the Tempest of their rattling Spears;  
The cumber'd Strand their wasted Vollies strow,  
His Sport, the Rage and Labour of the Foe.

HIS Pastimes like a Caldron boil the Flood,  
 And blacken Ocean with the rising Mud;  
 The Billows feel Him, as He works his Way;  
 His hoary Footsteps shine along the Sea;  
 The Foam high-wrought, with White, dividesthe Green,  
 And distant Sailors point where Death has been.

HIS Like Earth bears not on her spacious Face,  
 Alone in Nature stands his dauntless Race,  
 For utter Ignorance of Fear renown'd.  
 In Wrath he rolls his baleful Eye around,  
 Makes every swollen, disdainful Heart subside,  
 And holds Dominion o'er the Sons of Pride.

THEN the *Chaldean* eas'd his lab'ring Breast,  
 With full Conviction of his Crime oppress'd.

“ THOU canst accomplish All Things, Lord of Might;  
 “ And ev'ry Thought is naked to thy Sight.  
 “ But oh! Thy Ways are wonderful, and lie  
 “ Beyond the deepest Reach of Mortal Eye.  
 “ Oft have I heard of thine Almighty Pow'r,  
 “ But never saw Thee till this dreadful Hour.  
 “ O'erwhelm'd with Shame, the Lord of Life I see,  
 “ Abhor myself, and give my Soul to Thee.  
 “ Nor shall my Weakness tempt Thine Anger more:  
 “ Man was not made to Question, but Adore.

NOTES.



# NOTES.



IT is disputed among the Critics who was the Author of the Book of *Job*; some give it to *Moses*, some to others. As I was engag'd in this little Performance, some Arguments occur'd to me, which favour the former of these Opinions; which Arguments I have flung into the following Notes, where little else is to be expected.

Page 239. *Thrice Happy Job, &c.*] The Almighty's Speech, Chapter 38. &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little Work, is by much the finest Part of the noblest, and most antient Poem in the World. Bishop *Patrick* says, its Grandeur is as much above all other Poetry, as Thunder is louder than a Whisper. In order to set this distinguish'd Part of the Poem in a fuller Light, and give the Reader a clearer Conception of it, I have abridg'd the preceding and subsequent Parts of the Poem, and join'd them to it; so that this Piece is a sort of an Epitome of the whole Book of *Job*.

I use the Word *Paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon Liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transpos'd. The *Mountain*, the *Comet*, the *Sun*, and other Parts, are intirely added: The *Peacock*, the *Lion*, &c. are much enlarg'd:

R

larg'd: And I have thrown the Whole into a Method more suitable to our Notions of Regularity. The Judicious, if they compare this Piece with the Original, will, I flatter myself, find the Reasons for the great Liberties I have indulg'd myself in through the Whole.

*Longinus* has a Chapter on Interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the Sublime. This Speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper Style of Majesty incens'd. It differs from other manner of Reproof, as bidding a Person execute himself, does from a common Execution; for he that asks the Guilty a proper Question, makes him, in effect, pass Sentence on himself.

Page 241. — *From the Darkness broke  
A dreadful Voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.*] The Book of *Job* is well known to be Dramatic, and, like the Tragedies of old Greece, is Fiction built on Truth. Probably this most noble Part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the Whirlwind (so suitable to the After-practice of the Greek Stage, when there happened *Dignus Vindice Nodus*) is Fictitious; but it is a Fiction more agreeable to the Time in which *Job* lived, than to any since. Frequent, before the Law, were the Appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exodus* c. 19. *Ezekiel* c. 1. &c. Hence is He said to dwell in thick Darkness: And have his Way in the Whirlwind.

Page 242. *Thus far thy floating Tide, &c.*] There is a very great Air in all that precedes, but this is signally Sublime. We are struck with Admiration to see the Vast and Ungovernable Ocean receiving Commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a manag'd Horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the Rule and Direction of its Master. This Passage yields in Sublimity to that of *Let there be Light, &c.* so much only, as the absolute Government of Nature yields to the Creation of it.

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The like Spirit in these two Passages is no bad concurrent Argument, that *Moses* is Author of the Book of *Job*.

Page 247. *When pain'd with Hunger, the wild Raven's Brood, &c.*] Another Argument that *Moses* was the Author, is, that most of the Creatures here mention'd are *Egyptian*. The Reason given why the Raven is particularly mention'd as an Object of the Care of Providence, is, because by her clamorous and importunate Voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἀνόμας* is to ask earnestly, *Ælian* l. 2. c. 48. And since there were Ravens on the Banks of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that Species, Those probably are meant in this Place.

Page 248. *Who in the cruel Ostrich has subdu'd, &c.*] There are many Instances of this Bird's Stupidity; let two suffice.

*First*, It covers its Head in the Reeds, and thinks itself all out of Sight.

—Stat lumine clauso

*Ridendum revoluta caput; creditque latere,*

*Quæ non ipsa videt*—

Claud.

*Secondly*, They that go in Pursuit of them, draw the Skin of an Ostrich's Neck on one Hand, which proves a sufficient Lure to take them with the other.

They have so little Brain, that *Heliogabalus* had six hundred Heads for his Supper.

Here we may observe, that our Judicious as well as Sublime Author, just touches the great Points of Distinction in each Creature, and then hastens to another. A Description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing, nor withdraw, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing describ'd. A *Likeness* is lost in too much Description, as a *Meaning* often in too much Illustration.

Page 248. *What time she skims along the Field, &c.]* Here is mark'd another *Peculiar Quality* of this Creature, which neither flies nor runs distinctly, but has a Motion compos'd of both, and using its Wings as Sails, makes great Speed.

*Vasta velut Lybiæ venantum vocibus ales*  
*Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,*  
*Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis*  
*Pulverulenta volat—* Claud. in Eutr.

Page 248. *She scorns the Rider, and pursuing Steed.]* Xenophon says, Cyrus had Horses that could overtake the Goat, and the Wild-As; but none that could reach this Creature. A thousand golden Ducats, or a hundred Camels, was the stated Price of a Horse that could equal their Speed.

Page 248. *How Rich the Peacock, &c.]* Though this Bird is but just mention'd in my Author, I could not forbear going a little farther; and spreading those beautiful Plumes (which are There shut up) into half a dozen Lines. The Circumstance I have mark'd of his opening his Plumes to the Sun is true. *Expandit colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. l. x. c. 20.

Page 249. *Though strong the Hawk, though practis'd well to fly.]* Thuanus (*de Re Accip.*) mentions a Hawk that flew from Paris to London in a Night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its Swiftnefs, made it their Symbol for the Wind; for which Reason we may suppose the Hawk, as well as the Crow above, to have been a Bird of Note in Egypt.

Page 249. *Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread Survey, &c.]* The Eagle is said to be of so acute a Sight, that when she is so high in Air, that Man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest Fish under Water. My Author accurately understood the Nature of the Creatures

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he describes, and seems to have been a Naturalist as well as a Poet, which the next Note will confirm.

Page 249. *Know'st thou how many Moons, by me assign'd, &c.*] The Meaning of this Question is, Know'st thou the *Time and Circumstances* of their bringing forth? for to know the Time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the Circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's Providence, which makes the Question proper in this Place. *Pliny* observes, that the Hind with Young is by Instinct directed to a certain Herb call'd *Seselis*, which facilitates the Birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate Hand of Providence) has the same Effect, *Psf.* 29. In so early an Age to observe these things may stile our Author a Naturalist.

Page 250. *Survey the Warlike Horse, &c.*] The Description of the Horse is the most celebrated of any in the Poem. There is an excellent Critic on it in the *Guardians*. I shall therefore only observe that in this Description, as in other Parts of this Speech, our *Vulgar Translation* has much more Spirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the Original in the most poetical and exalted Sense, so that most Commentators, even on the *Hebrew* itself, fall beneath it.

Page 251. *By the pale Moon they take their destin'd Round, &c.*] Pursuing their Prey by Night is true of most wild Beasts, particularly the Lion, *Psf.* 104. v. 20. The *Arabians* have One among their 500 Names for the Lion, which signifies *the Hunter by Moon-shine*.

Page 253. *He sinks a River, and he thirsts again, &c.*]

*Cephist glaciale caput, quo suetus anbelam*

*Ferre sitim Python, annemque avertere Ponto.*

*Stat. Theb. v. 349.*

*Qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret biatu  
Flumina, &c.—*

Claud. Præf. in Ruf.

Let not then This Hyperbole seem too much for an Eastern Poet, tho' some Commentators of Name strain hard in this Place for a new Construction, thro' Fear of it.

Page 253. *Go to the Nile, and from its fruitful Side, &c.]* The taking the Crocodile is most difficult. *Diodorus* says they are not to be taken but by Iron Nets. When *Augustus* conquer'd *Egypt*, he struck a Medal, the Impress of which was a Crocodile chain'd to a Palm-Tree, with this Inscription, *Nemo antea reliquit.*

Page 253. *The Rashest dare not rouse him up, &c.]* This alludes to a Custom of this Creature, which is, when satiated with Fish, to come ashore, and sleep among the Reeds.

Page 254. —Behold  
*Destruction yawns, his spacious Jaws unfold, &c.]* The Crocodile's Mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes says *Pliny*, *Fit totum Os.* *Martial* says to his old Woman,

*Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora  
Niliacus habet crocodilus angusta.*

So that the Expression Here is barely just.

Page 254. *Fate issues from his Jaws in Streams of Fire.]* This too is nearer Truth than at first View may be imagin'd. The Crocodile, say the Naturalists, lying long under Water, and being there forced to hold its Breath, when it emerges, the Breath long repress'd is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles Fire and Smoke. The Horse suppresses not his Breath by any Means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct



rect of Poets ventures to use the same Metaphor concerning him.

*Colle&umque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.*

By this and the foregoing Note I would caution against a false Opinion of the Eastern Boldness, from Passages in them ill understood.

Page 255. *Large is his Front, and when his burnish'd Eyes, &c.] His Eyes are like the Eyelids of the Morning.* I think this gives us as great an Image of the Thing it would express, as can enter the Thought of Man. It is not improbable, that the *Egyptians* stole their Hieroglyphic for the Morning, which is the Crocodile's Eye, from this Passage, though no Commentator, I have seen, mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the *Egyptians* should be both Readers and Admirers of the Writings of *Moses*, whom I suppose the Author of this Poem.

I have observed already, that three or four of the Creatures here describ'd are *Egyptian*; the two last are notoriously so; they are the River-horse, and the Crocodile, those celebrated Inhabitants of the *Nile*; and on these two it is that our Author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an Author more remote from that River than *Moses*, in a Catalogue of Creatures produc'd to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the Two largest Works of his Hand, viz. the Elephant, and the Whale: This is so natural an Expectation, that some Commentators have render'd *Bebemoth* and *Leviathan*, the Elephant and Whale, tho' the Descriptions in our Author will not admit of it; but *Moses* being (as we may well suppose) under an immediate Terror of the *Hippopotamos* and Crocodile from their daily Mischiefs and Ravages around him, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

F I N I S.

1. The first of these is the fact that the British Empire is a

very young one, and that it is still in the process of

expansion. It is only since the year 1763 that the British

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